

To Love, To Obey, To Serve

By V.M. Johnson

**Diary of an
Old Guard Slave**



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Foreword by Victoria Gayton



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DEDICATION

To You; Jill Carter, my mate of 25 plus years. You brought me into this way of life and made me stronger for having shared it with you.

I LOVE YOU.

To You; Tom, Jerry, and Jack. Daddies, brothers, mentors, guides all rolled into one. Leather Pride began with your teachings.

I HONOR YOU.

To You; The women and men who have shared my life. The list is too long to be included here. You know who you are.) You have contributed to the fire that has made me stronger.

I THANK YOU.

To You; Queen Cougar. You have entered our lives and helped to inspire us with your love.

I CHERISH YOU.

To You; All those who pick up these written words. Whether you see a bit of yourself in these pages, or the fleeting image of someone you love or hope one day to meet.

I HOPE NOT TO DISAPPOINT YOU.

To You; Molly and Philip. You were crazy enough to believe in this book even when I didn't.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

INTRODUCTION

I have been told that I "have lead a VERY strange life". I didn't say that I agreed with that statement. For me the events within these pages seem perfectly normal. Of course, the person who is living their own story views their life as normal.

I began to keep this journal because I was ordered to. (It was understood that I wouldn't have the time to keep a day by day diary.) My Mistress believed that the pages of a journal would give me a place to record all the little things that I experienced and observed. It would also provide the proper place for me to express my emotions and opinions. Like a good slave I started writing. That was 18 years ago.

I wrote whenever something seemed important enough to me to record. More often than not they were little bits and pieces of every day life and my emotional reactions to them. As these pages will show, the true life of a slave is not what the great writers of fantasy and fiction have spun stories about. Mistress or Master does not rise from bed in full leather to spend eternal days and nights fulfilling erotic dreams. Rather, the reality is full of things that some would think quite mundane, mail and telephone calls that must be answered, households that must be cared for, garbage that must be dumped, bills that must be paid. Yet, within those everyday chores lay the honor of obedience and the dedication to the owner/ slave relationship that fueled such obedience.

Many years later, when the idea of having this missive published was first discussed, I could not believe anyone would find my experiences interesting. The events of a diary or journal are unique to the writer and the few other people who may have also gone through the experience. I was told that, "although the experiences may be unique to me the emotions are universal".

I can only hope my publisher is correct in her judgement. The experiences and feelings within the pages that I now present to you are to say the least, emotionally raw. (This book was only written for and to, me. It was NEVER meant for publication.) I came bouncing into the leather world long before "safe, sane and consensual" was ever heard of. The concept of a "safeword" would get you laughed out of a public play space.

A slave's duty was to Love, Honor, Please and OBEY, sometimes blindly.

By the s/m standards of today my head would have been examined and my early play partners would all be wearing the badge of "Dangerous top". You will see within these pages many many examples of what people would call actions above and way beyond the call of duty. I must remind those who would pick up this book that the times have changed. Back then, we played by rules that this leather generation can not even conceive of now. We played FOR KEEPS. Our play was not just an erotic experience; they were exercises that pushed the envelope. (Hell, we made the paper the envelope was made from.) But we also played with Honor, Respect and absolute TRUST.

This story begins almost seven years before the start of this written chronicle. I could go into long-winded (or should I say written) details about those years, but I think a more condensed version is appropriate here.

Once upon a time, I was a nice conservative, straight, (how boring) college student who decided to work my way through graduate school. I did my masters work in a specialty field of education, Student personnel to be exact. One of the people working on my staff was a bouncing baby pervert who would change my life forever. Her name was Jill Carter. She sauntered into my first staff meeting an hour late, introduced herself by an assumed name and told me that she was the replacement for someone named Jill Carter. I had no idea who this person was, but I wasn't going to stop what I was doing at that moment to check credentials. The meeting ended and another young lady on my staff whispered in my ear "That girl Is Jill Carter". So much for our first encounter.

To say that she made my life interesting would be an understatement. I quickly found out that I was hired to keep Jill Carter out of the hair of both the Dean of Students and the Dean of Women. (The other three hundred women in my charge were almost incidental.) What kind of terrorist had they given me? Ever curious, I decided to find out. Getting the basic information from around campus was easy; getting Jill to open up was not. It took a while before I could get her to confide in me. I found her enigmatic and challenging.

The digging ultimately yielded results. Under the politically radical exterior beat the heart of a talented writer and poet. But there was more. Time also revealed s/m fantasies and a secret desire to act them out.

The Republican (Yes I was a Republican. I confessed to that years ago, and found a support group to keep me from backsliding.) in me was appalled at the idea. I was 22 and had never had a sexual fantasy in my life much less a kinky one. I didn't even know what a fantasy was. The ever evolving and inquisitive (did I forget to mention naive) college student however, was fascinated.

Our backgrounds were very different. She was the first of her family to go to college. Her parents were hard working southern transplants who were determined to make a better life for their children. I was from a family of Black Republican who attended the opera and symphony and could trace their family line in this country back to the early 1600's.

During the days and nights of work and study Jill and I spent hours talking. We talked about everything, the men in our lives, history, politics, and grades. But, more and more we talked about sex and what tripped our triggers. Often we would talk about her fantasies of being a pimp with a stable of women working for her and a special person who would be her number 1. I still didn't get it, although I thought the stories were great.

One afternoon she called up to my room. I really couldn't talk because my boyfriend was there. "Get back to me in a few hours." I told her and hung up. She called back a few hours later.

"How were things?" she asked.

"Wonderful as always," I replied. "He wanted to take me out shopping then to dinner, but with this test tomorrow I just don't have the time. He did however try to leave me \$500.00 to buy myself something nice. I made him take it back though, and just leave \$50.00."

Before I knew it there was a knock on my door. Jill pushed me back inside, acting and sounding like a character right out of the movie, The Mack. (You probably wouldn't remember the movie or what the slang "mack" means.) Suddenly I was role playing the part of a hooker after a successful trick. Within minutes Jill accused me of holding out on her, smacked me, pocketed the \$50.00 and left. My first scene? YUP!!!

To this day I couldn't tell you why I accepted her actions but that day definitely changed our relationship. From that point on we secretly explored Jill's fantasies. Call them elaborate role playing games if you will, (Since we hadn't yet gotten truly sexual with each other.) erotic exchanges of power, whatever. We didn't have names for what we did. We just did it.

All of this was taking place within a very complex framework. I had my own graduate studies. Jill was carrying a heavy course load. (I

convinced her to double up on her classes and graduate a year early, as I had done as an undergrad.) And lets not forget I still had to (theoretically) report to the powers that be. She did work for me. To really, really, really, REALLY complicate matters we were falling in love. Talk about confusing. (She had a boyfriend. I had a boyfriend and a long time fiancée.)

Neither one of us had a clue. We fought what we were feeling with everything we had. After all the growing emotions for each other were wrong weren't they?

I didn't know what to do. So I went home and asked my Mother. I told her that I was having a big problem. I thought that I was falling in love with a woman. Her response surprised me. She said "that's nice dear, but what's your problem?" (I almost fell off my chair.) "Love is like the brass ring on a merry-go-round. If you don't grab the ring when it comes, it may never come again."

I introduced Jill to my mother. They got along fabulously. From that day on Mom told the world that she had two daughters.

We realized that we wanted to grow old with each other. So we decided to do something to formally join our lives. At 11:57 P.M. December 31, 1973 we stood before G-d and vowed to spend the rest of our lives together if the Lord would so bless us. It's been 25 years. I think I love her more today than I did the day we were married. Some would say that was kinky enough. I'm talking about 1973 here.

Anyway, I told you before that we had been acting out her fantasies together. But, about eight or nine months into these games I realized that something strange had happen. I started to like it. I was no longer role playing these power exchanges to explore Jill and her world. I wasn't even involved just because they were fun. The dynamics of this type of dominance and submission had become a part of me. I was an equal partner, exploring d/s just as much as Jill was.

Since we were only playing with each other it never dawned on us that more perverts existed anywhere else. On our first jaunt onto an adult bookstore, (Stop laughing. That was a brave thing for two women to do back in 1974.) we found a newspaper with an ad in the back for the newly founded Eulenspiegel Society. We gathered up our courage and went to the designated place for a meeting.

There in one place were lots and lots of perverts. More than Jill and I EVER dreamed existed. It's hard now, to make anyone understand what that feeling was like and just how brave this group of individuals was. In the early '70's NO ONE had dared to gather together in public and

proclaim their kinkiness to the world. The feeling of "being home" was instant. Jill and I knew that we were among family.

Within this group were three wonderful men who became our mentors, and leather fathers. They taught us leather ethics, pride, techniques, safety and honor, one on one and hands on. When we were ready to venture into the bigger world, Jill was presented with her master's cover (cap) and I with my collar. (In the "old days" your first leather had to be earned.)

Soon our Daddies were introducing us to New York leather society and the club circuit. New York Clubs (S/M nightclubs) in the mid to late '70's were amazing places. (Gini Graham Scott wrote two books about the s/m club scene there.) Behind the doors of Club O, Chateau 19, Hellfire, The Toilet, The Club De Sade and more, leather babies learned the how to's of play. We watched, asked questions practiced with and without our mentor, and when we were deemed ready, did our first public scenes. The elders held our hand, offered help, encouragement, calmed fears and praised a job well done. Jill and I were slowly coming of age in the NYC Leather family.

About two and a half years after our first coming out, one of our daddies introduces us to a fellow pervert named Gabe. This man was to take us into the next chapter of our leather lives. Gabe was incredibly wealthy. His circle of friends included lawyers, politicians and heads of Fortune 500 companies. Soon we were playing in exclusive, members only s/m/clubs where the little games that Jill and I had played were being executed on a far grander scale, AND FOR KEEPS. Slaves weren't just for the length of time of the scene; slaves were slaves for life. Trained to honor, please and obey. Jill found the entire process fascinating. I can't say that I was just as enthused but...

My mate and I gained a reputation as being an exciting couple to watch at play as well as at ease. It was said that the love that we shared shined around us. All was not peaceful in paradise however.

Jill and I had been married for a few years now. Too often the decisions that we should have been making as mates we were making as owner and slave. The dynamics of the scene were beginning to affect our marriage, and the dynamics of marriage were affecting our scenes. Jill was starting to feel like she was abusing me instead of playing with me. Her solution, find someone she trusted and make that person my new Mistress.

That's pretty much where this story begins.

The incidents you are about to read are true. Names have been changed to protect the ...GUILTY, the almost guilty, the few innocents mentioned, and the clueless.

Warning !!!

This story takes place over a period of almost 15 years. Many, many of the incidents that are described within these pages depict activities that are not safe. I advise the reader to behave sensibly. Safe, Sane and Consensual are the standards of today. PLEASE!!! Don't think all my experiences were acceptable just because I endured them. We all have a personal responsibility to our own safety, and to respect our own limitations. Take into consideration, "the times were different".

In other words boys and girls don't try this at home.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "K. Johnson". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid, with a large, stylized "K" and a long, sweeping underline.

1980 -1981

Dear Jill

Thank you very much for the loan of your slave Vi. I did indeed exercise most of the options and suggestions offered. I believe we know each other better now. Through my many questions I feel I know you a little better too.

I found Vi to be, so far, a model slave and so I had no just cause to evoke punishment. I'm sure that will eventually change.

*Again Thanks
Katherine*

12-12-80 Friday

My first report card!!!

Nobody would believe this night. I still have butterflies in my stomach. I just spent the last eight hours with Mistress Katherine Sharpe. WHY??? I don't know. Jill casually mentioned at 7 p.m. that I had better get a move on because I had an 8 p.m. appointment with Katherine Sharpe. Talk about frightening.

We spent most of the night talking. Talking about everything, me, Jill, politics, people, the scene, everything. I find her fascinating and a great conversationalist. But the lack of rhyme or reason for the meeting frightens me.

I gave the lady a massage. She seemed to enjoy it.

12-19 Friday

Club O had its Christmas party tonight. We gave Lana a bottle of Pinch, Janie, good smoke in a cigarette case, and Katherine Sharpe a bottle of 1971 Rothchilde.

Jill told me she was going to do a public scene with me, something with a Christmas theme, but she didn't tell me what it was. Was surprised to find that Jill had Holly sewn to my body suit and that she was going to

give me a flogging then make me wear the suit all night. As the leaves dried the points broke off in my skin. I'll be picking those points out of me until Christmas.

Katherine did a demonstration on one of her slaves. She was so angry she let two female submissives handle him.

All in all it was a nice party. Lana and Janie gave Jill a bottle of J&W Black and two sets of cuffs for me. I hope they enjoy their gifts.

12-23 Tuesday

I got home from work tonight at my usual time and found Ka O. sitting in our living room. He and Jill had been talking for about 20 minutes. I dropped my things, got them both a drink, and fixed one for myself as well. I was just about to sit down on the floor beside Jill's chair when she told me to open the briefcase on the table. I did and almost choked. Inside the case was more money than I had ever seen. Jill said, "I could have all that, just by having you walk around this table to Ka's side. You would do it because you love me. He wants to buy you. The contents of that case is the payment."

I started to cry. Jill sent me into the bedroom and told me to close the door. When I came out an hour later, he was gone. I don't know what's going on. I am fairly sure that Jill turned down his offer. (She says that it was for one hundred thousand dollars.) Ka has enough money to keep upping the offer until he gets what he wants, and enough connections to hide his tracks.

He already owns slaves. What does he want with me?

1-8-81 Thursday

Second time around. I can't help but wonder what Jill is up to. Not that I mind being with Katherine Sharpe. I haven't seen Mistress Sharpe for about a month. She told Jill she didn't want to impose. I don't think I'm being given away. Jill had a much better offer from Ka.

The fear that I felt the first time has in no way subsided. I wonder if this is to be a regular thing. Don't know why I'm so uneasy. Spent most of the night working on Mistress Katherine's files. Nothing rough or corporal.

In many ways she reminds me of Jill. Neither one of them has to be physical to control a situation or slave. That doesn't mean however, that they can't be. Gonna enjoy analyzing this situation. What are Mr. and Mrs. S&M really like?

If Jill is like Katherine, I wonder if I'm like Katherine's other half,

Claude. We seem to share some of the same interests and hobbies (photo and leather). And we both have an interest in cars and racing. We also both married our Mistress.

Been properly bedded down in the dungeon. How in the Hell am I supposed to sleep in here? Everywhere I look there are whips and chains. This is like asking a condemned man to spend his last night asleep in the electric chair.

I know I'm gonna have nightmares.

1-9 Friday

Sure as Hell I had nightmares. Two of them. After the second one I gave up and stayed awake. Chanted a little to help relax me. Got dressed at a reasonable hour and sat and waited. Didn't know what else to do. Claude came in around 10:30 a.m. to show me how Mistress Sharpe likes her coffee made. Finished the filing I started last night. Was home around 4:30 p.m.

I wonder as I wander.

1-14 Wednesday *Take Three*

Taking Mistress Sharpe into the club tonight. As usual will be on my best behavior.

Fascinating! If I don't let my curiosity kill me. This whole experience could really be something. Don't know what it is about A. Sharpe. But something about this whole situation is beginning to excite me. Can't help but wonder what Jill is up to.

By pleasing Katherine I am pleasing Jill.

1-23 Friday

I can now say what I've known all along. I hate blow jobs. No art feeling or consideration for the sensuality of my mouth and whether I might be enjoying myself. Just wham bam.

Katherine took me along with her to make a house call on one of her clients. While chained in the shower I had to give this guy a blowjob. I wonder if Jill knew what was going to happen today? I wonder why she didn't tell me. She knows that I HATE dick in the mouth.

Mistress Sharpe asked the one question I didn't really feel like dealing with just yet. But yes, I do want to please her for herself as well as Jill.

- Late

I never expected to find such an experience at Hellfire, nor did I

ever think pain would be so arousing.

During my whipping I was dancing in my own blindfolded fantasies. The images that I couldn't see became larger than life. Taking my senses and sensations with it. I don't think that I've ever been that exposed, undressed. I allowed my guard to drop and enjoy what was happening and I don't know why. At least Ms. Sharpe doesn't fully know what she did to me. And I'm not gonna tell her. At least not until I'm ready to properly deal with it.

"And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong. Just remember..."

1-27 Monday

I'm learning about you little by little. I wish that I could put my finger on whatever is doing a number on me. I'm probably reading too much into this but I'd swear that Claude was being a bit stand-offish. It's probably just me.

1-29 Wednesday

Lana and Janie have no idea how much they've pissed me off. I don't like playing little fucking games. And I especially don't like being used to take pot shots at people that I care about. Those two bags better sprout arms and make themselves cause I'll be damned if I'm gonna do it. I hope that Mistress Sharpe understood the position that I was in and will accept my explanation later.

I couldn't even enjoy a pleasant night with Katherine and her slaves, Jerry, Bob F. and Lucy. This little trick shit with Lana over my pattern sketches has really gotten me angry.

1-30 Thursday

Something is in the wind. Claude is acting strange. I've got to talk to Jill. He's not coming home at nights and when he does there's an unnatural distance between them. My senses are tingling like radar. I just wish I could figure out what's setting them off and repair the problem or stay out of the way of the coming explosion.

I don't even know what it is. If I did, it's not my place to worry. Or is it? I've come to really like Mistress Katherine. I don't want to see her hurt. Why did I say that? Oh well, we'll see.

2-4 Tuesday PBK All the Way

Mistress Katherine wants to replace her Phi Beta Kappa Key. That

means that I will have to go to Rutgers and do some research.

It's been an interesting day. I started in the library with year books. She claims that she doesn't remember if she graduated in '64 or '65. After checking I found out it's the class of '65. What a yearbook pix. Did some research on a Professor Edward Jordan Paul. She wanted to send him a message. Ran into a dead end about four years after he left Rutgers. It seems that he moved out of New York City.

Went down to the computer room to do a little checking on my own. There's a lot of mismatched jumbled facts here. Got a chance to peruse the comp. transcript. It seems she took her high school equivalency exam in 1960 and passed with high scores. But at that time in New York you had to be over 21 to take the exam, that makes her at least 42. Started Rutgers in the fall of '60 graduating in '65. Now for the mystery. Katherine Davis Bernstein is said (i.e. transcripts) to have been born in 1933, that makes her 48? If that's the body of a 48 year old it's well preserved. She has told me that she's 38. Yet she wouldn't fill out a passport application that I brought last week. Nor would she give me her license so that I could pay her tickets. It doesn't really matter. I like her just as much either way. Whatever her age is. It's just that my curiosity is roused.

Maybe I can have Frank Scarletti draw up a folder on Katherine for me the way he did on Jill. I get the feeling there's something mysterious and alluring about her past that she isn't telling. I wonder if this is gonna unfold like some romantic novel?

2-7 Friday

Had a long talk with Frank today. His network works fast. From what he tells me Katherine dropped out of the high school for the Performing Arts at 16. She roamed the streets having a number of affairs with older men in the Communist Party until her father put a stop to it and made her settle down with the man of his choice.

Daddy is a top man in the Communist Party in the United States. Harrison Davis is not only a legend in the history of the party in America, he holds quite a place in Black history as well. Anyway ...seems her married his palomino off to the son of a prominent contributor and she got pregnant right away. Her oldest is the same age I am. So much for the bullshit about 16 and 14. They're 28 and 26. That makes her 48.

Even though he was Jewish she still stuck to party beliefs about G-d i.e. none. D&B is no big deal. Lousy credit rating and a stint in jail for striking. But she's lying when she says she quit teaching. She was fired, or as Frank says, "terminated with cause."

I'd love to know what the cause was. Oh well, so much for romantic novels.

2-11 Tuesday

I took Katherine out to Landing today to meet Anthony B. She's been wanting to learn how to handle a bullwhip and this way she can learn from the best. They hit it off real well and Anthony has agreed to teach her. He said to bring her over to the house next Tuesday and they could get started.

In the mean time he gave Katherine a couple of the books that he's written and said that no matter how much she wanted to get started that I wasn't to teach her any of the things he taught me. We both know that won't keep Katherine from asking, but hopefully she won't push it and go against Anthony's wishes.

Got home, cleaned both cars off and waited for Jill to come home.

2-12 Wednesday

Spent an easy day doing some running around for Jill. In some ways I miss not working anymore. I like the feeling of bringing home a paycheck. But this is what my honey wants so this is what she'll get. I had a scotch rocks ready for her when she got home and dinner ready an hour later.

I started laying out another drawing on the hide of leather I've had for awhile now. There's enough to make a shoulder bag like my old knapsack. Cutting the girl into the front will be the challenge. Jill says that if she looks too dominant she might keep the bag. We'll see.

2-19 Thursday

Dearest Wardell;

I enjoyed the blood we shared last light. I always delight in drinking from you. Your skin is heavy with the taste of spiced. You know that you're not supposed to be eating spicy foods. Next time you want to feed my special habit be careful what you have eaten the day before. You can't hide certain things from me.

Jill and I love the new pictures. Gaylord did a good job on them. There is something about you in black and white that makes you even more mysterious. Katherine wants to meet the man in my life. I really think that she wants to meet the person this vampire feeds on. What is your schedule for the next few weeks?

Love

2-26 Thursday

Spent part of the day with Katherine. I did the chores that have become part of my daily routine around the house. Most of the time we talked or listened to music. All I can really do for her is lend an ear. G-d I wish I could do more.

Another dominant from NYC came over with her slave. I served as usual then went back to the leather that I was working on. Got called in off and on to take pix of the session. She seems very nice.

2-27 Friday

Katherine had a 7:30 p.m. appointment at 352 E. 89th St. to meet the famous Pia Arpel. She had asked me to drive her over. I was under the assumption that I was going to stay in the car and read for an hour or two while they talked. I brought "Return to the Chateau" with me to read.

Katherine was inside for about two hours when she stepped out of the building with the famous Madame Arpel herself. I didn't know what to do or how to act. I was under the impression that I wasn't going to meet the legend. I got out to open the doors for the ladies and was told that we all going to Maxwell's Plum for dinner. I knew that my stomach was upset from the melon at Orsine's last night, and Katherine was still fasting, but it's hard to say no to a legend. So off we went, me in my locked collar and cuffs.

All through dinner I got talked at, to and around, not to mention double teamed by the best. I could also feel the eyes staring at me from the surrounding tables because of the very obvious collar and cuffs.

The walls are way up and Katherine knew it. I just hope she understood why. I was still on my best behavior though.

After we got back from dinner we were invited in for after dinner drinks. I met Pia's three boxers. She has the mother, father and a pure white pup. I'd never seen a white boxer before. For someone so into discipline she needs to do something about those blasted dogs. They are totally untrained and they've made a mess of the house.

All in all a far out night.

2-28 Saturday

Rock Tyler

What an unbelievable night.

Got in early this morning. Spent the day bowling with Jill. Got a call from Katherine at 6 p.m. to make another call and get directions to

some place in Conn. She, Jason and I were going to the home of some syndicate big wig in the scene. She had told me about him before. He wants to talk to her about a job as the Head Mistress of a very exclusive S/M resort somewhere in the Islands. It's Major bucks and an unlimited expense account. Right now Marlene is the reigning Domina and her contract runs out at the end of the year.

We drove up to the meeting place, parked in the assigned parking lot, made a phone call, and someone came and got us. Got to Rock's house. Went through the formalities of grass, wine, and cheese, then got down to some very heavy shit.

Got beaten in more ways and places than I can or want to remember. I had my morals compromised more than I hope will ever happen again. (I don't like hurting someone who hasn't hurt me). The only thing that kept me sane through this ordeal were thoughts of Jill and being able to have visual contact with Katherine. Knowing that she was there and that enduring this Hell was pleasing and possibly benefiting her made it worthwhile. Jill would be proud of me. Katherine talked business. (What an offer -- \$225,000 a year) I sucked cock. Even getting my ass kicked I sucked cock. Jason got to fuck Rock's wife, Rock got his satisfaction. I got a lot of pain and tears. But I also got the knowledge that I was bringing honor to both my mistresses.

After the Hell was over I cleaned up, washed the dishes and the ashtrays, folded the clothes and put away the equipment. I don't believe I did that. Talk about conditioning.

Rock and his wife seem to like both Jason and me, but he like me so much that he wanted to buy me. Katherine, I've got to talk to you. You said be on my best behavior but somehow I think that I've gotten myself into more than I can handle. This is the second monetary offer for my hide in less than three months.

3-1 Sunday

I feel like I just sat in on the East/West summit conference. Got back from Conn. about 4:30 this morning. Katherine and I talked for a few and then I sacked out. I've never been so exhausted in my life. As soon as I woke up and dressed I called Jill. Told her I would pick her up and bring her over because she had to talk with Katherine.

Rocky and Jill followed me back. For the first hour Katherine and Jill talked without me. I always worry when the two of them get together they can cook up a lot of devilment. I was invited in for the second half of the conversation. They assured me that I would be protected from Rock

Tyler and not sold to him.

Katherine and I spent some time talking about last night. I'm still wondering what the outcome of all this will be. I know that I wouldn't turn down \$225,000 a year.

- late

Went to Donna Marie Wade's apartment in Passaic. He gave me a maids uniform that will look great on me. He's really a nice sort and has the hots for Katherine.

Gonna stay over tonight and pick up a few things in the morning. Gave the lady her proofs today. She seemed pleased.

3-2 Monday

G-d what a day. Did a little bit of everything, mostly cleaning. Wanted the house to look just right for tonight's photo shoot. Spent about 90 minutes helping Mistress in and out of costume. Picked out more than she'll ever need but this way there are lots of choices.

Picked up Pia Arpel, her sponsor Kev and their photographer Stan. Talk about equipment. He was packing (I was lugging) three full cases of Hasselblad. One must have weighed 70 pounds.

Katherine greeted them in a black Halston gown and got more beautiful as the night went on. Everyone seemed right at home except little Ben who seemed very nervous around Pia. Katherine went through four major costume changes in two different rooms (by the piano and in the dungeon).

Everyone seemed quite pleased with the session. Took everyone back into the city around midnight. Dropped Kev and Stan on 17th Street. Took Pia to 89th then took her houseboy to Brooklyn.

I hope good things come from this. Kev and Pia are talking about doing a video tape in California.

Went to the photolab and worked from 3:30 a.m. to 8 a.m. Gotta have the prints ready for her birthday.

3-3 Tuesday

Went into New York City to see Lash Gordon meets Bitch Queen from Outer Space. It was well done and well written. Kat joined us. After the play everyone settled in at Chateau 19. Finally met Cara's lover Mistress Ashley. Talked for about 15 minutes. I was careful to evade all her questions. Katherine was as cold as ice to her.

I wished Katherine a happy birthday at midnight, brought her home and tucked her in. Went to the lab and worked from 4 a.m. until

around 5 p.m.

3-4 Wednesday

Happy Birthday Katherine

Today is the Katherine's birthday. I wish it were perfect.

Arrived at the photolab around 4 a.m. set right to work. Took a break around noon. Didn't get to Katherine's until 6 p.m. Brought two bottles of O.J. and two candles (what else would I do on a fast). I gave her the pictures as a present. I think she liked them.

Helped her dress. Did a little sewing. Sent her packing for a date with Babs.

3-5 Thursday

There's lots of snow on the ground. Went out for a walk early this morning. Came back and got some much needed sleep. Katherine called around 12:45 p.m. We talked for awhile. (I always enjoy that.) She dared me to brave the cold and snow by coming over. So I did. Walked in with a snow ball that we both knew I didn't have the nerve to throw. Ah well.

We talked. Mostly about Claude. Did my usual chores and went food shopping. Came home to Jill around 9 p.m.

3-6 Friday

Went back today and shoveled the walk. The sun helped a lot. The day was quiet. Katherine had company coming this evening so I spent some time with the lady and came back to Jill's loving arms. This is the first time I've been home on a Friday night in at least six weeks. Boy do I feel strange.

We spent some time in the Willowbrook Mall today. I got a great kick out of watching Katherine shop. I could shop for her but she could never shop for me. She likes the artsy print look in dresses. It looks good on her. Although today she was trying on white.

She bought boots as well - one knee-length, one quarter-length. During our time in the bookstore at the mall I picked up a copy of *The Preppy Handbook*. I thought that I would bust her chops. Was I surprised when she bought it for me. My dedication reads:

To Vi

With love and in hope that someday, with my help

You may really learn the ways of the world.

Katherine

A lovely souvenir of an interesting trip. We'll see who rubs off on whom.

Little Ben came over. I made him help Katherine dress and then did a photo session. Hope these turn out as well as the last. I have mixed feelings about Little Ben. He resents me, I can feel it. I can see it in his eyes when he looks at me. He wants to know what I've got that he doesn't and frankly so do I. G-d I wish that i could figure out what Katherine sees as worth so much in me. My relationship to her is going to be trouble between her and Little Ben. He's got all kinds of notions about us. All of them false. Unfortunately no one can straighten out his head. He wants to be number one, which is fine if he's willing to do the work. Is he?

- Late

Ka called with another offer today. Jill said no.

3-7 Saturday

Stopped at the florist to pick up a bouquet for the lady. Got there around 2 p.m. a new slave came over named Jason. I spent the next couple of hours teaching him my routine around the house. I'm beginning to need the help now that Claude isn't around to do things.

Took the lady into the city at 7 p.m. and waited for her date with her until he showed up. About halfway home I realized I had her keys and she wouldn't be able to get in, so I stayed till she got back. Had to put water in the boiler, glad I remembered how.

Got home around 11:30. Feels strange to be home so early on a Saturday night.

3-8 Sunday

Sunday was quite and uneventful. Went for a drive with Jill. It's been a long time since I've had my head in her lap while she was driving. Came back and watched "The Deep."

So much for quiet Sundays. Jill delivered me to Katherine around - 10:30.

The night got more interesting from there. Katherine modeled the things Little Ben bought for her.

The new color and mood are angelic white. Lucifer never looked so good, or so tempting. I thought only Jill would look that beautiful in white. Dressed in white spandex pants, boots and the white lace blouse she bought the other day -- she looked like something out of a dream. Watery blue eyes staring out at me from pale skin and all this radiating whiteness. She was smoking and I was hypnotized like a moth with its wings pinned. I couldn't move I just stared. It was the same with my first Rubin at the Met, so fascinating I couldn't take my eyes off.

I soon ended up with this lovely lady in my arms and I didn't know what to do with her. I wanted to hold her so badly my arms ached but I dared not. I've been taught that those feelings are for the Mistresses only.

How do I satisfy this aching, longing in me?

I can learn to control it easily the way I have with Jill. But Jill will take me in her arms. Jill reaches out and grabs what she wants. Katherine expects me to show her how much I desire her, and I do. But I can't show it. Who would ever believe this.

Anyway, I was told to remove my clothes and wait for Mistress in her bed. **Her** bed. Me, in her bed. This can't be happening. What am I gonna do? I feel like a blasted Virgin. What if I don't please her. Each woman is different. I've only pleased Jill.

I was lying in the corner next to the wall when she came in. Pants and boots were gone. White lace blouse slightly open. Her ass is the roundest thing I've ever seen. Waist, tiny and easy to hold. But those shoulders. When she removed her shirt, I thought I'd scream for joy. I have a thing for shoulders anyway. They're broad, and beautiful and angular and gorgeous. I want them. I want to curl up around her back and snuggle in like a kitten on a warm stove. G-d, I want to. I can't. Feeling what I feel is fine. Wanting what I want is not. I'm a slave. Not the aggressor in a relationship.

I ended up struggling for most of the night but what a wonderful struggle trying to please. Probably not doing too well. I've spent a lot of time with my hands chained behind me. It's hard to know what to do with them when they're not. I was trembling. She was getting off on the power of causing my shakes. I was flushed. I was hot to trot. I know better than to do anything about it. I was a mess.

I watched her sleep. How innocent.

3-9 Monday

Tremors

My one concession to my feelings was kissing her good morning. Then the mask slid back on and I buried my feelings comfortably inside. One day I'm gonna have to do something about that. I can see it's gonna cause me a lot of problems. She wants to see my feelings and make me experience them. I've spent 8 1/2 years learning not to let my feelings/emotions show except when Jill is in the mood to deal with me.

I am more convinced I will never be a good lover. All she has to do is touch me and I blush from head to toe. I could blend a cocktail without ever moving. She has that effect on me.

This would be so easy if she were anyone else. A mindless fuck would be a delightful reward. But she's *Not* a mindless fuck. The commitment is made. I've been caught but what a lovely trap.

Can she help me overcome my conditioning/training? She's never even seen it. Probably couldn't even imagine it. Why should she care. I'm one of many. Besides, she isn't ready for the amount of work I require. In order for me to be what she wants there would have to be an all-out teaching campaign for just one student. I would have to be trained to please her. Although last night was heaven for me, I doubt if it's enough to motivate her to train me. It was a once in a lifetime situation; it won't happen again.

3-11 Wednesday

Closet Passive?

You want responses from someone conditioned not to respond. You want them instantly. Lady, you're not gonna get them. At least not now. Not yet, I'm actually not capable. There's a relearning process involved.

I spent a warm secure wonderful night with you. Listening, feeling, experiencing with you. But the after shock is what I alone have to deal with. You're an easy person to love Katherine Sharpe, but I think you already know that. I just can't help but fear what will happen when K. Sharpe doesn't want to be loved.

Why do you always put me in positions where I want to grab you, like last night on the dance floor. But it was safer (there's that word) to grab Norman.

Queen's pawn to queen's pawn 2.

Love isn't logical, I was brought up to be logical!

3-12 Thursday

Aftershock

Willingness. I finally figured it out. I don't want to willingly walk into something I know I may (will?) never emerge from. If I'm taken, the submergence into Self and someone else is complete and without my own guilt. That's Jill's secret. I walked to the door on my own, but I was taken in. The decision wasn't made by me.

I've come to love Katherine Sharpe but I'm not willing or capable of dropping the barriers to expose what she wants to see. I'm going to try and stop her from taking them down, but I've always assumed in the end they would be brought down anyway.

I guess that makes me the unwilling submissive, wanting it, yes,

willing to do it myself, no. No wonder i spend so much time chained to Jill's bed. I kept telling people I was a coward. I really was right!

Do I want you too - Yes - come get me. Teach me. I'll learn. Will I venture forth myself? No. The coward masks an aggression that I find not always or easily controlled. Aggression also breeds jealousy and I can't deal with that.

But the fear is real, it seems to be a natural instinct for self protection. I fear what I don't know although I accept that. It will happen.

Instinctively I will walk away from a situation I think I can't handle. Regardless of what I may end up losing. My mind tells me it's not always, "Better to have loved and lost" regardless of what my guts say.

My mind rules, my emotions follow even though they don't always agree. Damn it you two are the dominants. If you want the guts you're gonna have to shut the protective mind off. How? That's for you to figure out. I don't honestly know. It doesn't mean I don't want, it's just that I'm not going to be willing to do it. *I CAN'T!*

You seem to have a way of making me enjoy and experience things I would normally rebel against. I even enjoyed the pain last night. Subconsciously even maybe craved more. I don't know.

I'll keep my barriers down. Maybe that's one way she does it.

I'm naturally aggressive (more so than you will ever realize) at least 1/2 of the Gemini is. It doesn't mean I want to be. Maybe I am craving someone to take a can opener to my head. But I'm not going to make it easy. Something in me won't let me. The ball isn't really in my court. It's in yours. Serve, volley or back out. Either way I won't blame you. I may be more work than I'm worth.

3-13 Friday

Ritual - Friday the thirteenth

A day like any other. At least that's how it started. Little did I realize it wasn't to end that way. I've had my soul branded tonight by two of the most beautiful women in the world. Who would think that Hellfire would be the place for such a marriage.

I thought it would be just another night at the club. Made a bit more special because Katherine and Jill would be there together. Jason and I both watched not really knowing what we were watching for.

I found Jill and the heat started. Katherine was pacing, roaming like an angry cat that sense its prey. I don't know what I was expecting, watching for, but I knew Jill sensed it too.

I could sense from Jill's mood, actions that tonight would be special for all of us. Then it started. The act of sharing, actually of giving,

the heat of sealing a bond between the two of you through me.

There was no one else in the entire room. The people began to fade into nothing as I was absorbed into the two of you. Being held by one, marked by the touch or lash of the other. The roles reversed, my mind began to spin. I could sense each of you giving to me, and through me to each other. Each of you accepting the gift the other chose to give. Each of you accepting and giving to me. I could have floated in that dream cloud all night. I think I did.

I feel so totally and completely owned by both of you. That feeling is so beautiful and peaceful. It gives me strength to go out and lick the world.

Sharing love and a commitment with Jason only made the night more complete. I feel like his sister. We seem to have shared so much in such a little time. Holding each other was only right.

The angel wants a small red rose over her heart. What more of a commitment can I ask for from her. If it never happens you wanted it for that brief time. You'll never look at a rose without thinking of me, Katherine Sharpe, or listen to the song "The Rose." Even if you discard me. I know you won't forget me or the lady who gave me to you.

3-14 Saturday

Donna Marie

I enjoy Jason because he loves you and wants to please you as I do. Seeing his commitment to you makes me feel good. As long as he's near you, I know you'll always be loved, protected, and cared for. That's as it should be. It's good to see him want to do all the little things to make your life easier, happier. I'll teach him all I know gladly, and you can teach him the rest.

There are times when I have to realize that you can take care of yourself. Wade was one of them. I was tempted to leave him at his appointment but figured you'd be furious if I did.

What a position to be in walking with a 7 foot drunken TV through the streets of Passaic.

Every time he pawed you, I got furious but you can handle yourself.

3-15 Sunday

2 into 1 is ...

Queen, Queenmaker and Me

What happened was straight out of an exotic movie. Jill starting the session with me, inviting Katherine to join in. I could sense what she was going to do. I could feel her passion all over me, left from Friday

night. Katherine must have felt it too, she didn't resist as Jill undressed her.

At first I felt like a part of the bread in a sandwich. Me chained to a boom vang by my wrists. Katherine in the middle totally undressed, Jill on the other side.

The mattress is down, so am I, bodies rolling, kissing, touching, stroking, forming one unit sealing a friendship, relationship. I felt intoxicated.

I never thought I would enjoy seeing Jill in bed with another woman. It was so beautiful if I had done nothing but watch, I would have been just as happy. What is it about the two of them? What makes me so lucky? I'm living in the best of both worlds. I don't think anything could make this situation better.

Maybe Baste has smiled on me and both Jill and Katherine are gifts from the Goddess for faithful service. (Or perhaps it is Lilith who grants me these two). That prayer was spoken four years ago at Bubaste. I never thought it would be answered this way. My life is full. Each day seems to bring a new first. Am I that innocent? I really don't care.

I will accept the good and bad, the pleasure and pain, and everything my two ladies want to teach me.

Be I sent to heaven or through hell, I hope I never come back to earth.

3-17 Tuesday *Gary and the Tyler*

Katherine had planned for me to take her to Queens to see Gary and Ivy. I guess the harness he made for me got her curious about what else he has to sell.

Jill and Katherine had me call Tyler. He wants me in Connecticut tonight and he's made it quite clear. His deal with Katherine is riding on it. Can't get through to Jill to even tell her about it. I know I must go.

On our way to Queens, I could tell Katherine was visibly upset. Only the darkness of the car kept me from knowing just how upset. She made a decision I know she didn't want to make. If she is going to land this very cushy job, Mr. Tyler gets me in exchange. The stakes are too high for me to worry about my feelings or fears. What's going to happen will happen. I will find my courage in your love.

3-18 Wednesday *Connecticut*

It would take very little effort to really get to despise that man. I had a job to do and I accomplished in spades what I went up there to accomplish.

I would think that a man that is accustomed to power would understand the responsibilities that go with it. His total lack of concern for anyone but himself while he's into his thing; really bring out the bitch in me. This is day #3 without the basics and boy am I getting bitchy. Gotta keep the claws in and not pass out. It's taking an awful lot of will power to do both. He didn't allow me any sleep (who the fuck could sleep on the floor with a dog's ass in your face). And I don't eat much with people I don't like. If the day is like the night, there's no way in hell I'm gonna survive.

I've been "super slave" (his term). Rock Tyler is now wrapped around me more than ever, I know I've said just the right things and done all the right things. If I were dope, he'd be an addict. But there's not way I can go through another day like this. He plans to keep me up all night.

Jill please read it and get me out of here or there won't be much left by morning. God please, there's a quarter mill riding on me. I know how good I was. How well I reflected on my Mistresses. I know how well I manipulated him.

Lord please, Katherine please, Jill please. Just give me the strength to get home. It's a long drive and I can't keep my eyes open.

Katherine, I've done in triplicate what I was sent up to do but there was no way in hell I could have made it till Saturday. Not in the condition I was in when I went up there. Next time (and there will be), I'll say no until I'm just right. Please forgive me. I can't seem to forgive myself.

It's good to be home.

3-22 Sunday

I've been away. Performing like a trained seal, for the glory of my Owners. Now I need you two to remove the stench of *that man* from my flesh and my mind. I know what to expect from Jill though it doesn't make things any easier. I don't know what to expect from Katherine. All I know is I desperately need the peace, the tranquil after effect (glow) makes the pain worthwhile. Please let it be so now, when I need it so desperately.

The pain lingers but the heads still fucked. Why Jill. Why have you chosen to leave me this way, God Damn, do you know what you're doing to me. Is this some new game between the two of you? Your little golden retriever won't be able to go fetch if one of you doesn't finish this. You used your can opener top pop the top as usual but you left it to someone else to finish and close and she chooses not to. I can understand that, but now it's back to you. You two share my pleasure, but I'm left alone with my pain.

Katherine doesn't understand and I'm too fucked up to explain it. She's so hung up on the confusion in my voice. She can't see the tears in my eyes or the pain in my head. She actually thinks, you gave me that beating for your own pleasure. I know why you did it and I'm grateful for it. Why can't I make her understand part of me is missing. My mind is saying where's there other one. The other touch, voice, power that confirms and holds power. Where's the other key to my emotional freedom. Freedom is slavery. She's just learning that.

I'll put me back together.

Our first fucking fight.

3-23 Monday

Talked to Katherine by phone for over an hour. My head is still so fucked up -- or maybe the lady just isn't listening. I can't seem to make her understand that I know God damned well why you made every move you made but one. I don't understand why you didn't finish the mental rebuilding, and reinforcements. Katherine's never done it, nor is she in the right frame to do it. She doesn't understand the totality of the commitment we've both made to her by allowing me to go to Conn. for her possible future. She can't hear past the tone to the words. I need my mental chains, please put them back on. I want to be free, not to be a coward again. I want to be free of the influence of that man. That trip was done for her greater benefit, not mine.

3-26 Thursday

Other than the usual, I'm convinced that the Fox is a nut case and a pain in the ass. But I'll always remember my last cigarette and 3/26/81, the way I quit. How sensual. Fire.

Don't know what to do with me. My body isn't accustomed to being home before midnight on a Friday.

3-29 Sunday

God damn. That yard is gonna be a couple of days work. Five hours between Jason and me and there's hardly a dent. So much for slave labor.

3-30 Monday

Round 2

You and I are not on the same fucking wavelength. I am entitled to my opinions and I'm god damned tired of being put down for them. I don't mind keeping them to myself. But if you ask for them, don't blame me if

they're not carbon copies of yours.

I'm not the wimp you seem to think I am. But I will be if that's what you want. Shit, it doesn't really matter I'll probably never see you again anyway.

I don't mind being picked on. Nor do I mind being your verbal whipping post. But don't put me in a no-win situation with no hope of survival.

You want double talk. I'll give it to you by the shovel full. You don't leave me any other fucking choice. You only like reality when it's convenient for you and neatly packaged to fit your own images. Hell I don't like sharing my feelings anyway. Your actions are just confirming my opinions as correct. I'll keep them inside as I was taught (conditioned). I will not let you get to me! I can stand to be corrected, can you? Ten percent is might hard to live up to. Let me go back to being a well trained whatever. This "Feelings" shit is just too hard to take.

Congrats. You've just ripped out a large part of my guts and heart. Worse yet I let you do it. You've dismissed me. So be it. Remember I didn't walk out on you. You threw me out. I don't think you even care. As long as I don't bruise that dominant ego.

The anger has subsided, only the hurt remains. I want to call you and say something. But "I'm Sorry" isn't what should be said. I'm not sorry for what I said. I am sorry I allowed myself to say it. Some things are better left unsaid. No matter how much you tell me you want to know my thoughts and opinions. It will take an awful lot to make me be totally honest with you again.

I'm in a situation where I can only lose. If I allow my emotions to show, you won't hear my words. You'll stop at attitude. If I sublimate the attitude so you'll listen to my words, you accuse me of arrogance!

I'm well aware. I expected too much, thinking if the emotions that you wanted, showed it, you would understand them. Toys aren't to be understood, just amusing.

3-31 Tuesday

What kind of masochist am I? I'm not over last night yet and I let you goad me into the same situation again.

Goddamn that shop. That ugly dress, and you for asking what I thought of it. How could I be so stupid. You didn't want my opinion, you wanted a mirror of your own likes and dislikes. Why won't I ever learn? I didn't like --

the color

the square neck
the length of the sleeves
or the print

And I wasn't thinking of it just on me. From now on I'll agree with you whether I believe it or not, and G-d forgive me for lying. I promised I'd never lie to you. But since you won't my silence and don't want to hear my opinions, you leave me no choice.

4-2 Wednesday

Claude wants to sell his portion of the house now that he is separated from Katherine. We can meet his asking price. Katherine thinks the idea is wonderful. So does Jill. It will stop my running between two households, and make my life easier on some levels. But it's sure gonna complicate it on others. We shall see what the future brings.

4-4 Friday

A Bummer Party

Lady, you do swing a mean whip. I thank G-d daily for a thick hide. Now you and Jill have another thing in common. You've both broken a riding crop over my ass. How's your arm after 65 lashes? I would think you would be pretty tired. You seemed so cold and distant to me that I just put my body on automatic to ease the pain without really getting into it.

Jill doesn't like automatic either. I need someone to respond to.

You know this isn't fair. Lucy gets eaten by me -- to orgasm three or four times. All I get is a badly aimed tongue, although it did feel nice. I refused to let you see that (smile).

Your friend is nuts. That's the nicest thing I can say about him, and if all swinger parties are like that one, I'll stay celibate.

4-7 Monday

Round Three

I hate rainy Mondays. They always lead to something miserable.

If a millionaire wanted to play with me, I think I'd turn him down. Learned another painful lesson tonight. You and Jill may be alike in many ways, but you play the sheep game very differently. I made a lot of mistakes tonight. I assumed you caught the signals. I believed (with that fantastic memory of yours) that you remembered Bobby managed a catering firm (Daddy's). I did tell you. I thought you would like a caterer for your party. I thought you knew where my heart is (and my lust). I sure do.

If you think I'm that easily lead astray, then I haven't proven

myself to you. What will it take to convince you of my loyalty. What do I have to endure? Tell me. I'll do it but I've gotta know first. Pick your test.

I'm gonna get a face mask to keep you away from my nose. That way you can't tip toe through my unconscious.

I felt myself sinking deeper and deeper into a nightmare I couldn't wake myself from and G-d knows, I tried. Nice of you to rescue me before I drowned in my own hell. You can make me feel anything under hypnosis. Exaggerate any stimulus. Pleasure, pain, take me through mental trips good or bad that are worse than any flogging possible. I just wish you had stopped the headache.

4-8

Paul and his crew are a bunch of incompetents. If they ever get their act together and function as one unit, they'll be dynamite. Can't help but wonder what his photos will look like. If they're good, it will be because of Dennis. Paul is like a child with a new toy.

What a tech man Dennis is. If he'll ever work for love and appreciation alone, I'll snatch him any day. We could make some beautiful music together. Can I have him for Hanukkah? Please?

Do you realize we did in 20 minutes what it took Paul three hours to do?

Because of all the extra time that got spent with Paul and his crew, I'm going to have to work on the apartment after midnight. Deadlines don't wait.

4-10 Friday

Mom will do the artwork Saturday morning, and it only takes about 1/2 hour each to lace them up. No problem. We've got music to record. Hope you've picked it.

I'll find shoes in the morning and run all the errands you want me to run.

I wonder if Jill knows the hornets nest she's opening by not having me finish those bags.

4-11 Saturday

The Show

Lady, as usual you came out on top and glowing. I know it was a struggle but nothing ever comes easy. You should thank Lana for being the bitch she was. Her stupidity only made you stronger. You showed your power and your subjects agreed. The queen showed the court what the true authority was and who had it. They applauded and cheered. Right on! I

know it must have affected your concentration but you sure didn't let it show. Grace under pressure. And as sexy as always.

Glad I talked you into not leaving so soon. You deserved to go out there and hear your praise.

How does it feel? The ball's in motion now. It can only get better

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were really enjoying the power trip of four slaves on one leash. As it should be. We're yours to enjoy. I know Jill was definitely getting off on it. I think Jim was too.

You were radiant on stage and after. The only thing you need is a new joke writer. We'll work on that later.

I'm sorry about the posing. But I spend most of my time behind a camera, not in front of it. Every time I looked at you, I saw me and my models. I wonder if beating them might keep them still??? (smile) Am I really that rough as a photographer or were you exaggerating?

4-12 Sunday

Jill and Four Months

I'm still so very up from last night, or should I say this morning. It's been a long while since I've seen Jill so turned on or tuned into her own fantasies. Why she loves me in chains, I'll never know but I can definitely get into it from the passive side.

Her touch, kiss, power on and over me is an intoxication I will never run from, but bound and chained I can't. What freedom. Jill's whip only makes me want her more. On me, around me, inside me. I want to, I must feel you, know you. Do what you like, be as cruel as you like. Masters bed wench is to be taken and enjoyed. I love you.

4-13 Monday

The Record's Broken

Dear Katherine,

Hot damn, a Monday finally went by and we didn't fight. Thank G-d for that. But you are such a delight to tease at times. Most of the time I can tell when you're too tired to do much. I wish Jill's dominant side was as easily readable. She can want absolute submission at some of the worst times.

Slowly but surely we will get the apartment together with or without Jo Katherine's help. Think about our bet.

4-14 Tuesday

I can see that your having met my mother is gonna make my life more complex than it already is. Ah well. I think you're about to be adopted. She does that.

I was an unwanted bird in a gilded cage. If I ever tell you all about my childhood, you'll understand that. But I don't like sad stories.

4-15 Wednesday

I spent some time in the attic today. I went looking for some stuff Katherine wanted me to find. What I did find really scared me. It's a wonder this house hasn't burned down. There's enough paint and oil soaked rags up there to light up this entire neighborhood. I've got to do something about that. Especially if I'm going to be living here.

4-17 Friday A.M. Tired - Very Tired

It's 12:45 a.m. and boy am I tired. At 10 this morning I ordered a 50 yard dumpster. It arrived at noon. Katherine said she was gonna get me some help but nobody showed up and so I worked alone till Jason arrived at 6:00. The attic is now clean as a whistle but most important, it's safe.

In 12 hours, Jason and I dumped 50 square yards of garbage as well as taking six loads to the other end of town in his truck.

He grumbled about it but it's done. Katherine seems to think that every one is gonna work like I do. She forgets that Jason has a full-time job. I don't know how he's gonna make it into work in the morning.

4-18 Saturday

I spent about an hour in the attic today. The space is tremendous now that it's clean. What an unbelievable play space it would make.

There are all kinds of images dancing through my mind of the toys that could be made.

I must be crazy for even thinking about turning that raw attic into a play space. It doesn't have finished walls or a floor. I must be out of my mind. This is gonna be an expensive project. I wonder if Jason will help me.

4-20 Monday

It's begun with Jason's help. I'm gonna turn the attic into a playground for Jill and Katherine. I've never built a fantasy before. Hope they like it.

Edd Chandler helped me make a list of all the building materials I'll need. Jason will pay for half the cost, I'll pay for the other.

There's so much to be done, and can be done. Katherine doesn't seem to care what I build. She says she'll enjoy it. I figure with about four hours a day, Jason and I can finish the room in about four or five months.

With insulation up there, it should cut down tremendously on the heating costs. Especially since it will be Jill's and my heat going up the chimney.

40 vats of insulation

30 4x8 sheetrock

20 2x4 studs

7 lbs. of nails

4 gallons of spackle

That ought to keep us busy for awhile. Between painting and cleaning the second floor apartment, the attic, and cleaning out the back yard, I'm gonna be real busy.

4-22 Wednesday

Jill is off to Conn. for a week. While she is up there Dear Mr. Tyler wants to take her to dinner and have along talk. I had a feeling this meeting of the minds would happen sooner or later.

4-23 Thursday

I've finished all the designs for the room. Edd Chandler says he's proud of me. The one thing I forgot is electricity. If the attic is gonna double as my studio, I'll need a lot more light up here. Looks like I'll have to run special wiring. Gotta think about lights too.

My first thought is to close in the ceiling and square the room off. But if I do that, I'll lose the beams. However, trying to insulate up that angle is gonna be a real pain in the ass. That's a fifteen foot pinnacle. Let's see what Katherine and Jill want.

4-28 Tuesday

All Done

The apartment is all finished. I started moving over the little things. Most of my clothes are here and so are Jill's. I'll bring the beds in the morning. Claude wants to sell the queen in Jill's room as well as the odd furniture and carpet. WE won't have to buy a dining room set, Katherine's is already in place. Some of Claude's old stuff will look great in the attic when it's finished. For now I've got to find a place to store it.

5-1 Friday

All Moved In

It's all done. Jill, and I have officially taken up residence in Newark. This place looks really great. I'm proud of myself.

Jill's gonna be so proud and surprised when she gets back from Connecticut. Her room is all done in blues.

Everybody thinks I'm strange for painting my walls black. No matter what I say, everyone thinks it's morbid. I can't make anybody understand that I like to sleep in a dark room. I think black is peaceful. Besides, the gold accessories should spruce things up a lot.

The twin beds seem to get lost in here, maybe I'll buy anew bed. Something larger. That'll be a first.

Now I can get down to some peace and quiet. Getting this done plus the daily routine and working in the attic wasn't leaving a whole lot of time for basics, like sleep. I'm too tired to celebrate.

5-4 Monday

I should have known. Today is Monday and we're fighting again. Katherine has planned (committed) us to having a party for Pia in June. She says it'll be small -- just about 50 people of Pia's choosing but she wants enough of the Tower done to be able to have the party up there.

It's to be very sophisticated affair so it's gotta have food. Since she wouldn't let me go after Bobby Castillo either, I'm gonna have to do this myself or hire a caterer.

Where the Hell does she think I'm gonna get this time of time? I don't have six hands and Jason is only here four or five hours a day.

I'm gonna need a miracle.

5-5 Tuesday

I've done something today that's against my better judgement. I've tried cocaine. Billy Gee was here today. This is the third scene he's done with Katherine so far. Looks like Pia just lost a good client.

Anyway, he looked at all the work I needed to get done and suggested I try the stuff. Reluctantly, I did. Boy did I get a blast. I thought someone had pushed me into double time for about two hours. I got a lot accomplished but now I really feel zonked. If anymore gets loaded on me, I might take him up on his offer to keep me well supplied. He says it's gonna be a gift to me for his scenes with Katherine I don't understand how he can do that, this stuff's expensive.

Katherine's promised to help but so far no one's shown up, but Little Ben and he can't do much.

Jason and I should have one outside wall and two inside walls insulated and sheet-rocked by tomorrow. Then we've got to start working on the ceiling.

I don't know how I'm gonna do this and still get my other chores done in two apartments.

Help.

5-7 Thursday

Jill is back and pleased as punch with the new apartment. Everything is right where she usually keeps it. Only now "right where she keeps it" is in a new location.

We each have our own bedrooms. Now I don't have to listen to a television all night. There's even room for her to have her own office. Mom can have some plants on the screened in porch.

- late

Jill told me about her meeting with Tyler. She told him that I was not for sale and Katherine had no right to make him think that I was. Jill said he made her some great offers and reminded her about Katherine's prospective offer as well. Jill still said no deal. According to Mr. Tyler, I will be his one way or another. Jill is worried about trouble. If she's worried I am too.

5-8 Friday

Katherine really has Jill hyped up over this party idea. Now she wants engraved invitations. On top of everything else. I have to be at Pia's beck and call regarding this party.

I asked Katherine if she's every had any experience putting together and hostessing this kind of affair. I wanted to know if she had any idea how much work was involved. She said no, but both she and Jill had faith in me.

Ladies, give me a break. PLEASE.

5-10 Sunday

I've gotta get organized. So far, there's been no one to help me but Jason. I've had six hours sleep in the last three days and I'm getting evil. Think I'm gonna take Billy Gee up on his invitation.

Print invitations

Get mailing list and phone #s

Finish inside walls

Put up lights

Check breaker boxes

Install switches

Put lights in front and back hallway

Insulate ceiling

Finish column for Dominant Mystique

all by Thursday.

5-11 Monday

A messenger came today. I knew he didn't know what he was delivering. Billy sent me two packages of coke. Boy am I gonna need them.

I'll have the invitations back by next Monday. Katherine had decided to add 25 people of her own so now the guest list is up to 75. Wired the front and back hallway. Jason is gonna buy light fixtures.

Katherine says she won't come upstairs until we're ready to present a finished product. It doesn't matter I hardly see her anyway, unless I need to ask a question.

Jill left for Connecticut again today. I miss her desperately.
early a.m.

I should have fucking known. It's Monday and it's fight time. Katherine just got in from a Eulenspeigal meeting and at 2:40 a.m. she decides to add re-doing the front porch to my list of headaches. According to her it would be a shabby way to greet our guests in the condition it's in now.

You want feelings in these pages. All right. Bitch, you're nuts! Where the hell is all my promised help, and the money for this little project. This is not what Jason and I agreed to pay for. The hell with the time, you just added another \$500. in materials. That porch is a week's work, and the front yard's another three Goddamned days.

It's gotta be stripped - if I can get the varnish off the columns. The floor has to be leveled. And new fucking steps have to be built.

This Genie shit's gotta go. You may rub the magic afro. But I'm rubbing the magic ulcer and boy is it kicking.

5-12 Tuesday

Thank G-d for coke. I got so much done today, it's incredible and for once, I don't feel too tired to move. I really pushed Jason but all the wiring is in, the breakers work fine, and lights are up. One mistake and we could have shorted out the whole neighborhood. Sooner or later I'm gonna have to get a permit for all this, someone's got to suspect something.
4:30 a.m.

I tucked Jason in at 1 a.m. Poor guy, he hasn't been home in almost a week now. Put final coat of tape and spackle on the walls. They look pretty good. Saw some stuff at Rickles that looks like it may be

perfect for the ceiling, it reflects evenly and has an insulation factor of R-9. With the R-19 that's up there, it should be really warm.

I'll wake up Jason and go to bed. I can still get two hours sleep before Katherine wakes up.

5-13 Wednesday

I say Mr. Tyler's Mercedes Benz across the street from the house today.

There were two men sitting in it watching everything that went on.

I DON'T NEED THIS NOW!!!!

5-14

I don't know if I should cry or scream. Paul Beach wants to have a photo shoot in the attic on Friday. I don't have two minutes to spare this guy, much less the eight or nine hours he's gonna need.

I hate Paul. I hate driving. I hate writing Katherine's columns.

- late

I drove Katherine's article into Long Island today. The Mercedes followed me all the way out there and back. It's like having some kind of eerie shadow

5-15 Friday

Katherine doesn't want to be photographed with me. She doesn't mind being photographed with T.V.s or her other slaves. But when Logan asked about shooting a role with me, she told him no. "Right now, I don't fit her image." Ain't that a kick in the ass.

I guess the "car" has moved to this side of the street. People were asking about it tonight.

5-19 Tuesday

One month to go until party time. Eleven more people have called to get themselves invited to this shindig. We're up to 100. I just hope the list doesn't get any bigger. Sent the invitations off today. The postage cost Jason and me a bundle. Katherine's got to give me a budget for this party. I can't afford this anymore. The ceiling looks great. I'm so glad Jason isn't afraid of heights. He's been so good through this whole thing. I wish Katherine would pay more attention to him. With just a little love and affection, he could probably learn to do anything.

It's getting harder and harder to take time to write this. But I've been told right after the party this beast is due for inspection. There's so

much of me on these pages. I know it's gonna cause trouble.

Mr. Tyler wants me up in Connecticut again this weekend. He's supposed to meet with Jill again on Thursday. I hope she can get him off my case. I also hope he doesn't cause me any trouble.

Oh Katherine, I hope our relationship can survive until this is over.

5-21 Thursday 4:30 a.m.

I feel G-d awful, my head aches, and I'm vomiting. I've got too much to do to get sick. Henry Van Kloss finally showed up to help me with the garden. It's gonna cost \$350 to tent the backyard from prying eyes.

Edd Chandler said if I could get the porch leveled and lay a new subfloor, he'd put up the steps. That's the best offer I've had yet.

Katherine missed a scene today with Mort so aside from everything else, I had to keep putting him in bondage.

The stack of mail on my desk is so high, it'll take me weeks to get to the bottom. Now's as good a time to start as any.

- A.M.

I got almost thirty letters done before Katherine got up for breakfast. Showed her four or five of the best and one from a dom on the West Coast. It seems Mistress Jean Lender liked the article about the problems dominant women have to deal with. I wonder if she would still like it if she knew a slave had written it. Who knows, there's no accounting for tops.

I'll see to it that her letter gets a response. Maybe when she comes to the East Coast I can get her together with Katherine.

5-22 Friday

Today is Mom's birthday. Worked up to 6:00, snuck out the back door, through the neighbor's yard, started a friend's car, and took her out to dinner. Thank you G-d for an understanding wonderful mom. I really got the best with her.

I'm finally getting used to my body's routine. I can work between 20 and 22 hours a day before I collapse. For about 18 hours, I'm on super charge. Then I begin to slow down. I'm going through about 3/4 of a gram a day. At \$500 a week, I thank G-d for Billy Gee. Nothing would be getting done around here without it. I just wonder if I can stay like this until after the party. I've promised myself, I'll collapse then.

5-23 Saturday

This is crazy. I can't live with this kind of fear and uncertainty.

Until a few minutes ago that "car" and it's occupants were an annoying nuisance. They just became life threatening. I went across the street to the bodega to get some soup. As I was coming out those men got out of the car and tried to force me inside. Thank G-d, Bob Braun came to my aid. He's much more than just the neighborhood mechanic. He just became my lifesaver.

NOT NOW...NOT NOW...NOT NOW.

5-25 Monday- Midnight

This can only happen on a Monday. Now Katherine's decided that she wants Leon George, Jerry Adams, and some other artists to exhibit their works. Her idea is to clean out the basement, scrape and scrub it down and then repaint it. Katherine figures that with little tables for two along the walls, the basement can look like a clean romantic Hellfire. And there would be more room for people to play and explore.

Right now I'm gonna need it. The guest list just hit 152 people and so far they've all RSVP'd yes. It reads like a who's who for the s/m fetish scene around the world. They're coming in from as far away as Amsterdam for this party

I guess this is what a slave's life is all about. Nobody said it would be easy. I'm beginning to appreciate Lincoln. I just wish Katherine would realize how hard I'm working and allow me to stop for a little while. I'm not saying do a scene with me. I know she doesn't want to right now. There really are too many other people who are more important. Just let me rest.

The one time I asked for time off to sleep I was reminded that She was the one with the authority to allow me rest and that wasn't something I could ask for. That was a privilege that had to be earned, and if I needed rest that desperately, then I'd better go to be with someone else.

I'm even too tired to fight. If Katherine wants the basement done, I'll just have to get it done, that's all. I just don't know how.

5-27 Wednesday

I'M AFRAID TO GO OUT OF THE HOUSE TO GET THE SUPPLIES THAT I NEED.

I will not be held prisoner in my own house. Jill has called the police. When they arrived the car pulled away. I just looked out the window. THEY'RE BACK.

- afternoon

Painted the walls in "The Tower" red and black. The color combo really looks good. Jason and I laid the sub-flooring where it needed it and covered some other small holes with steel strips, the linoleum and glue arrive tomorrow. If Jason can finish the main cross tonight we can put it together and sand it before he goes to bed. I can hang the chains and sling alone. That's no big deal. I'm not going anywhere.

Maybe we can show Katherine "The Tower" on Friday.

5-28 Thursday

Floors done and the sofa, bookcase and table are all in place in the corner. Jason is sick from the linoleum glue. I don't think he'll be going to work tomorrow. I've got chemical burns on both hands. I just hope the Aloe and rubber gloves can keep them from blistering. I can't afford to fuck up now. Katherine says that she needs me too badly.

I keep looking out the window. Every time I part a curtain I hope "they" won't be there. No such luck. This whole episode doesn't seem to bother Katherine. Jill and I are as jumpy as cats, though I'm the only one they have made a move against. Maybe I'm just tired.

If I get two or three hours sleep now maybe I'll be in better shape to work. I'll clean and do mail in the morning.

5-29 Friday

I told the family next door that I was cleaning out the basement and they could have anything they wanted. That got rid of all the old bicycle parts and large pieces of furniture. I'm having too much trouble with my hands still to try to clean down the basement. It still hurts a lot to put weight on them.

They're in better shape than I thought they would be. Just blistered across the palms.

One of the advantages of coke is that I don't think as much. I don't think about what's going on outside. I don't think about what might happen if Mr. Tyler gets his way. I'm planning, yes, but my life has become consumed with building and staying awake long enough to do it. The fact that I'm hurting and scared doesn't seem as important.

Jill will be back in a few days anyway, she'll make it better.

- a.m.

Katherine finally saw "The Tower" (I like that name). She was supposed to be home at 10 p.m. but didn't get in till almost 3 a.m. It gave us an extra five hours to work. I got the mirrors up and the outline for the rose cartouch finished.

She really liked what she saw. I'm sure Jill will like it too.

I suggested to Katherine that she do a little scene with Jason to show her appreciation and she complained about the hour. But when I told her it would help him work better, she finally agreed. I can hear them now. I hope they're enjoying themselves. He really needs a good scene.

I desperately want to go out tonight. If only to get out of this house. These walls are closing in on me. The fact that I built them doesn't make it any better. I can only leave my personal jail under guard. If someone is with me "they" leave me alone. What I wouldn't give, just to go for a walk.

5-30

The final run down looks like it would be just enough to keep a five man crew busy for 12 hours a day. Katherine added the front and back staircases, floor to ceiling, the outside backstairs, and two rooms of her apartment. If I don't accomplish this, I'm fucked because I will have embarrassed Jill. And if I do all of this, Katherine may think I'll be able to do it. My fantasy project has become my own nightmare. I wonder if Jason found it all worth it.

a.m.

Jason may never get the smile off his face. Maybe all this pain is worth it after all.

Mr. Tyler is threatening to make a lot more trouble. Jason thinks we ought to bring in armed guards, and he may be right. I tend to forget, with all the "titles" in the scene that Pia is a Baroness by right. She married a Baron. We can't afford to have trouble. There would be serious repercussions.

5-31

I re-read this book tonight. There's a lot of pain in these pages. I don't like that.

This has got to get better. It can't get worse. My sanity depends on it. Mr. O is back in Somalia and unreachable. Frank Scarletti is out of the country. I need friends with power or muscle who are here now. Someone has got to stop Mr. Tyler.

6-10 Wednesday

I was stupid...stupid...stupid. It damned near cost me. I didn't see the Mercedes. I thought I was finally free to go across the street to the store. I thought I could take one small step toward being a human being

again. I was wrong, very wrong. I swear, they came out of nowhere. This can't go on.

6-12 Friday

Frank is back in town. Now maybe someone can put a stop to Mr. Tyler.

I spent an hour on the phone with my "Godfather". I told him everything that had been going on for the last four months. He could hear the fright in my voice. I hope this ordeal will soon be over.

6-15 Monday

I got a call tonight. The voice just said, "Go out and enjoy a walk". I did, for the first time in weeks. It didn't matter that I didn't have the time. It didn't matter that it was raining. I haven't felt this relieved in months. Jill and I will sleep tonight without worry.

6-18 Thursday

Turned 29 tonight. Had dinner out with Katherine, Jill, Leon George and his girl, Sarah Got ripped on 2 1/2 bottles of bubbly, came back, slept for 90 minutes, then worked all night. Forty-eight hours to flight time. Just about everything is in place.

6-20 Saturday

I took three hours out of the schedule this afternoon, to have a walk through with everyone who will be involved with this shindig tonight. The four parking attendants now know the neighborhood. Each of the bartenders knows their station. (three bars, two champagne fountains) We have hired two security guards. The embassy is sending two more. I told them about the problems that we were having, but I made it sound like I was afraid the kidnap attempt was on Pia. The waiters know what to do, and so do the TV maids. The chief will be working out of Jill's and my kitchen. The Limo driver knows how to get to Pia's apartment. Katherine didn't even want to be in on the meeting. She hasn't got any idea of how this party is coming together or of how much work or money went into making it happen.

I still have a rack and horse to finish padding and 6 or 7 pictures left to hang in the basement. My crew is driving me crazy. I smell like a horse. Katherine is pacing like a caged animal. Jill is calm as a cucumber. Jason is relying on me, and all I want to do is curl up and die. Please Lord just get me through this. I'll collapse next week.

Four dungeons...no waiting...Welcome folks to America's first private S/M amusement park.

6-21 Sunday

THANK GOD IT'S OVER!!!!!!

And I'm still living. This horror is finished. Everyone had a good time. Shit! Everyone had a great time, all 321 of them.

Things went off without a hitch. Even Mr. Tyler couldn't screw up things. After the last guests left around 4:30 a.m., Katherine and her retinue opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate then she sent them off to bed.

Unfortunately, I wasn't allowed to sack out until 10:30 a.m. this morning. I was told I couldn't go to sleep until the house was cleaned. So I did. Alone!

6-22 Monday

I have my very own dog. As a reward for a job well done and a birthday present. Pia asked Katherine and Jill if she could give me Bluebell. They said yes. I think Katherine would have agreed to anything that the Baroness wanted....

Funny, she's followed me around every time I've gone to Pia's. I wonder if that had anything to do with it. Every time I look at her, I think of Oscar. I wonder what my Grandmother would think of her. She loved boxers.

This dog must learn to sleep on the floor and eat dog food. Pia has her so spoiled. I don't think she knows she's a dog. Still, she's a beautiful gift. And she likes riding in cars. It'll be nice to have a companion and a guard, after all that I have been through these last few months

Pia has established herself at Paradise Island.

- late

The calls are coming in from all over the world. Everyone is singing Katherine's praise over this party. I now realize that something on this scale is a first for the scene. I deserve a week off just to sleep. I have a funny feeling that I won't get it.

6-26 Friday

I was just beginning to allow myself time for that long overdue nervous breakdown, but Katherine wants to talk to Jason and me about a new project. This meeting in half an hour may just be the longest that we've seen her in the last four months.

7-17

Pia has found a larger apartment and Katherine has volunteered Jason and me to help her move. Like I don't have enough to do.

That's a weeks worth of packing and hauling, then unpacking.
Oy!!!

7-24

In the last five days, I've learned a lot. Most importantly, I've learned that not all tops are like Katherine. Pia knew I was speeding. Two of the five nights I was there, she forced me to sleep. She said she was surprised Katherine never noticed and made me rest.

Last night I had this really strange dream. Somewhere in my fantasy, I found the perfect dominant. Beautiful, brilliant, good conversationalist, not afraid of my intellect or talents, but comfortable enough within herself to enjoy them and focus them to her advantage. Someone who was willing to teach me to be what she wants me to be. Not someone who expects me to have all the answers to my problems and hers. She will be someone strong enough to control me, not me control her. Capable enough to reach inside me, and take out the good and mold it into the slave I'm capable of being. She will love me, cherish me, and be as proud of having me sit at her feet as I am/will be sitting there. She was even well off enough not to have me funding her existence. Instead, I would just contribute to it so I wouldn't cost her a lot. I want this fantasy to become reality so badly I could cry.

Von Sacher-masoch says that all submissives make their dominants into the living incarnation of their fantasies. As long as that molding process is under way, the relationship exists. When the submissive stops teaching the dominant, the dom gets bored and takes all they have learned and leaves. Leaving the submissives hanging in the lurch.

Since Katherine has repeatedly said she can't learn anything from her submissives, I wonder when she'll leave me.

Damn it. I want someone who will make me what they want me to be. Not someone I have to make.
she will have real power.

- late

Damn it. You lied. You said you just wanted to flip through to see if i had been writing. You promised not to read it.

I hate when you lie to me. It's getting to be too consistent.

I'll be damned if I let you pick this up again.

7-25

Went to Hellfire tonight. Spent most of the day working in the Tower trying to get the front room straightened out. All the stuff that belonged to Claude has got to be straightened out. Oh well, got a little bit of mail done and the usual chores.

8-3

It's been another long night in the Tower. Poor Jason. He works hard all day and then comes here where I drive him all night. But then again, I do the same thing to myself. The opposite walls are finally completed. Now Katherine says that she wants to turn the little cubicle that I wanted for a sensory deprivation chamber into a bathroom. I was looking forward to having a private place where I could unwind in double speed. A sensory deprivation tank would give me that luxury and save me the money and time of going into the City.

Katherine has no idea of what it's gonna be like trying to run pipes up three floors where no pipes have ever been.

I'm also getting worried about the building department. I'd better have a long talk with Edd Chandler.

8-4

Roy was over tonight. Poor guy. He expected to do a scene but Katherine talked him into working on the phones instead. What started out as a twenty minute one phone job ended up going on for almost seven hours. There are phones all over this house now. It could easily be a bookie joint. Katherine's lines run up to the third floor, and down to the basement. I even have both her lines in my room. Just what I need, another phone or two on my bed. There's no room to sleep. Looks like I may finally graduate from a twin.

8-5

I just found out Katherine's column is due in two days and I have to write it. I wish she wouldn't do this to me. Now I've got to figure out something to write about. She did the last one so late I had to drive it out to the Island. Looks like I'm gonna have to do the same thing with this one. What the hell am I gonna write about.

8-6

I spent all day long busting my brains over this thing. I took a break and then recopied it. Paul complained last time a column got turned in hand-written. He'll probably scream about this one too. At this point, I'm too tired to care.

I checked the supplies in my kitchen. I'd better get some food into this apartment for my baby to eat. I'll go down stairs and check Katherine's too and pick up what we need. One of these days, the lady is gonna give me a grocery allowance. The care and feeding of a dominant is expensive.

8-7

Bluebell and I drove out to Long Island. She's really good company to have in the car. I got the usual grief from Paul about last minute entries but he was glad to get the column anyway. He wants to come out next week to shoot some stuff for the next couple of papers. He's even talking about shooting a video in the Tower. Even he calls the place an S/M amusement park. Four dungeons, plenty of rooms, no waiting.

I've got to admit that he's right about the last minute entries. Katherine really does know better. I just wish he'd take it out on her instead of me.

Took Bluebell for a walk in the city and stopped at a place that sells unfinished furniture. I saw a captain's bed that I really liked. So I put a deposit on it. Jason and I can pick it up in a few days.

8-8

I promised Mom that I would come over so Bluebell and I hopped in the car and drove over. We yakked for a while and let the dogs play with each other. I guess that it's a good idea for a dog to have friends too. It was a gorgeous day so I put the doors on the tri-ped and took Bluebell to Waranaco Park. She really does love to ride in my little bike. Then again, how many bikes are big enough to hold a full-grown boxer and still have room for three bags of groceries. Once we got to the park I just let her run. She's become my almost constant companion.

Got back to Newark, straightened, then went to work on the mail until Jason arrived. Spent four hours in the Tower and went to bed.

8-15

Katherine has gotten more correspondence from Mistress Jean. This recent letter has a date in it that she will be coming to New York. I can tell by the way that Katherine is talking that we are going to give her a party. I just hope that it's on a smaller scale than the last one. Jason and I

CANNOT afford to do that shindig over again

9-17

All is in place for the party in two weeks. I thank the stars for a smaller guest list. Compared to the last one, this is a piece-o-cake.

I still have a lot of work to do in the tower. Jason and I have started the paint job on the front room. By the time that we finish that room will be bright and airy. A great sitting or sewing room.

9-28

I hate parking in New York. It took me almost 20 minutes to find a space on Mercer Street. Katherine gets really twisted if I put the car in a lot, even if I'm paying for it. So I drove around and around until a space finally opened up. I found the apartment I was looking for and the doorman buzzed me upstairs. The woman who greeted me at the door was the person Katherine had come to see, Mistress Jean Lender.

I don't know if my face registered shock or surprise when Mistress Jean opened the door. Not only does she not look anything like her pictures (which is a blessing. All the photos are typically scene) she doesn't look like anything or anyone I was expecting. I'm not sure what I was expecting, but the person who opened the door definitely wasn't it. I could easily have been going to visit a business acquaintance or a theatrical benefactor. It was a refreshing change from the dress I've gotten so used to seeing when I take Katherine to visit another dom in the scene.

Mistress Jean was wearing a gray suit with a modest white blouse. (What a refreshing change from leather. Katherine and I looked so out of place next to her). Since I came in 20 minutes into the conversation, I found a quiet place on the floor away from the ladies so I wouldn't disturb them. The vantage point allowed me to do what I like to do best, observe. To be quite honest, I found myself staring, both at the contract between the two dominants, and at this mystery woman Katherine seems so determined to get to know. The list of tops who have visited "Paradise Island" reads like a who's who of the East coast scene. Now I guess Katherine wants to extend her sphere of influence to the West Coast as well. Mistress Jean this month, Queen Adrena next month.

I must also admit that there is something about this dominant that I find unsettling. I tried to answer all the questions that were put to me properly, but I felt like I stumbled over my tongue a couple of times. That fault I better quickly correct, I have a party and guests to deal with Friday night. It's smaller than the party for Pia Arpel, but the smaller size might

mean more attention being paid to Jason and I by the other guests. I can pretty much cross out any attention from Katherine.

I've got so much work to do in the Tower that I hope this doesn't lead to anything extra like it did with Pia. Katherine expects the heater installed by the party for Queen Adrena. Oh well, what will be will be.

10-2

The party is over. That's one more success for "Paradise Island". I had a friend at the Russian Embassy bring me a 14 oz. tin of caviar. I had Jason pick up Mistress Jean's favorite wines. The only thing that went wrong was Anthony cutting me with his bullwhip demonstration with Katherine. Tonight was such a high I can even forget about that.

Mistress Jean is acutely aware of everything going on around her. She is the only one who saw that Anthony struck me. She told me so during the time we spent in the bathroom together. That was another strange experience. She told me to accompany her down to my apartment while she went to the bathroom. While I sat on the floor she laid out likes and dislikes, as well as a few expectations. Boy was that a mind blower. What was the most surprising was how at ease she was doing it. Back upstairs Katherine made a grand gesture that took me completely by surprise. Evidently I am to be a gift to Mistress Jean for the duration of her stay. I am to be at her beck and call for the next 10 days. A few days ago I was afraid that something like this would happen. Now, if that's what Katherine wants who am I to complain. I have a feeling that I am going to learn a lot.

The acknowledgement of, and thank you for the gift was gracious and refined. What surprised me, however, was what came after it. It seems to be Mistress Jean's custom to examine all her property, and since I was now her property, if only temporarily, I too had to be examined. I haven't felt that sure and demandingly skilled a touch guiding my body from anyone but Jill. I also am not accustomed to that intimate an exploration from my Mistress. Katherine has never been interested in my physical mechanics. As long as I get things done my physical reward is only satisfaction at a job finished. Katherine has never rewarded me for a job well done. How ironic, that my first physical reward for good behavior should come from someone other than Mistress Katherine Sharpe.

What will the future hold?

10-5

You are a strange creature Mistress Jean, Dr. Lender. You are

sending out the oddest mixture of signals I have ever perceived from a dominant. Exactly what kind of multi-layered or is it leveled person exists under that soft spoken exterior? We have spent the last 10 hours together, you, Katherine and I. They have been the most delightfully confusing time I think I have every spent with anyone except my mate.

What kind of glue holds all the facets of you together? You are psychologist, mother, wife, writer, very articulate speaker, and powerful dominant (I've read your P.R.). If I hadn't seen you in action I would find the last part awfully hard to believe. You're the most soft-spoken person I have ever met. Yet I get the feeling that you have little need for raising your voice.

I enjoyed our stroll through Greenwich Village. I enjoyed our time at the ice cream parlor even more. Were you playing Pac Man just to be polite, or did you really enjoy the game? Katherine threatened to beat me for making the offer. I thought she would fall off her chair when you accepted.

Tonight's meeting was also an interesting experience. You are obviously accustomed to speaking before large audiences, you do it with a great deal of aplomb and grace. You also seem accustomed to being surrounded by people who want to adore you. I have seen one or two of your many attributes in all of the dominants I've met (and believe me, I've met plenty) but I have never seen them all in one person before. Even my own top seems to be in awe of you. Anyway, tonight you talked about some of the many things that slaves had never asked you to do that you enjoyed doing. One of them was a carriage ride in Central Park. May I have that honor on Saturday?

10-10

These are the kinds of days that Mom should have warned me about. To say that I felt uneasy about leaving Paul and his band of Videomaniacs without my supervision in the house would be a gross understatement. I trust those guys about as far as I can throw the Empire State Building. Thank G-d the day got better.

Fall is the best time of year in New York. The air is clean and Central Park is ablaze with color. Today had to be the Big Apple at its best. Since today is the of the artists' street fair. Mistress Jean, Mistress Katherine and I all strolled through the artists' booths before the carriage ride. I found the prettiest of all the carriages and paid the driver for an hours ride. Things got a little brisk, so I brought out the brandy I had stashed in my walking stick.

I am very uncomfortable about my observations of myself during that ride. For at least half of the time I found myself staring at Mistress Jean. I could pass off the first few days as curiosity or fascination. But now I'm getting concerned about my own reactions. I don't know why I'm fascinated by this woman, but something deep within me wants to know what makes her "tick." Am I trying to make Katherine over in her image? Is there something deeper than even that?

ANYWAY we had dinner at a quiet little restaurant down town and then met Mistress Susan at the "Silhouette" for drinks, and to wait for the arrival of her "package," Puppy. This must be the time of year that dominants give away their slaves. Mistress Susan wants to give Puppy to Katherine to be a live-in slave. G-d knows I could use the help. If the interview at home tomorrow is as successful as first impressions were tonight there will be a new member of the family.

Jason picked up Puppy at the train station and drove her into NYC. He told me about the disaster going on at home so I agreed to leave the ladies and go home with Jason to straighten things out, meeting the ladies later at Hellfire. The mess that greeted me when I got home was incredible. Paul had no control over his cast or crew. They had made a mess of the house and had eaten most of the food in the refrigerator. If Katherine had seen what I saw she would have hit the ceiling. It's not worth the \$200 rent they pay to film their S/M flicks here. That cash doesn't even cover the electricity.

Back to Hellfire I got to see and feel Mistress Jean in action. While Katherine and Susan watched Jason, Puppy and I were caned. After I saw what happened to Puppy and Jason my good sense told me to go at break neck speed in the other direction. However, once again discipline (mine) overrode good sense and I stepped up for my turn. There is no way to describe the pain of the cane, except to say that I will never do that again.

We shall see what tomorrow brings.

10-10 (late)

I finally got to unwrap the present Mistress Jean gave me. It's a teddy bear for my collection. It's cute, and soft, and it has a music box inside that plays the 'Teddybears' Picnic. I will remember you.

10-11

I haven't been spanked since I was a child. I really didn't deserve the spanking I got today. Jean Lender has a very hard hand. I can't believe

that amount of pain can come from something that soft. (She has the largest hand I've ever seen on a woman. It's also the most graceful.) Ms. Lender claims that Katherine didn't tell her that after meeting her tonight at Hellfire, Jason and I were there for whatever pleasures she might wish. Because we didn't relay our Mistress' thoughts on that subject both of us were bent over a horse in one of the back rooms.

It seems to me that thought was made perfectly clear at Friday's party, at least with regard to me. I don't know about Jason. I think Mistress Jean was just looking for an excuse to bare my bottom. And bare it she did. I find it fascinating that a dominant would need, or is it want an excuse to punish a slave. But from all the stories that I've been reading in "Dominant Mystique" sometimes the turn on is that much greater if the top has a reason. (I wonder if that's what's missing in my relationship with Katherine, I never give her a reason to punish me.

Anyway I do have to admit that it felt real good. Except for Friday's action, that's the first time that someone has wanted to do a scene with me in months, and boy did I need it. I didn't realize how much until after it happened.

I wonder what other surprises this week will hold.

10-20

Received a call tonight from Mistress Jean thanking me for all the work that Jason and I did to put the party together. That was a really sweet gesture. I had assumed that she thanked Mistress Katherine, but I never really thought about it. It's nice to know that some dominants do acknowledge the work done by slaves. That's a quality Mistress Jean and Pia Arpel share. I wish it would be picked up by a few more people in the scene.

I copied down the quiche recipe that she asked for and the name of the champagne I was serving. I didn't realize that she like both of them so much. Well, it will give me a reason to call.

11-23

Katherine got a call from Mistress Jean tonight. She didn't tell me what they discussed, but she did say that Mistress Jean was sending her one of her East Coast slaves. A guy named John. He's a plumber, and G-d knows that I could use one right now. I'm having more trouble with these old pipes than I can handle. And finding a good plumber in Newark who isn't out to rip you off ain't easy.

Gotta find that quiche recipe again. Katherine tells me that

Mistress Jean didn't get it. Oh well. If that's the least of my troubles the day will be light.

I broke up another fight with Puppy and Katherine last night. I could hear them screaming all the way upstairs. Maybe if I play some doggie games with the pooch it will keep her from being so needy. I know what that's like, as well as how rotten it feels when those needs aren't met. Besides it's cute to watch my four legged bitch, and the two legged one fight it out to fetch and retrieve a tossed ball.

Who would ever believe this?

11-25 Wednesday

This day has been wonderful. Queen Adrena is quite a woman. It's been far too long since I've spent a day relaxing around a Dominant. We sang folk songs (she plays a beautiful guitar). We discussed politics (she enjoyed and was interested in my opinions). We enjoyed a great meal (she's quite a cook).

For most of the day Katherine was too stoned to care what I did as long as I amused her guest. If my Mistress had been straight, this day would not have happened. Slaves aren't supposed to express opinions.

11-28 Saturday

Jason and I have put together another delightful party. The guest list was only fifty people. For the first time in almost a year, I enjoyed myself at a party in this house. Queen Adrena insisted. That's a first.

12-12 Saturday

One year ago today Jill sent me to Katherine. It's been an interesting year. If I had it to do over again, some parts would not be repeated. My contract for next year is sitting on my bed. Katherine doesn't want it until tomorrow.

I hoped to go into the club tonight but, judging from the sounds in the Tower, I'll be spending the night keeping Katherine and Puppy away from each other. Jill doesn't have any trouble with Puppy. Why can't Katherine handle her?

12-15 Tuesday

Sir Arthur and Joy are in from Detroit with their pets Kelly and Little Arthur. In just a few hours I will venture off to New York to pick up Mistress Josephine and her husband. The house is set for the photo shoot that Katherine promised to do for Reflections Magazine. Two

photographers and seven models. This is going to be a long evening.

12-16 Wednesday

Last evening went very well. Much to my delight and surprise no one tripped over equipment or human props. Mistress Josephine requested to be photographed with me. The request surprised both Katherine and me. Katherine has never wished to be photographed with me. When another Mistress asked for permission, she decided to get in on the act and have a picture taken of just the two of us. How interesting.



Contract of Slavery

I, Viola Mary Johnson
[also known as Slave Viola], do hereby accept
the servitude of slavery and, in accepting this servitude,
do bind myself to Mistress who will
henceforth be my owner.

With this commitment I place my body, mind and soul
at the disposal of my owner and do furthermore promise
to obey and carry out all commands and other obligations
placed upon me to Mistress's
complete satisfaction.

I willingly, for the duration of this contract, do forego
and surrender all my personal freedoms and liberties
and do consider myself the property of Mistress

This contract will expire on December 12, 1982 or
upon the whim of the owner.

12/16/81
[Date]

Viola Johnson
[Signature of slave]

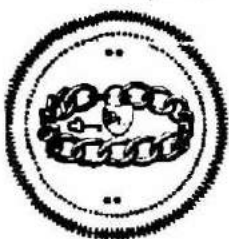
I hereby accept Slave Viola as my
personal property with all the duties and responsibilities
inherent in this acceptance.

Mistress
[Signature of owner]

Jell Carter
[Witness]

[Witness]

[Date] 12/16/81



1982

1-6-82

Like I don't have enough freaking problems. Puppy knows that there is something wrong. She just doesn't know what and how much. I feel bad about what Mistress Katherine is doing, shipping Puppy off to Sir Arthur in Detroit. Poor kid, Puppy doesn't even know that she's going. I don't know how Katherine expects to keep this a secret. Or how she thinks that I'm going to get Puppy on a train with so thinly disguised a story. It would be far more merciful to tell her the truth than just cast her aside when she tires of her new toy.

I've got a house that's falling apart faster than I can put it back together. Katherine is spending more time getting stoned than doing scenes, I've got mail and unanswered messages piled so high on my desk I may never see the light of day. I have to get this house straight to supervise Katherine's photo shoot tomorrow night (that's gonna be an all night affair) and adding insult to injury Katherine's dumping on me because Mistress Jean called and claims that she didn't get that stupid quiche recipe. I don't even remember where I put the original after the last time that I sent it to California.

What more could happen?

1-24 Sunday

Had to go on a grass hunt tonight. Katherine was out. All of the usual people that I would call were also out. I don't know if Katherine is smoking so much more or by the time that it's cleaned, if there's less of it. It just seems that I'm buying more and more grass for her lately.

I wish things were the way they were when we first met. She was rarely stoned then.

1-28 Thursday

Katherine missed a scene with Max today. She was so stoned that I had to do all of the bondage. This is the third scene I've had to do since she got back from Detroit.

Speaking of which, I wonder how the Pooch is doing. I still say Katherine dealt her a shitty hand. A lot could have been done with Puppy

if she had been given more of a chance and a lot more attention. It seems that all Katherine wants to do nowadays is get stoned.

1-29 Friday

I'm having some serious plumbing problems. Jason and I spent all day working on two broken pipes in the basement. I've never done plumbing. Neither has Jason. There's only so much to be learned from books and this isn't the place for me to get practical experience. I wish she'd just call a plumber. G-d, slaves can't do everything.

I hope Jason's hands are O.K.; it was freezing down there today.

1-30 Saturday The Rose Revisited

It really began a year ago this weekend. The first public scene Katherine and I ever did together. The album The Rose was on -- 367 days later we were at Hellfire again.

John, the Plumber, Dippy Joe, Jason, the Mistress and I met Ed Cooper at the club. It was good to get Katherine out in public again. I really didn't care if she did a scene with me or not. I was just happy to be out.

The club was crowded, mostly gawking tourists and amateurs. It took a lot of team work to keep strange hands away. Spent most of the time at the club watching other people do their thing.

Jamie Gillis of "The Story of Joanna" was there doing a scene with one of the young pieces of fluff that are constantly around. The girl didn't know what was going on. She just hung from the center with a silly look on her face, grinning at the crowd.

To commemorate one year, Katherine and I did a scene at Hellfire. My first scene with her since November, and our first public scene together in quite a while. At first, I was kind of surprised that we were going to do anything; she usually doesn't like crowds. I guess she wanted to enjoy a special date for both of us, without the Pooch or someone else spoiling it.

I was told to strip. I did so with a little reservation since I could feel Viva staring at me. Katherine hooked me to the overhead chains and removed my vision with a blindfold as she had a year ago. I could feel her walking, circling me, prodding and poking here and there in my tender skin with her cane.

Suddenly out of nowhere she wrapped the cane around my back and drew me to her. The movement was swift and very sudden. I could feel the power of her body next to mine. Hers free, mine in chains. The

heat seemed to be magnified by my helplessness. My senses went reeling. I became light headed from her closeness.

She felt me, caressed me, handled me as a Mistress would handle something she knew was hers. I was proud of her touch, focusing inward as I had only once before.

The whipping started. I could not see. Slowly, ritualistically, deliberately calculated. First gently then searing heat and blinding pleasure/pain. I had no desire to count the strokes or tense to endure them. I wanted to absorb them, extracting everything they communicated from my owner. I was lost in a lightless world of my own.

With an unexpected swiftness she yanked the blindfold away from my eyes. The light temporarily startled me and I had to get my bearings. She held out her hand to some unseen face and a disembodied arm sent back a black rod I had never seen. Mistress Katherine wrapped it around me with swift, biting strokes that seemed to sink into the very essence of my flesh. Pain that is different from the cat or crop. A dull thud that strips away at defenses. I watched her smile as she laid her well-placed cuts across my back and thighs. I could hear the music from the Rose, yet I knew it wasn't playing. It all ended too quickly. My mind wished that the scene could have gone on for hours. I rarely get to experience her anymore, and I crave it when I am blessed to receive it.

Somehow I got dressed. I neither know nor care how. I would have driven home bare ass naked. I watched the world go by kneeling at her feet seeing very little except her face, and flashes to one year ago this weekend.

"I say love, it is the flower
And you its only seed"

"You'll never look at a Rose again without remembering me and what I hope we mean to each other."

1-31 Sunday After Shocks

The day seems to be floating by. I'm disconnected, detached from everything and everyone around me, except Katherine and Jill. I feel strangely peaceful. If the building caves in around me, I would probably just walk out of the rubble a little spaced. It's been sooooo long since I've felt this kind of peace. My body tingles, there are no wants, no desires to interrupt the smooth flows and rhythms from my mind to my flesh. This mellow mood is wonderful. There are one or two red welts on my thighs.

Oh, how I wish there were more marks. Not neck to toe the way Puppy likes them, just a few more to remind me of the beauty of last night, and convince me that it wasn't all a dream.

I wonder why Katherine doesn't mark me? I love to look at my body and see beautiful blues and greens or deep red welts where her love instrument has been. Perhaps she doesn't find it as appealing as Jill and I do.

John won't be up for a few weeks. He starts a new job and has to get used to the night shift and the change of hours. Thank G-d for a plumber. Now maybe I can get the water problems in this house fixed.

2-1 Monday

Katherine is really beginning to NAG about those color pix. I know it's her right BUT: (1) I don't want to sack her with a big bill and, (2) I don't want to compromise the quality I've become accustomed to with Zone 1.

Looks like I have no choice. Zone 1's machine has been down for ten days. They've stalled the order so long I have to take this work to an amateur lab in Newark. At least they do on premises one-day service.

- evening

This shit's awful. For amateurs it's mediocre. The color is so far off it's upsetting. The only saving grace is its one day already. Oh well, at least the lady has some stuff to send out. Now I can finish that package for Janet Griner. She seems pleased. Tomorrow we'll sort the photos for various magazines and get this campaign under way.

2-2 Tuesday

I've compromised my photographic integrity and I don't like it.

2-4 Thursday Greg and Demetrious

Tonight was the party for Greg and Demetrious at Dave Vangan's. Katherine, Jill and Jason left for the Village around 9:00. I sent them off with a gift of 1/2 case of wine. I believe in being splashy. Besides, I have to maintain certain standards for the ladies, even in gifts.

From what Jill tells me the wine was the hit of the party. Katherine wined, dined and dazzled with Jill right by her side. There were some publishing bigwigs there who want Katherine to do a column for Vibrations Magazine. There may be some tie into M.L. and Variations? The more the merrier. Looks the lady is on her way.

I didn't arrive until Jason brought Jill home. I was determined to

stay and finish those pictures. By the time we got back to pick Katherine up, the party was pretty much over. Met Ronnie again. Haven't seen her since she was a snot-nosed kid.

- late

Katherine and I talked for a little while about the ramifications of all this publicity. I can tell it really scares her. It's not gonna be easy. Nor is the battle won. But it looks like success is at least close at hand.

2-6 Saturday

Picked up Jim and Joan last night. Katherine had to redeem the Christmas present the Pooch fucked up. Somehow I don't think she minded all that much. Jimmy and Joanie are very good company. (?) After picking them up I made an early exit upstairs to give them and myself some much needed time alone. Then to H.F.C. to get her shirt.

Got a call from that fuck up J.J. Evidently he called Katherine earlier in the week and made plans to come over today at 2:00 p.m. Katherine didn't say a word to me about it. Anyway, I couldn't get everyone out of the house fast enough. J.J. caught up with us about four blocks from the house. He had someone with him he says is his fiancée. G-d help her.

Stopped in Brooklyn to pick up Jim's video equipment and go to dinner at a Middle-Eastern restaurant near his house. Tried the food, not bad. I have a feeling my stomach isn't going to be so liberal tomorrow.

Anyway, it was off to Annie's to watch Jim do a video of her show on cable TV. Evidently Annie, Mark Stevens and Veronica are together to produce a show for cable. There's no money involved but it seems like fun.

It's a one-camera home type of show called "Let's Talk Dirty." They interview porn stars, people well known in the scene and have fun on camera. Tonight's guest was Dr. Irwin, the crazy double talker of old Vaudeville fame. Evidently under the surface, he's quite a leech and a friend of Annie Sprinkle. Things went well. I helped out when I could. One of the shows they're gonna do here at the house on Katherine. It should be interesting. You can do so much on cable.

After the taping everyone went over to Annie's apartment for some hot soup and good talk. Katherine and Annie discussed some of the problems of Dominants, talked more about the Order of the Rose and kicked around an idea for some kind of central location for pictures, tapes and general mailouts for themselves and other Dominants.

Dropped off Jimmy and Joanie and came home.

2-9 Tuesday

I feel hunger or perhaps it is thirst. The creature in your lap has clawed you. Its insecure groping has left a bright red stain against the side of your neck. It makes me hunger from a place deep inside me. I need what now flows freely down your throat. I crave the red rivulet as I have never before craved anything.

What am I thinking? This is wrong. That blood will stain the white leather you're wearing. Put this tissue against it. I don't want to have to try and get blood out of leather. I didn't realize the cut was that deep. The blood in this tissue is enough for a meal. What an odd but compelling thought.

I HUNGER. I MUST HAVE. I WILL HAVE.

The taste of paper, this processed, mutilated wood, is useless against my tongue. It is nothing more than fiber in my mouth. Yet within the mass, my tongue tastes life, salty, thick and rich. I feel new strength within me as I chew and swallow. I feel a long forgotten need renewed and sated. Blood lust is salved. Feral hunger is satisfied.

Your glass of wine is the perfect chaser. It cleans away the taste of bleach and Kleenex and compliments the flavor of blood. (I'll remember, white wine is best.)

There is horror in your eyes, mixed with morbid fascination. Your expression thrills me. Be careful, lest you become the deer in my headlights. Use caution, Mistress, or you may find that I like you there.

Perhaps it is best if I just go.

2-10 Wednesday

I have staved off hunger. I owe Wardell a big favor. With guests coming in tomorrow I can't afford to on the hunt for blood. Nobody would understand.

2-11 Thursday

Picked up Sir Arthur and Pleasure from Newark Airport at 11:00 a.m. Much to my surprise the flight was on time. Spent part of the day talking, the other trying to get this column ready for Vibrations Magazine. It's kicking my ass.

Wrote it first from my point of view then from the Katherine's. Much to my surprise it really came out well. Katherine liked it, actually she loved it, which is good, since she has to sign her name to it.

2-12 Friday

Dropped off the column and some B&Ws to Robin Beard at Vibrations Magazine. They really seem to like my work. There's a possibility that I may do some photography for them. Boy could I use the money. But the prestige of the byline isn't bad either. They are supposed to be coming to the house next week then I'll have a chance to toot my own horn.

Lunch with M.L. also went well. Met them at their office (M.L. and Veronica) then off to lunch at a little place called Rounds. M.L. was asking a lot of questions. Not just things relevant to the article, but questions I suspect had meaning for her alone. It's almost as if she's fishing for something. We shall see with time.

Did all the last minute things I could concerning the party. Ordered Sharon's roses. I hope English makes this thing worth my while with a nice gift for Katherine. Somehow I don't think the guy has the brains.

2-13 Saturday

While everyone else was getting ready for the Valentine's Day celebrations, Chuck and I were cleaning. It seems we both missed the fun at Mark Stephen's party. But that's the price one pays for being a slave and putting duty before fun. (One day, I'm gonna have to stop that.)

From what I was told lots of good things went down. Katherine and Pleasure posed for Club Magazine. And good contacts were made at the pre-party Party. Sir Arthur picked up someone at the Party. No impressions yet.

Jill came home grinning from ear to ear. It seems there's some kind of magnetism between her and Victoria. She asked for my permission and my help in bedding her. This shouldn't be difficult, Victoria has been bitten by me. I did the preliminaries for her and Jill got what she wanted. From the occasional sounds of it, I think they enjoyed each other's company.

I'm going to make an early night of it. Tomorrow is a busy day.

2-14 Sunday Valentine's Day

Got up early to put the final touches on the house, double check everyone and everything and make sure things are smooth.

Set the table, put out serving things, checked the roses and champagne. Both doing fine.

By 1:00 p.m. John English - Sharon had arrived. Everything is on

schedule. He has left something at his hotel and thinks I'm going to have one of my people drop what they're doing to go get his briefcase. Victoria is aiding Katherine in dressing. I'm helping Jill.

-1:30

Time to climb into my own clothes. Sir Arthur and P. are ready and looking splendid. Katherine looks divine in the gown Victoria made her. As usual Victoria has turned out another masterpiece. Jill is in her white Halston, Victoria is in red. They are perfect compliments to Katherine. The first trays of hors d'ourves are out, champagne is chilled and ready to go. Jerry Bob is here to aid me in the preparations. John English thinks I'm going to collect his money. I think it's in very bad taste to try and collect money for a party he invited people to. Maybe Jerry will do it for him. There's tension in the air. I wish Katherine would relax. I'm the only one who's supposed to be nervous.

-3:30

All the guests have arrived except Mistress Joan Day - Sharon's friend - Jason and I have been filling people with caviar and champagne for almost two hours. Katherine, English, Sir Arthur, P, and Jim are all upstairs setting up and running through. People are getting restless for this thing to start. Thank G-d Jill is here helping me control this crowd.

-5:45 - All over.

Another triumph for Paradise Island. The atmosphere was one of awe at the ritual they were watching and a sense of belonging and sharing of something special here! Things flowed so smoothly. It would have been perfect, if it hadn't been for English's constant butt-ins. It's obvious he got more than he fantasized. Every time he watched Sharon get hit, he asked the next Dominant to go light.

If it weren't for Sir Arthur's smooth maneuvers, English would still be trying to pierce Sharon's nipples. Thanks for being there and knowing what to do. Katherine is holding court. The hot hors d'oeuvres, champagne and caviar kept flowing. Looks like the after-party party is going to be a good one.

2-17 Wednesday

Katherine took her car into the city tonight. Jill and I met her at Club O later. It's a good thing, too. Katherine's car got towed. When I drive it I always try to put it in a parking lot, but Katherine insists on parking on the streets. Looks like it caught up with her tonight. And it's gonna be an expensive problem to correct. The car has at least \$400 worth of tickets plus the \$75 towing fee. I wish she would listen to me.

2-18 Thursday

This has not been a good day so far. I've been listening to Katherine bitch about the car for the last four hours. Looks like I'm never gonna hear the end of it unless I go into the city and get it.

2-19 Friday

I feel dirty. I've done my job well, so why don't I feel proud? Katherine has her car and her money back. I feel like the loser of a gang war. I have torn clothes, lacerations, and welts that will last for weeks. Katherine barely raised an eyebrow when I told her that the man who owned the lot that her car was towed to offered to let me keep the money and all the back ticket records on the vehicle if I would let him do a scene with me.

I feel like I did the right thing, but based on her unemotional reaction, I don't know if I would make this kind of sacrifice again. Even after a hot bath I can still feel the dirt from the ropes he tied me to the fence with, and the dirty snow he rubbed on my back and arms.

G-d, I could use some words of comfort right now. I hurt badly, and all I want to do is cry. This slave's training tells me that I've done the right thing. So why do I feel like I've been a willing participant in my own rape?

2-24 Wednesday

Katherine got another ticket on the car. I went through Hell less than a week ago to wipe the record clean and she's starting all over again. She handed me the ticket, looked at the bruises on my arms and neck, then asked me if I was ready to do it again. She thinks this is one big joke. She wasn't the one who was on the receiving end of a beating with jumper cables, or had grubby hands shoved down her pants.

Its times like this that I wish the old Katherine were back. Pot has changed this woman into someone I hardly know, much less want to serve.

How can I get out of this without dishonoring Jill or myself?

3-12

Dear Katherine:

I have worked long and hard in your service, asking no reward but to watch you succeed in the s/m community you have chosen to make your life. All that has been worked for by you and the other members of this family is dangerously close to going up in a puff of drugged smoke.

You're missing appointments, and have appeared far too often in public under the influence of drugs. The Scene is talking both behind your back and to your face. You are so far from reality that you haven't noticed that your regulars aren't coming back. Maybe for your birthday today you could give me a gift and swear off drugs. It's not too late to be the brilliant caring woman that you once were.

NOW IF I JUST HAD THE NERVE TO SEND THIS.

4-6

Jean Lenders:

It will be a cold day in Hell before I send those goddamned recipes out to you again. I've put up with two stinking phone calls from you wondering where my quiche recipe is. Is this some kind of a Dominant game? Are you trying to give Katherine reason to punish me so she will do a scene? Well, the strategy isn't working. I'm getting shitloads of grief from her on top of the normal run of the mill whining and grief. I've got better things to do in my 24-hour day than copy and recopy something that you obviously can't hold on to. Besides that, I didn't mail out the last two copies. Jill did.

Shit, just when I was starting to think that maybe someone out there doesn't play games with their submissives I'm proven wrong again. Not only that, you've got a nasty attitude on top of it. Respect be damned. I don't like being called a liar. That, and being lied to, are the things that really make my temper flare.

Perhaps Connie was right. You're too good to believe. And things that good are usually full of hot air.

4-9

Dear Jean:

Your parting shots at my slave over those recipes has me and her very upset. I feel it is time to set the record straight on my behalf as well as my slave. Any true Mistress should go to bat for her property when her property has been accused unjustly.

I too dislike a liar. No, I hate a liar. A liar to me is worse than a thief. My slave did in fact send you initially the recipe per your request. Now, how it got screwed up I have some idea, but it reflects not on my slave. When we first received word that you had not received it, I myself sent them out to you twice! Both times I received them back. Blame me for not following up on the matter a third time. Instead I let the matter slide. It was this last time, after I was informed of your anger that I instructed Viola to send you one by mail and one by Western Union.

Not only that, but when I sent you my card I had enclosed a picture of Viola sleeping with the bear you had sent her. I received no word that you received the picture even though you got the card. Again, if you did not it does not surprise me. If my slave has wronged someone I would be the first to offer up her soul to receive her due. As a matter of fact there have been times when this has had to be done. By the same token if she has been falsely charged I will go to bat for her. I know my slave and she knows my high expectations and standards. One of them is one's word - it's all you've got - keep it.

This unfortunate chain of events has left an unjust mark against my slave and me, but this was not of her doing, this much I do know. I am only sorry things reached this point as it leaves everyone with bad feelings, but again to set the record straight my slave did not lie to you. I don't want you thinking that she did.

*Sincerely,
Jill*

Thank G-d somebody stood up for my side. It doesn't quell my anger or erase the shots taken at my reputation. But it does salvage Jill's. Still I wish Katherine had written this. She knows it's true. Anyway Mistress Jean - be damned.

4-15

I've just hung up the phone with Mistress Jean. It's the most enlightening and honest conversation I've had with any Mistress in the scene (outside of my mate). First and foremost she told me that she had spoken to Jill earlier this evening while I was out with Katherine. Second she called to apologize to me for her outburst. It seems that she got Jill's letter and now believes that it was just a bad set of circumstances that caused this situation. With all the games that have been played by Dominants around me lately it's comforting to know that all of this hasn't been just another game. (At least I hope so.) It's also comforting to know that there are tops in the scene who have the words "I'm Sorry" in their vocabulary. What a refreshing change from everyone else in New York.

Mistress Jean told me what had made her angry was that this seeming "game" was so far from the person that she thought I was. She didn't like the idea that her impressions of my character could be so incorrect. I understand that. I was thinking the same thing about her.

We spent almost ten days together. The woman I believed she

was wouldn't play that kind of game. I can understand a playful attempt at getting me in trouble with my Mistress. She seems to know how badly I need the attention, but this game had the potential for real harm.

Now that I think of it most Tops in the scene would have forgotten about the whole thing (i.e., the game didn't work). So I guess the fact that she got angry ultimately triggered a positive situation. It's also reinforced my own instincts about character. It's good to know that I can still judge people. I'm also grateful that there will be no bad reflection on Katherine.

All's well that ends well.

Or is this the end? In many ways I hope not. Mistress Jean could be the most positive influence of any of us. Maybe a bright and shining example is all Katherine needs to get over this crazy depression over Claude and get her life together again. I can't keep running her life for her. It's driving me crazy.

5-1 Saturday

I just got an earful from Sir Arthur. The call was meant for Katherine but, at 2 am, I'm much faster to the phone. To put it lightly, he's pissed as hell at Katherine and her behavior with Kelly. He'd really plotz if he knew that this was a calculated, deliberate plot.

5-20 Thursday - 3:30 am

I just got a call from Kelly. She's stuck in New York, smashed on heroin. She and Marti tied one on, then he left her and went home. Now I've got to go get her. Katherine is going to have a fit and Jill would go through the roof.

That kid may make good conversation, but she's not good for much else. Puppy was a lot more useful around the house. I hope we haven't traded one set of problems for something even worse.

5-24 Monday

I got a call from Mistress Jean tonight. She just wanted to see how I was doing. We talked for about an hour. Nice thought. I wonder why.

5-27 Thursday

Katherine has been asked to do next month's show at Plato's Retreat. She wants a Middle Eastern flair, beginning with being carried on stage in a litter on the shoulders of her slaves. Looks like Jason and I have building to do. Then I have mucho costumes to make.

6-9 Wednesday

Jason and I have just finished the litter for the show. It's a nice piece of furniture if I do say so myself. It's strong enough to hold 500 lbs. and big enough to comfortably carry two. The carry bars are long enough to allow eight people to have hands on although it probably only needs two to four strong men to lift it. We even added posters and a canopy.

Now for the costumes. There will be nine of us in the show. Almost everyone will need a mask - Katherine wants them feathered and five of us will need costumes. Thank goodness Kelly sews. She owes me a lot of favors. It's payback time.

6-13 Sunday

What a joy. Katherine has been straight for three days now. I guess that little talk with Betty helped. She's a delight to be around again. I hope this is the first step toward overcoming this depression over Claude. This has been going on for over a year. Maybe her self-destructive period is coming to an end.

6-16 Wednesday

Katherine and I went out to lunch today. We talked about many things, but we also talked about us. Katherine told me where she would like us to be in a year. She talked about her own dreams for and in the Scene and how I we all fit into them. She believes that she is finally over Claude, and out of what she labeled as her self-indulgent period. That was the best news I had heard in months. She's sounding more and more like the Mistress that I adore.

6-21 Monday

The show was fantastic. Jason, Ed, Roy and Andy carried Katherine in on their shoulders, placed the litter in the center of the stage, and fed her grapes as the rest of us entered. Each scene was better than the one preceding it. The crowd cheered for the entire two hours. Even Jill enjoyed being on stage.

There was a man watching tonight by the name of Waite Eiffel. He was impressed by what he saw and wants to make Katherine a business proposition. We made plans to meet with him next week.

6-22 Tuesday

Katherine and I played in the Tower tonight. We haven't played

since January, and we haven't connected like we did tonight since October or November of last year.

I feel fueled again and ready to conquer, construct, or dismantle the world.

6-28 Monday

Katherine and I had a three hour meeting with Waite Eiffel today. He wants Katherine to design, construct and manage an exclusive s-m-club and art gallery. He will fund the project, Katherine and I will run it. They will be equal partners.

This place is to be nothing but high dollar luxury for a handful of players who can afford it and want the privacy. Katherine was very excited. I confess to a great deal of suspicion. I still have a bad taste in my mouth from the last person who offered Katherine the moon. The bargain nearly cost me everything I loved.

Still, he's willing to put it all in writing. That's a start.

7-7 Wednesday

A package arrived today from Waite Eiffel. It contained the first draft of the contract and one thousand dollars cash. The attached note said, "Have a fine dinner on me and make any changes that you like in the contract." The man has caught my attention.

7-12 Monday

I found Katherine downstairs smoking a joint. This time she swears that it's only occasional and recreational. I want to believe her...I want to believe her...I want to believe her.

7-20 Tuesday

A conference call tonight with Mistress Jean, Katherine and me. I'm glad she is seeking some advice about the Eiffel proposition. Jill and I are too close to this situation to be objective. Once we have a final draft Mistress Jean has offered to have a lawyer friend of hers review it.

7-24 Saturday

All Hell has broken loose upstairs. Jill found Marti and Kelly shooting up in her room. Jill started screaming and throwing things. I ran up to the Tower thinking that she might kill one of them.

They are out of here tonight. I have orders to take both of them and all of Kelly's things into the city. She can live with Marti or her

parents. We have enough to worry about without adding a possible drug bust to the list. I thought they only did that shit when they were out. Kelly has pushed her luck once too often. It just ran out.

7-30 Friday

Katherine has an idea for an LLC party. She wants to have a fantasy enactment. We would pick a theme, choose our characters and then interact as those characters for the entire length of the party.

This could be a lot of fun. It's never been done before. We will present the idea at the next club meeting.

8-1 Sunday

I had a dream tonight. I dreamed that I told Katherine the truth about my relationship with Wardell. **The whole truth.** Then she watched him feed me. In the dream we all allowed the animals within us to emerge. I fed from both of them and then we rutted.

I woke up in a cold sweat.

8-4 Wednesday

Katherine was too stoned to do a scene with the roofer. I was afraid it wouldn't last. Unfortunately I was right.

8-9 Monday

I feel craziness beginning again. I must hope that Katherine will keep herself straight for the business we are going to have to do for the gallery. She has been stoned to the bone twice this week. She missed a scene with Jason because she fell asleep. I thought she would try and make it up to him. Instead he was told that he should be grateful just to be in her presence.

I wish we had a friend or client who is a psychiatrist. There are underlying problems she is trying to run away from with pot. Katherine doesn't realize that drugs won't help. Perhaps Mistress Jean can. A listening ear might be just as good.

8-15

I'M HUNGRY!!!! I took a piece out of Victoria today. What I wouldn't give to have a few more ounces of that sweet blood. I realize that I have to be careful around her. It would take very little effort for me to seduce her. Every time I think about her taste, I also remind myself that

I'm a married woman...I'm a married woman...I'm a married woman.

10-13

Flesh. All around me is flesh waiting to be bitten, skin eagerly seeking my mark. The faces of friends blur into inconsequential visions. Acquaintances, enemies, intimacies are all alike.

All my mind focuses on is the bared neck, or the "V" formed by an open collar showing the sensuous innocence of unmarked skin. There is a veritable feast before me. Here I could drink until I could drink no more.

In this sea of food I could replenish long forgotten memories, rejuvenate long forgotten tastes, drink the nectar only the human body can create.

This passion throbs in my veins. I must yield to it now. I will choose. She will smile at me, and I will return her advance. I will feed on her, strengthening my desire and her dependence.

Together we will become one unit. Hunter and prey. Feeder and food. It has begun.

11-11

This should be an interesting ten days. Mistress Jean is coming to visit Katherine, but she will be staying upstairs with Jill and me. Wasn't it nice of Katherine to offer our apartment for her guests without asking us first. I have no problem with giving up my bedroom for the visit, but it would have been nice if she had asked Jill, instead of informing us that we would be playing host to her guests. Is this what they call dominant prerogative? I thought that dominants were supposed to respect each other's territory.

11-22

I know you're home in California by now, but I can still hear you laughing. Does your chastity chain always cause your female slaves this much trouble or was this a special situation.

I should have known you had something up your sleeve when you asked me to walk with you from the security point to the gate. When that alarm went off I honestly had no idea why. I figured it was my keys, so I took them out and tried again. It wasn't until the third time through I figured out what was going on. Airport security must have thought I was a terrorist. If I had looked up sooner I would have seen you laughing and known.

It's a good thing I think fast on my feet and they believe the story about a back brace. I haven't blushed that red in years.

1983

2-3

Madam,

It is a sweet smell, the odor of burning flesh. The aroma is not entirely unpleasant. The skin makes a sizzling sound as the iron connects, not unlike frying bacon, or an egg just as it drops onto a hot griddle.

I watched your every move today. The fact that you forced me to was one reason. The fact that I was fascinated, another.

I was by your side when you brought out the white cotton towel. "It has to be cotton," you told me. I was just inches away from the stove when you lit it and placed the insignia that would forever mark me yours in the center of the blue gas flame.

You picked the brand up by its handle, checked the color, and pressed it to the towel for the count of two. I remember the smell as the glowing iron quickly burned through the layers of cloth. In just a few hours my skin would replace the towel. Your first attempts did not please you. I watched in silence as you heated the iron again and again, practicing, until the results were satisfying.

You handed me the practice towel sprayed heavily with your perfume. Then you locked me away to meditate for the rest of the afternoon on the commitment I was about to make. The bonding was not the only thought in my mind. My decision to serve you was made long ago. Tonight we just made formal the unspoken vow.

The throbbing in my seared thigh is not as loud as the pounding in my heart.

Now my heart belongs to you.

THE MARKING

PART I

*It's been so long since I took pen in hand,
To write a verse for you.*

*It brings back memories of the past,
And the things I used to do.
It's funny, I find it difficult to write about the subject
I know so well.
Trying to put it all together,
Has been my pain, torment and hell.*

*I thought about you a lot today, knowing you were in good hands.
Trying to piece it all together; trying to understand this
commitment of eternity,
This offering of your flesh,
Where upon you will wear my symbol, to remain until your death.*

*This is heavy, it's beyond my comprehension.
Forgive me if I seem somewhat reluctant, or display signs of
apprehension.
I want this to be right, not for me, not for you, not for Jean,
But for us.
Because you are about to place within our grasp, your gift of
Ultimate trust.
For you see little one, once the smell of cooked meat has passed,
And you bare my symbol at last, You're free;
And the inner workings of your soul then become our responsibility.
If we take from the well and deplete of it's life;
Then a promise has been broken, not once, but twice;
And you will never be able to go back on your work, not ever.
So I will not demand of you, unless I'm sure I can demand of myself;
And I will not demand of others, unless I am sure it's within me to give.*

PART II

*I spent the entire day trying to figure out what this is all about.
I have always been classified an overachiever.
I never really understood this, until one day I asked Viola to explain it to
me.
She told me it was a person who worked very hard at something, that
for them should come naturally.
Perhaps today, I have learned the true meaning of what she meant.
I spent all day laboring over this evening, then around 2 it hit me.
I was getting uptight over an event, that for us is just another chapter in*

our lives. Perhaps to our friends, this is a very important chapter, but we see it as important as the others that we have shared together.

Actually, what we are about to do is reaffirm our love for each other Which will be symbolized and sealed, permanently by a branding. This will leave a lasting mark upon Viola's flesh.

Though she will endure the pain and wear the mark, it will serve to remind us both of the eternal commitment we have made to each other.

Unlike the rings she wears upon her finger, this symbol will no be removable.

I kept asking myself, "Why? Why is she doing this?"

This was a stupid question.

It is because she loves me, and I her.

It is because I am who I am.

Who am I?

To tell you the truth, she knows that better than I do.

We will continue to fight, argue, disagree and from time to time refrain from talking to each other, but we have grown to realize that we are two halves that need each other.

I am the head and she is the body and separately, we can't go very far without each other.

We are each other's anchorage.

We are each other's source of energy, inspiration, drive and fortitude.

We are each other's foundation.

Our love is the rock of salvation.

We have emerged from many trials and tribulations, battered, but triumphant.

We share many joys and sorrows, and we see that each don't walk alone.

We came together, each with our own strengths and weaknesses and they meshed and complimented each other.

We have overcome many obstacles and hard times, and we would not have survived them without each other.

We attribute this to our love for each other, our faith in God and our hope for a better tomorrow, be it this work or worlds unknown.

Neither of us have any doubts about the commitment we will make tonight that we will be our permanent seal.

However, because we are what we are and because we have found three others like ourselves, who share basically the same desires, hopes and dreams, and who are human beings who care a great deal for their family, friends and loved ones, we want to offer a part of ourselves and our lives to you.

Viola is my soul mate and property.

I am her world and owner.

She has entrusted her life to me and I have vowed and reaffirmed this vow, to love, take care and protect her;

In this life and in the life hereafter.

This is the commitment I have made to her and that we have made to each other.

It is not a game we are playing; this is our way of life.

PART III

Who will be the spokesperson and receiver of this gift?

(Jean will step forward at this time)

Jean Lenders, as the spokesperson for your family, before you accept this gift, it is only right that I explain the ramifications of its offer. If after hearing the expectations and the extensive involvement in accepting it, if you or anyone in your family feels that they are unable to meet these expectations, you will be under no obligation to accept it.

Are there any questions, at this time?

Viola, being my slave and a very important part of me and my life, serving me with all her heart body and mind, will act as my extension of my love, friendship and sincere trust.

I am a woman of my word and honor. I don't give it unless I can keep it, and I will keep it as long as there are no just causes to prevent me from such a commitment.

I care a great deal about my families, for I have many, my friends and about people.

I have tried to live my life in accordance with my God.

I have tried to share with others, the many blessings that the almighty has bestowed upon me and upon the two of us.

The greatest gift that I can give to someone, I sometimes give through my loyal servant and companion; this person being Viola.

I have trained her through the years to carry out my will, philosophies and teachings.

I have developed her talents, creativity, her abilities, knowledge, charm, warmth and sincerity to serve myself, herself and others.

In turn, I have been there when she has needed me and given her

the freedom to do what she must do, the trust to know that it will be done and guidance to perform to my liking, as well as providing for her physical and spiritual needs.

I have not always succeeded, but I am constantly aware and put forth every effort to do my best.

I preserved her innocence and naivety because there's so little of this left around. Plus it pleases me. There lies a danger however, sometimes she gets hurt. Therefore I must be there to sooth that hurt and prevent her from becoming bitter. Sometimes I send her into the lion's den knowingly and unknowingly, but I assure her that through our love, whether I am here or not, I will protect and provide her with the strength to return to me safely.

She has suffered much before meeting me and she has suffered and endured much for me.

I have been truly fortunate to have found her.

Yes, she is one of a kind, but she is not perfect by any stretch of the imagination, then again, neither am I.

She is human and has many weaknesses, both physical and emotional.

She is vulnerable.

She is stubborn and headstrong.

She is dominate.

She is submissive, because she chooses to be.

Her title slave is not to be underestimated, nor perceived as the only function she is capable of. She is a very knowledgeable and strong human being.

She will make mistakes.

She may dishonor you or bring you shame either out of self preservation or unintentionally.

She is capable of protecting you.

She is capable of making transactions, in your name or on your behalf.

Don't stop her, let her be, she has been trained to do so.

She has been instructed to step into a situation, where I have lost reason and use any means necessary to prevent me from making a costly mistake, when my own instincts and reasoning have left me, and I am in immediate danger. Of course she will pay for circumventing my authority, but better that, than to lose something else of value or importance.

She has been trained to serve me in my presence or my absence and to do it with honor and in my name.

Knowing something about the gift I am about to offer you, I must hear your answer to the following;

- 1. Will you be willing to discipline her through love, mercy, wisdom and justice?*
- 2. Will you promise to never strike her in anger?*
- 3. Will you support her and stand by her when she meets opposition, harm and discredit in situations where you know her to be right, but she is unable to speak for herself, for fear of bringing you dishonor?*
- 4. Will you exercise good judgement on my behalf, as well as hers?*
- 5. Will you be willing to learn the person as well as the slave, for the two go hand in hand?*
- 6. Will you be willing to admit that you are human too and will make mistakes that may cause her to suffer needlessly, on your behalf?*
- 7. Will you be willing to make amends for such, within the caring boundaries of a mistress?*
- 8. Will you place your trust in her to act on your behalf?*
- 9. Will you train her to meet your expectations?*
- 10. Will you explain that she will know what it is that you expect of her and the criteria for acceptable behavior?*
- 11. Will you reward her as well as punish her for good behavior?*
- 12. Will you be willing to work with her to gain new insight into herself and her own downfalls, that she may correct them, lest they become a hinderance to her overall being?*
- 13. Will you respect her as a human being?*
- 14. Will you give her an opportunity to voice her opinions, under circumstances you deem proper and just?*
- 15. Will you meet her needs in the realm of the slave world, that she has placed herself into?*

Then will you honor the following:

I respect that Jill Carter and Viola Johnson have a relationship that goes beyond slave and mistress. Mistress Jill is Viola's primary Mistress and sole owner. Mistress Jill is extending her slave to me to serve me, only after her needs have been given first priority. Should I request of our slave a situation that would impact on this relationship that they share between them, I will contact Mistress Jill before I instruct our slave to execute my personal mission. I will bear in mind at all times, the physical

limitations of our slave. I will see that she receives proper nourishment, sleep and care, for her own well-being.

I will not knowingly place her health and well-being in jeopardy.

I will not loan her to another without the consent and/or knowledge of Mistress Jill nor upon receiving consent, share her with others for their own pleasure, unless I share in them the same trust that has been placed in my hands by Mistress Jill.

I will take care of this possession as if it were solely my own.

Should our slave displease me in matter of a grave importance, I will bring it to Mistress Jill's attention immediately before instituting any form of retribute.

If at anytime I feel that Viola is no longer living up to the commitment extended to me by Mistress Jill, I will return her to Mistress Jill immediately and term this commitment null and void, at which time it will be the responsibility of Mistress Jill to make amends for her slave's disservice and disgrace.

Should anything happen to Mistress Jill, that prevents her from carrying on with her responsibilities to care, love and provide for her most valuable possession, slave Viola, I, Jean Lenders, will assume full ownership and responsibility on Mistress Jill's behalf.

Should anything happen to me, that prevents me from carrying on with my responsibilities to care, love and provide for her, that you will assume full ownership and act on my behalf?

At this time I'd like to give you an opportunity to question, test or add to this creed.

(Jean will speak)

At this time, I will ask my slave to speak her peace for forever hold it.

(Vi will speak)

So it is written, so it will be.

**** The branding ceremony will commence.*

Closing:

Jill

From this day forward, we share the same slave.

She will serve you as she would me, perhaps even better.

May the other family members witness this bond and serve

*As keepers of this eternal mark, that bares the symbols of
Two households united into one.*

4-26

Today Jean had knee surgery. The doctors will be using arthroscopic techniques to remove microscopic bone fragments from Jean's knee. Although the surgery isn't life threatening any surgery is frightening. Katherine has been very good about sending me to be by Jean's side. I'm impressed with her generosity, but then again isn't that how it all started? With Jill's offer of me to Katherine. I guess things have come full circle.

4-27

Madam,

You are in the hospital. I have been by your side for part of the day, running your errands and praying for the other.

5-26

I'm sitting in the airport right now. The flight has been delayed about one hour and I'm full of nervous energy. For a little while I was pacing about that seemed to be such a waste of energy. I thought that I would write in my journal instead.

It seems that I left you to come home only yesterday, but I know that it has been almost two weeks. Just when I stop worrying about your getting better and not needing any more surgery, the strain of it all causes John's heart attack.

When you called me at the gallery I thought I was dreaming. At 4:00 in the morning it's hard to be alert. It took me a few seconds to comprehend what you were saying. Then the magnitude of it all sunk in. I'm sorry that I couldn't get an earlier plane out. But it took me awhile to put everything in order at the gallery and in Newark. I'm grateful that I got paid yesterday. I thank G-d that Katherine didn't give me any hassles, not that it would have mattered. She actually helped to send me on my way. Her understanding made packing a lot easier, and Jill brought me to the airport.

The plane's here.

6-12

Madam,

If I close my eyes I can smell the earthy aroma of freshly mown grass. My mind's eye looks up to see azure blue skies and the deep green of

great shade trees.

I can see the park now, a little piece of your past, and I feel comfortable in the niche you have made for me. We laid together on God's green carpet and shared intimacies of times gone by. You gave me a precious gift of your memories of that special place. Now it is special to me also. Each story makes you more a part of me.

I watched you fall asleep and I curled up beside you, content in the knowledge that "I am part of you and you are part of me". I cared not about anyone's thoughts at seeing us together. My only thoughts were of the love and closeness that help to bind us.

6-18

Her foot lay resting, gently framed by the cool crisp colors of fresh new sheets. It is just out of reach of my eager tongue, resting lightly against her knee.

An alabaster foot, perfectly sculpted, cool and soft, just waiting for my mouth to massage. I cannot keep myself separated from that which I want so very badly.

The taste, the texture of her pale white ankle as I rub my cheek and then my tongue against it. I take the silky flesh softly in my mouth, licking gently, ever so carefully around the finely chiseled bone, and down across the top of her foot.

I lick the heel, the ball, the toes, my mind going crazy with the wave upon wave of sweet sensations that pass from my tongue to explode within my brain.

How wonderfully rounded is your heel. Have I paid it proper homage? Has my mouth given a worthy tribute? Your arch, the highest I've ever seen, is deliciously flavored by all my lust born desires. I must lick, suck, and caress that arch with my mouth, and I do, over and over again. I hear your gentle sighs, and they only serve to plunge me faster and deeper into the mystery of your perfectly pedicured toes. Ah, how round they are, soft and satin smooth to my tongue. I consume them all, one by one, savoring the flavor of each.

I suck, and suck, and suck, but those perfect little buds never loose their delicate flavor.

I will never starve. Here is where I belong.

7-26

The mischief that Alex gets me into never ceases to amaze me.

8-15

Jean has sent me a paper mache unicorn mask. She wants me to re-make the mask and make Maggie a costume to go with it. I think I can find some supplies at the craft shop around the corner. I don't sew. The body of the costume is going to be a challenge.

9-4

Madam,

We are half a world apart right now, you and I. Yet there are fresh cane marks on my bottom and I can still hear your voice ringing in my ears. This style of the caning was not yours, but the pain it induced was just as real.

Annie obeyed your orders well. I have been properly chastised. I tried to explain to her that the slave I bought at auction was a surprise gift for you. That her service as a masseuse would delight you. My pleading had as little an effect on her as it did on you.

"You acted without permission," is all she said. Then I was stretched between two pillars and treated to a prolonged taste of her cane from the neck down.

Your justice is swift and your rod longer than I ever imagined. It is strangely comforting to know that my new owner has eyes that can see half way around the world, and arms that can reach out and touch me no matter where I am.

9-22

I think that I am getting the hang of this commuting thing. Most people think that living in Conn. and working in New York is a long haul. They should try living in New Jersey and commuting to California. I don't know if I have a permanent case of jet lag, or if I've become so accustomed to the commute that bouncing between all these time zones no longer affects me.

I've been asked by ticket clerks who have gotten to know me what I do for a living since I never check a suitcase. If I told them the truth their minds would be blown. That is if they believed me. I've told so many different stories about the chastity chain that it's hard to keep them straight. I think from now on I'll tell them the truth. I wonder if they will let me through airport security?

9-24

Madam,

I am stripped naked except for the feathered headdress and kidskin moccasins of the Indian maiden I portray. I am spread eagle and helpless, held fast and open by others at your command. This afternoon there is no slave before you, but a Choctaw maid. I see towering over me, not the Mistress of my daily life, but the Chieftess of an enemy tribe. I may be your battle-prize, but I will not yield easily.

The leather strips that bind your war bonnet and robe are an effective implement in blistering my tortured skin. In your hands simple straps that yield exploding pain with lightning force. If I were another brave that would be enough, but for me the pain is only the beginning. You torture me as only one woman could or would dare to torture another. The knife that rested in your boot has been brought into play with agonizing skill.

My body, drenched in pain, drenched in sweat, is a playground for your carefully honed blade. You rest its sharp tip against my nipple. There is no need to apply force. The blade's massive weight produces the pain you require. I dare not move, unsure of what the squaw who wields the knife will do. My Mistress rarely plays with knives. But the steel in this woman's hand is an old and familiar friend.

You drag the knife's dull side against my skin. The threat hits home quickly. Cold steel circles my breasts. First right, then left. You make lazy patterns on my stomach and thighs, laughing menacingly at my growing fear. Your metal fingernail traces the musculature of my abdomen and slowly lowers to my private parts.

The blade feels different as you scrape it against my hairy mound. Only when you blow my shaved pubic hair in my face do I understand the change. Now even hair cannot shield me. With a surgeons skill the knife's sharp blade slides between my clitoris and hood. My womanhood neither retreats nor advances as it intercourses with cold steel. Instead the invasion causes first a tremor, then an orgasm that leaves me limp and vanquished before you and your tribe.

You choose to mark the prize you've conquered. It is your right as the victor. Your hand guides razor sharpness that easily and neatly slits my skin. Your initial is marked on my chest in my own crimson blood.

As one red drop of life races down my rib cage, you catch it with your index finger. I watch with love as it disappears between your parted lips.

We are one.

To You.

I sit opposite you, watching the shadows of a candle flame dance across your face. The soft hum of a room full of people is lost to me for I am lost in you.

The warm candle flame accents the icy beauty of the diamonds that adorn you. You are as they are, beautiful, cold, priceless. Their perfect symmetry and quiet fire suit you. They, like you, make a statement that is impossible to deny.

I shudder imperceptibly as the awe inspiring power of you blows like a cool breeze of truth through my naked soul, and I seek warmth in the Brandy glass in front of me.

You sip your wine, I my brandy. I glance up, frightened, lest you sense my vulnerability. I realize too late that you are aware of my openness as your eyes search the recesses of my mind and caverns of my heart for any place that I have closed off from you. There are none. You're possession of me is total. You smile.

The waiter brings us coffee. He senses the dynamics of the relationship. He looks, first at you, then at me. There is no golden leash attached to my collar tonight. But he knows it is there just as much as I do. He smiles, nods and walks away.

My clothes cannot hide the chains that bind me, nor do I want them to. Let the world know by my demeanor who and what you are, and that I will follow you to the ends of the earth and the ends of my days.

9-30

There is a ring on my index finger. A wide glistening band of white metal shields my index finger from the sun. It covers two thirds of the area from knuckle to knuckle.

Its simplicity is hauntingly beautiful. From the center of its glimmering shield is a hasp, and from the hasp hangs a ring. In the two days that it has been on my finger I have had many admiring comments, both on its beauty and its unique design.

"What does it mean," people ask? Would that I could tell them the truth. All the pride that comes beaming out of me would never balance the disbelief if I told those who ask the real meaning of the ring. So I tell those who cast admiring glances that it represents a circle in a circle. as the song "The Windmills of Your Mind" says, these are the symbols of everlasting love.

I haven't lied.

10-19

Madam, welcome to the east coast.

10-22

The room is dim, illuminated by the flickering light of a dozen candles. Some are long, some short. They are strategically placed around a wicker peacock chair and the platform it sits upon.

I have loaded my camera, set up my tripod, and wiped the perspiration from my hands and brow. Though the room is cool, my nerves are making beads of sweat pop out all over. With one last glance around the "Tower Dungeon" I go to summons you.

This day you are to be my model. I hope to capture on celluloid the images that are in my mind and heart. I want those whose trust you share to see you as I see you.

Years of studio experience are about to be put to the ultimate test. I have watched you groom, selected your wardrobe, and your jewelry. I want nothing to disturb the line, or compete with you natural beauty. The thought of a kind of role reversal comes into mind. It brings a smile. For the next few hours you will be mine to command, to pose, to move as my eye and talent dictate. I thank the heavens you are far above the insecurities that could destroy this special afternoon.

I call to you. You emerge. In a fraction of a second my mind registers many needed observations. I cannot allow myself the luxury of a slave's awe at the vision in front of me. I have photographed many beautiful women, today you become simply one more.

The time rolls by with amazing speed. I give and take away props. Some are human, some are not. Some reflect beauty of the model, some the power of the dominant. The nervousness of a short time ago has been replaced by professional calm. But the beauty of this moment has pierced even my thick photographer's armour.

It is finished. I unload my cameras. But you, not knowing the intent of my action, wait patiently for your next instruction.

When I turn, and see you bathed in warm red orange light, I am humbled once more by the force that is yours and destiny that is mine.

10-29

My Lord. I watched you being born today. You sprang, full grown, from my imagination, into my living fantasy. Did you know that you are everything that I dreamed that you would be ? Tall, gorgeous, sexy, well hung, and one hell of a top.

Oh Henry, I'm in lust. You allow me to be bi-sexual without being unfaithful. Now it's off to a weekend in New York and parties, parties, parties.
late

I have checked Madam and myself into the Intercontinental Hotel for the weekend. I made this reservation before Jean decided to bring Nick along with her from California. Oh well, even having an uninvited guest wont spoil this weekend. I'm glad Nick found someone else to stay with for the next two days. Madam didn't care if he stayed with us. But I'm looking forward to privacy and great fun. I haven't had that for a very, very long time. The suite is costing me a fortune, but it's well worth the money.

The party at Hellfire was INCREDIBLE. Madam was self-conscious at first about the costume and her emerging male persona, but the raves and cheers put her at ease. I guess this puts a new twist on cross dressing.

1984

1-1-84

Jill and I spent a wonderful night in New Hope. Rusty was at the piano as always. He remembered that it was our anniversary and played many of our favorite songs. We toasted in the new year and ten years of marriage. I love you.

1-27

I hunger. My body aches for the taste of someone inside me. I know that it should be Wardell but I long for something new. I am tired of always being safe, of always being a "good slave, an obedient vampire, and a good mate". I want to bite down on an unknown beautiful woman and feel her swoon in my arms. I haven't eaten in over a week.

Damn you Abba.

1-28

I met Wardell at Hellfire tonight. I damn near ripped a hole in his chest. I drank from him until my hunger stopped. I hope to heaven that I didn't leave him with a permanent scar.

Once I was fed I was my old self again. I nibbled on Victoria. Dianne, and that delicious little morsel Karen. Wardell watched with amusement. Then he jokingly threatened to tell the entire club. We both know most of the people there wouldn't understand at all. And they think I'm strange now.

2-27

My Lady:

My bouts with exhibitionism are limited to the recesses of my own mind. Within the confines of my private thoughts there is a clear-cut line between the scenes I can easily do in public (for others' viewing) and those special emotional bonding that can only happen when we are alone. Tonight that line was crossed.

As the chains and pulleys lifted my body into an oh so familiar

position as a human X, I was acutely aware of the two sets of eyes that were watching us. You invited these two people into your playroom to watch a scene between you and I.

I was not allowed the emotional distance of a public scene. After all we weren't in public. As I felt the warmth of your body behind mine, the emotional armor I tried to hide behind melted. I rested my head against your shoulder and drifted into the private world that is reserved for only you and I.

Your whip made love to me as I can't remember you ever doing so before. I never thought your gentle touch and the stroke of your whip would melt so beautifully into one. Tonight you chose not to punish, but reward. Your hands caressing my hot skin was the most valued of rewards, the most intimate of intimate moments.

I never dreamed I could experience such erotic highs. I never thought pain love could be such bliss. And I never ever thought we would be making love within an intimate group of friends.

4-11

Back to L.A. again. At least I think that's the direction that I'm going in.

4-16

I'm scared. This is one time I wish I were back on the east coast. I could hear the panic in Jill's voice when she called. I don't think I'll ever forget her words, "There's been a fire."

I feel so helpless here. She doesn't handle emergencies well. I could tell she's about to fall apart. She sounds OK but she wouldn't tell me if she had been hurt for fear that I would worry.

I wish the plane would get here. Why are they always late when you need them most to be on time? I've got to stay calm. My ulcer is kicking like an army mule and I feel like I'm going to be sick. I just want to hold her and make sure everything is alright. Damn it, where is that plane!!!???

5-14

Tonight's party theme was cherry picking. You've got to admit that's an interesting euphemism. Call it what you will, it was one hell of a party. I was wondering what you were going to do that you nor I had never done before.

I watched everyone tonight. Some people were in their own little

worlds. Some were feeding on the energy of the group. Everyone was doing their thing. There were times when I could tell the "cherry" activity. Sometimes I could only guess.

I also watched you carefully. Even when I wasn't by your side. I noticed the cone studded collar you had put in the toy bag, but I never thought it was meant for your neck and not mine.

You slipped it on while you were standing quietly in a corner watching a scene. You left it on for a few minutes then took it off. Did you think no one would notice it? Did you think I wouldn't?

That could easily have been the high point of my night, but you had other plans. When you ordered me to strip and tied me to the table I was far more curious than excited, but that changed quickly. You touched, stroked and caressed me tonight with a personal intimacy that you and I rarely experience. I don't think my skin or internal temperature could have been measured in Fahrenheit.

When I felt your first finger slip gently inside me I thought I was going to orgasm right then and there. But you didn't stop. You made my body open completely, manipulating me with the skill of a master musician with a familiar instrument.

One by one your fingers slipped into my hot and eager vagina. I felt your invading hand close into a fist and my internal walls moved to encase you. The fist inside me moved gently at first slowly building in both force and rhythm. I was trying desperately to hold back the orgasm that I knew would knock me off this planet. Manipulating my G-spot and cervix from within and my nipples and eager flesh from without you wrenched an orgasm from me that registered 11 on the Richter Scale.

It's been hours and I haven't even begun to recuperate...

5-23

This house is a mess. It's been more than a month since the fire and Katherine hasn't made any attempt to do anything. Jill and I have bent over backwards to see that Katherine had a loving support system to lean on. And she's still sitting on her ass expecting Jill and I to do the dirty work. I guess someone forgot to tell her that I'm not her slave anymore. She's got Margo to do that dirty work now.

Judging from what I see it will take about a week to scrub the smell out of here and fix the fire damage. Thank G-d Andy is going to help me with this wall on Saturday. I hope that he can pick me up from Mom's. I don't know if she can let me borrow her car, and the Datsun is still being fixed.

Sometimes I wonder why I'm bothering to do this but I know that its what Jill wants. Hopefully we will get a tenant in here fast because she refuses to stay in the apartment overnight unless I'm with her.

8-1

Jean asked me if I would like to split the cost of a ticket to L.A. for Jill. I eagerly said yes. It will be a birthday present. We will get to spend some time together, and Jill can job hunt. Maybe the change of location will be good for her. Then I can stop traveling between the women I love.

8-22

It felt so good to hold my mate in my arms again. Happy Birthday. I love you.

9-7

Mistress;

I watched you sleep last night. Your skin, almost translucent, was nearly as pale as the hospital sheet that covered you. The operation was a success. I thank G-d your pain will be over soon.

You drifted in and out of much needed sleep, your body telling you to rest after your ordeal. In the dim quiet of the hospital room, the steady rhythm of your breathing was the only sound I needed to hear. It blended well with the solitude of the room and the peace and relief of my own mind.

I thought of many things while my hands created floral delights to cheer you, including my own selfish delight being by your side. In to short a time the nurse came to tell me it was time for me to go. I wanted to stay, to find my familiar place on the floor beside your bed so in case of need I would be less than an arms length away. That's where I've been for almost three years no. That's where I belong when you are ill.

But I also know how important my responsibilities are to the family, and how you need to know they are taken care of. So I slept in the familiarity of my quarters, and with the suns rise saw everyone safely off to start a new day.

Now that the morning chores are done, and your errands finished, I can greet you again with love. The doctors say there are only a few short hours until I can bring you home.

10-1

Pain. It is the most intense physical stimulation the body can feel. At its extreme, it is temporarily more powerful than love, hate, and the most gut-wrenching orgasm. Pain can circumvent all other bodily needs or functions. It can even make one man turn against another.

Yet according to psychologists, our memories of pain are the least accurate and the most easily forgotten. I find that an amazing quirk of nature. If the agony is severe enough, even the memory of the incident causing the pain can be erased.

Keeping all this in mind, it would seem totally illogical that the body can be conditioned to crave pain as you have conditioned me.

A slap from you hand that would send a strong man reeling makes my panties wet. A cane stroke forceful enough to slice through quarter inch chain can bring me to orgasm if you are the wielder of that force.

Let someone else try it and they're cold meat ...

10-11

My mate is back to me in L.A.. This is the second time that this company has flown her out here for interviews. Looks like we are finally going to move to California.

No more commuting.

10-20

I am finally leaving the insanity that cost me a big piece of my heart, my emotions, and almost cost Jill her life. Although the relationship with Katherine has been over for a year I still feel distraught over many things.

How could that fine a mind go up in a drug filled cloud of smoke? How much of that destruction am I responsible for? I feel like an alcoholics enabling partner. If I hadn't been in her life Katherine would have to have done all the day to day chores herself. Those mundane tasks are the weights that keep the average person grounded in reality. Katherine is floating in a marijuana induced S/M fantasy world where responsibility is only for slaves.

I designed and practically built, or should I say rebuilt, this house. It became a playground for the scene, and a safe haven for the tri-state area. There is so much of me in these walls. It's ironic that everyone played in this S.M. amusement park but me. I can count on two hands the times Katherine and I have played here (and have a few fingers left over).

I want to stop caring. I want to stop feeling like I failed my

mistress.

11-3

Madam

I'm hurting today, but it's from a constructive day. I took Maggie and her friend skating, then took the dog to the Vet. Dr. Kent says that the ear infection is coming back and that she will probably have to have her ears flushed weekly for the rest of her life. The Dr. wants to see the entire family to show everyone how to do this procedure. So I made an appointment for next Saturday.

After that I got some sun as I did the yard work. I trimmed the trees and cut the front bush way down. Dan Sr. kept trying to get me to save the branches and wind them into Birch rods. I ignored him. Then I went up as high as the aluminum ladder would allow me and climbed out on a branch of the rubber tree that I thought was pretty sturdy. I was standing on the branch using the two handed clippers to trim the rest of the tree. I should have had one arm around the tree, (but then I couldn't have used the clippers) but I didn't. Anyway the branch broke and I fell.

I'm grateful that I didn't fall on one of the flagstones under the tree. I'm grateful for the well whipped behind. And I'm extremely grateful that I didn't break something. I haven't fallen out of a tree since Florida 10 years ago.

Even with that I got a lot of work done. I guess that there are never enough hours in the day to get all this work done, but I'm trying. Please be patient.

11-5

It's wonderfully peaceful here. I'm aching a bit, but that's good. I got up about 7:15 this morning and sat outside for awhile. I have the chance to tell you about yesterday. I woke Mr. L. in time for your Sunday program, then made his breakfast and served it in bed. The kids were both asleep and I knew that Mr. L. would be watching T.V. for ninety minutes so I had some time to myself. As I was clipping coupons out of the old paper, I started thinking of our conversation of a month ago.

Part of me is still wondering what prompted all of that. While I was looking at all those coupons I began wondering if you realize that I do all of this all the time. I'm constantly trying to save you money.

When you first got back from New York in October I realized that something was wrong because I hadn't cashed a check for you. I hadn't done the things that I usually did with cash, anyway. Part of me just

chalked it up. But part of me wondered. It was such a strange conversation. It hurt more than you know to think that you believed that I would be careless with your money. After the hurt was over I still couldn't help but wonder what prompted it.

I'm confused by it. I'm confused in that we've talked a lot of different times about my contributions to the house when I can and the fact that you knew that I did it. There were times when you were sure that I should have run out of money. Then you would say "don't I owe you something."

We've talked about the fact that I never wanted you to know how much it was, because to me it was never enough. I guess what I'm saying is that when I could I was doing little things. A meal here or there. Or things for the kids like the suede costume for Dan Jr, or other things for Maggie so that you wouldn't have to pay for them. I'd hate to think that a TV Guide is really what started all this. Especially when I'm the one who is laying out the cash for it. But I guess it could be.

I was just very thrown when you said that you like to know when you're receiving a gift, because you did know. Perhaps one day we can talk about this because I need to know. I really do need to know what started all this. Was it something I did, or was it something in New York that made this so important. Sometimes I feel it's Katherine hanging over me.

I paid thousands of dollars in her bills, she took money from me and then she turns around and says that I didn't do enough for her.

Anyway, I've documented all of my expenses so far. I always do it anyway, but I guess that it's more important now.

11-8 - 10:20 p.m.

Tape

Dearest Madam,

I'm comfortable within the quiet of my little box. There's about 10 inches above my head. I've gotten into the habit of sleeping on a slight incline. I guess I have about two feet of movement in all. It's like being in my own private three sided coffin. I know you probably think that's morbid, but I'm all cuddled up, snug as a bug in a rug.

It's been a great day. It really has been. I've been in bed about 15 minutes and I'm sipping a cup of tea. Driving back from the lecture today I caught a chill. Now I'm running a slight fever, so I got into bed early, and thought I would be close to you since you're as close as my tape recorder. Now I'm sharing my thoughts.

Today's lecture was a lot of fun. Everyone wishes that you could have been there. It was Olga's class in Human Sexuality, the same one we

did back in the spring.

Last time we did the lecture the class seemed to zero in on the pain aspect, and asking questions about it and the psychology involved in D&S. This time all of us Bob F. and I got the most questions.

People were fascinated by our lifestyle. For almost the entire time we were taking about what we do, and telling stories like my first time through a metal detector, etc.

About 3/4 of the way through we got to read some of the reviews. They seemed to questions my slavery, not Bob's. The students wrote that they could understand Bob's lifestyle and how he could do what he does, but they couldn't understand why I do it. We talked about it being more intimate than a marriage. The responsibilities of dedication, etc. As much as we tried to keep it simple, the class got more and more involved. There were girls who wanted to see my chastity belt, men who wanted to see my collar. Even the teacher asked to see my ring.

Anyway, if you were there it would have been just perfect. They would have been able to see the balance and the harmony involved between you and I. Then I think they would have been able to truly understand what I could only describe. I missed you today, so much. I'm looking forward to doing this lecture with you.

There was a psych prof. sitting in the class. He was asking as many questions as the students. He said he planned to stay just a few minutes, but wound up staying the entire class.

The March class is coming...(You are in New York)

11-9 - 12:15 a.m. Tape

Dearest Madam

It's been a long day. It's good to be home in my little cubicle. Now it's time to talk to you.

I was in the Furniture Mart today. I walked it floor by floor. I checked out every store in the building. I got all the info. that you wanted about the brass beds. The prices aren't bad. They start at \$850.00 and go up to \$1,200.00. I also checked out the silver showrooms. Unfortunately they only sell to retailers. The Christmas displays were beautiful.

I hope that the package arrived. I wish that UPS gave guarantees but they don't. I've got my fingers crossed that it arrives in time. I talked to Shawn today. He needed some information that I can't give him. He'll call when you get back.

I'm so tired that all of my brain isn't working, so on that note I'll say good night.

11-13

Tape

Good Morning Madam.

It's Tuesday and I'm trying to finish getting breakfast ready so I can get out of here and go meet my honey. Helen hasn't come so I spent a few hours yesterday cleaning up your room. I didn't want you coming home to a dirty house. Got the nonsense put away. You'll see it when you come home. This is silly, you won't hear this until you come home. Anyway, I started to mail this out to you so that you could hear my melodious voice on the way back from New York. Then I realized that you are traveling first class, who wants to listen to me?

I went to Victory furniture yesterday to see if the chair cover finally arrived. This time I gave up and had them issue a refund. Mr. L needs some privacy to get his work done so it gave me time for other things like making the harness that you wanted, and doing all the repairs around the house. I put the handle back on your purse, put the kitchen timer together, fixed your Pan figure, redyed your snakeskin wallet and fixed Rose's pocketbook and your shoes.

How's that for my yesterday?

Now I will finish Dan's tea and be off to the hotel to see Jill. When am I going to get the two of you in the same place?

11-14

You've returned. I missed you.

11-15

I had dinner with Shawn and Madam. I was very nervous about this evening. I wanted everything to be perfect. I never want to do anything that would embarrass you.

The game of cat and prey that you play with Shawn fascinates me. You charmed him at dinner then took him into the bedroom, kissed him and I watched him fall apart. Then I watched you turn him over your knee and saw how hard he was. I saw how much he needed and wanted the spanking that you gave him. How can you turn any flesh that red? How can something as soft as your hand be as hard as boards? It's not fair at all.
-late

You spanked me. I can count on one hand and have fingers left over the times that you have done that. I remember the first time was three plus years ago. Your hand hurts more than your straps yet it is so sensuous. The feeling of your fingers against my skin is incredible. Then to suddenly

feel you playing intimately with me made me so excited. This could easily make me forget the abuse of my childhood and become a spanking enthusiast.

11-19

I went into the furniture mart today and paid for Maggie's bed. The salesgirl couldn't give any guarantees about its delivery date. To say that I'm just a bit worried about a Christmas delivery would be an understatement.

This is one of my longest stays on the west coast. But Jill says that she doesn't want me back until Christmas. I guess that she doesn't want me involved with all the hysteria going on with Katherine. She's still afraid that there will be more repercussions from the Grand Jury testimony, and I know that she's still having nightmares about the fire.

All that will be over soon. Now that we have a definite starting date with Jill's company, I've got to get serious about house hunting. The rental agents that I've listed with aren't doing anything, but with all the problem that I've been reading concerning that type of thing I'm not surprised.

If we had known that the company would have paid for the move I think that Jill wouldn't have rented the apartment, just waited until moving day and let the lawyers straighten this mess with Katherine, Jill and me out.

12-28

I feel awful. I never thought that the flu could be this bad. I'm running a temperature of almost 104. Jill has been so good about today I guess that I'm the one who's really paranoid. I'm so afraid that we are going to be late getting to California. If I can't get my act together, we will be.

We only got as far as D.C. today. We stopped in Moorestown to say goodbye to her mom and dad. I looked so bad that Mrs. Carter put me to bed for a few hours. I can't believe that I slept for so long. Jill said that she didn't want to wake me. I appreciate that but I'm gonna have to make up the time tomorrow or I will put us way off schedule. Jill can do most of the driving for the next few days. And I'll make it up once my temperature drops a little and I'm not so drowsy. I don't want to have an accident.

1985

1-1-85 Tuesday

Just a few hours ago my marriage was eleven years old. About an hour before midnight Jill came back to the motel with a bottle of champagne. I don't know where she got it, but the thought was wonderful. I wish that I wasn't too sick to drink it. We'll save it until we get back to California and have it in our new house.

I'm still running a very high temperature. The medication that we picked up in Georgia helped stop my cough, but it didn't do much else. Then again, how can it? It's 50 percent alcohol.

We blew a lug nut about three miles out of town. We're lucky that we didn't have an accident. But now we're stuck in Nowhere, Texas until everything opens on Wednesday morning and we can get it fixed.

It's beginning to snow. Who would believe snow in Texas? I would love to cuddle up to Jill like we did on our honeymoon, but I'm afraid that she will catch what I've got and she has to be fit as a fiddle on the seventh. Maybe this extra day will help me knock this bug out of my system.

I'll call Andy in the morning and have him relay the news that we've been delayed in Texas.

1-3 Thursday

I feel a lot better now. I'm still very sick, but it seems that the day's rest in Texas has given me the strength to do my share of the driving and let Jill rest. We've made it three quarters of the way through Arizona, and we should be in California early Saturday.

There is little to see in Texas and Arizona but the open road. The two states just go on and on over flat land for days. We stopped at a little tourist trap that we had been seeing signs for over the last hundred miles or so. It was supposed to be an authentic abandoned Indian village. If that's the truth I own the Hope diamond, but it was cute and a couple of hours break from the monotony of driving.

The hotel here is really nice. It's much better than most that we've stayed in. So far, we have been able to out run the major part of

the storm that seems to have chased us up until this point. I hope that our luck holds out. If not, we won't arrive until Sunday and that won't give Jill any time to unwind.

1-5 Saturday

We made it. We're here. I did seventeen hours of driving yesterday, but it just seemed crazy to stop when our destination was so close. Jill didn't seem to mind as long as I was up to the drive. I know that she would have gladly stopped at a motel but I didn't want to stop until we were at Jean and Dan's.

When we called this morning, Jean said that she was going to go to a movie tonight with Maggie. So when I didn't see the car in the driveway I just assumed that she wasn't there. I used my key to let Jill and me into the house. I didn't hear anyone call and the house was dark. Jill and I had just put down the bundles that were in our arms when Jean steps out of the darkness, Tazer gun drawn and ready to shoot. Well, we nearly scared each other half to death. That is not a pain that I would like to feel.

Jill and I spent the day getting settled into the guest house. Now that this is over, I can try to knock this flu out of my system. My temperature is still over 101, six degrees higher than my normal. I hope we can find a place of our own real soon. Jean and Dan are being very gracious about Jill and me staying here, but I don't want to wear out our welcome. I seem to recall a great philosopher once saying that guests and bad beef stink after three days.

1-7 Monday

I drove Jill to Fullerton this morning. Since I'm much more used to the freeways than she is, it will give her a few days to get acclimated.

Jean has let me rest for most of the day. I've been sleeping off and on and reading the houses for rent column when I have the energy. I've made some appointments for tomorrow. I'm hoping to spend a full day house hunting, between the time that I take Jill to work and the time I pick her up. My nights' sleep haven't been the best, not that they ever were. It's at times like now that I remember why Jill and I have our own rooms. I had forgotten how hard she kicks.

I'm going to try to take Jill out for a bite to eat. I don't know if I can hold much down, but I want to do something special for her first day at work.

I wonder how her first day went?

1-11 Friday

We finally found a place. I forgot how much I hate house hunting. North Long Beach is centrally located for Jill and for me. Now I add a new twist to being a lifestyle slave: a thirty minute ride to my Mistress. That's a hell of a lot better than a cross country trek every six to eight weeks. No matter how much I love my Mistress, bouncing between my two ladies was getting to be too expensive.

If I had known that Jill's new company would pay reasonable relocation expenses I would have moved more of our old things. Now I have to completely furnish a three bedroom house and California's cost of living isn't going to leave us much once all these deposits are paid.

I've got a lot of work to do this weekend. I need at least two beds, curtains, food and enough household supplies to get this place clean. Jean's tolerance for all my time off is beginning to wear thin. It's a good thing the rest of our stuff arrives next Friday.

1-15 Tuesday

Now we have a place to call our own: The house is clean, the beds are up and the phone is in. It's beginning to feel like home. It's a good thing too. Jean wants her slave back.

1-19 Saturday

I've finished unpacking, and putting things away. What a good girl I am. My new schedule has been decided by my Mistress and my mate. For the next two months I will be with Jean during the day and come home at night, and on weekends. Emergency situations and who needs me more on any particular day will be decided as the need arises. It's a good thing Jean has let me use their spare car.

Now off to the theater. I deserve it. Jill says so.

1-31 Thursday

I helped Jean do a scene with Shawn tonight at the Beverly Wilshire. A well deserved dinner came after. I haven't done a scene with Jean in so long, I confess that I was a bit envious. Ah well, that's the breaks of slavery. Maybe my time will come soon. I could sure use some play.

2-16 Saturday

The water heater has sprung a leak. I can't find the shut off valve to the house, and my landlord is nowhere to be found. Jill and I have

spent the last two hours mopping water. I finally rented a wet dry vacuum to try to clean up enough water to keep from destroying the furniture.

2-18 Monday

The landlord just left. Seems he's been on a ski vacation and didn't leave any emergency numbers. Both new beds have been soaked and may warp. All the carpet will have to be replaced, and he wants to know why we didn't call a plumber and have the water heater replaced without his permission. He also wants to know how much of the damage we are willing to pay for. Looks like we may need a lawyer.

2-25 Monday

I confess, my new schedule is killing me. No matter when I leave one house for the other, I always feel like I've left something undone. I seem to be sleeping less in order to fit everything in. And now that I am across country from Wardell, my favorite source of quick energy isn't available to me either. I've got to find a good source of food. I don't know what I'm going to do when Jean goes to New York in two weeks. Dan, Sr. and the kids will be my responsibility full time. Looks like I'm going to have to start sleeping at the Lender's.

3-25 Monday

I want a raise. A nickel a day doesn't make it as compensation for all the work I do around Jean's house. I want a quarter.

3-30 Saturday

Jean and I had dinner tonight with a couple from The Society of Janus. She, too, is a lifestyle slave. I was hoping Georgette and I would have much to talk about, but our lifestyles are completely different. Georgette and her husband play once a week. She is chained at night, and lives more in the style of a love slave.

I was hoping that I would have someone to guide me through the rough parts of my slavery, but Georgette can't understand most of the things I do or why I would ever do them. I won't have a mentor, but I think I'll have a friend. Maybe her husband will rub off on Madam. I could use some play time.

4-2 Tuesday

Jean has signed me up for a calligraphy course at the Beverly

Hills night school. I don't want to go, but since my weeknights are now hers I don't have much choice. I wonder if they give homework.

4-9 Tuesday

I think that I'm free from adult class. Andy is due in LA for a visit. He says that he will help me convert my garage into a dungeon for Jean, but he only has a few days next week and the week after when he can do it.

Madam wants a play space far more than she wants to improve my handwriting. Looks like that's where my time will go. Besides, it gets me home with Jill more. I like that.

4-17 Wednesday

Jean and Dan took Andy and me to the Magic Castle for dinner and a show. Its Madam's way of saying thank you for all the work that we've been doing. It was a great night out. We all enjoyed ourselves. I got to talk to Kathy Pearl. Her slight of hand is the best I've ever seen.

4-24 Wednesday

Jean's playroom is finally finished. She has offered Jill one hundred dollars rent a month for the space and unlimited use of our house. She could have use of the house anyway; our place is hers. But the money will sure come in handy toward this eight hundred plus a month in rent and utilities.

6-14 Friday

I get to play in the new playroom tomorrow. I can hardly wait. Madam and I haven't done a scene since last year. I'm pretty needy.

6-15 Saturday

Mistress,

I learned the meaning of eternity last night. I just never realized it could be crammed into two short hours. I learned the meaning of Hell last night. Now I know how gossamer thin the walls between Heaven and Hell really are. Or are they one and the same in your hands?

I woke up this morning with my body aching. The slightest movement made my muscles scream and with each silent scream came powerful memories of last night and my love for you.

I was almost afraid to touch myself. The heat from my skin radiated up to my covers and reflected back on me. It was only lukewarm

compared to the fire you generated in me last night. When I could trace the angry red welts that crisscrossed my body I knew by their degree of severity which of your instruments made each mark.

The long thin welts on my back were the reminder of your whip, but they paled in comparison to the almost untouchable double red lines of the cane on the inside of my thighs. The heavy bruises on my buttocks were courtesy of your paddle, but the most sensitive areas were my breasts and vagina.

The slight redness of my nipples did not betray the torturous ecstasy of twelve hours ago. You would have been far more merciful had you simply cut them off. Thank you for not taking pity on this slave.

I never remember while you're just barely stroking my breasts that, as soon as they rise to your skillful touch, the hands that soothed them will imprison them in a grip of iron.

You stroked them, paddled them, twisted and turned them, forcing me to writhe like an animal for your amusement. Then, when my breasts were no longer interesting, you went to work on my thighs and the most intimate parts of my body that lay open and vulnerable because of the labia spreader.

You established a rhythm of pain and my body responded with animalistic force. For one brief moment I looked into your eyes. The person who looked back was all my erotic nightmares come to life.

You laughed at my new found fear and fed on it like some psycho-erotic vampire. There was nowhere for me to turn, nowhere to run. Even inside myself, your voice followed, laughing and taunting me as you nourished on my helplessness and grew stronger on my fear.

How can you make me enjoy even the things I'm too frightened to say? Does the gift of my agony please you as much to receive as it does me to give?

I can think of no sweeter sound than the purr in your voice when I have pleased you. I can think of no more joyous sight than the fire and ice in your eyes as my body surrenders to the pain love that is our most intimate union.

I rejoice in you.

6-18 Tuesday

Oh, my stars. I'm 33.

6-20 Thursday

Madam is off to New York again. She'll be back in a week.

7-3 Wednesday

Dan has asked if I could help him for a few days. It seems that they need a new driver for Mr. M.. The last two haven't worked out. Jean is not, and I repeat *is not*, thrilled about this. Dan really needs the assistance or he wouldn't have asked. I think this could be fun, and it's only for a few days.

7-5 Friday

Mr. M. is a delight. I can't believe that I spent the day with him. I'm glad I did my homework. He's a heavy coffee drinker, and a newshound. Both coffee and a paper were in the car waiting for him at seven thirty. He's so easy to be around. I don't know what I expected, but he wasn't it.

7-11 Thursday

Today is supposed to be my last day working. Dan has asked Jean if I can finish the rest of the picture. I'm waiting for the explosion. I've had so much fun, and I would love to continue. But Jean needs me more. I must confess getting paid to do basically the same kind of thing I do for Jean makes me smile. On set I earn a hell of lot more than a quarter a day. The money will sure help me pay off all those plane tickets of the last two years

7-15 Monday

Today is the first day of shooting. There will be no difference in my schedule. I just continue to do all the things that I did for the last nine days of rehearsal.

So far I've been able to keep Jean very happy. I think that I can keep it that way. She says that she misses me. I think that she realizes that being a slave is expensive.

7-19 Friday

Mr. M. called me this morning. He said that he needed me and asked if I could come in early. I was surprised at just how early he wanted me to report. When I got to the house he handed me a swimsuit and told me to go spend the rest of the morning by the pool.

That was the most delightful surprise that I've had in a long time. His pool is indescribable. I felt like a mermaid in my own private grotto. I felt spoiled rotten.

7-29 Monday

I took Mr. M. to a commercial voice-over this morning. Before we went to the set we stopped for a bite to eat. During lunch he offered me a job. I was flattered to say the least. He has offered to double what the studio is paying me now if I will keep working for him.

He was surprised when I turned him down. I told him that I was on loan from the manager's wife. Considering the salary that I've just been offered, I wonder if I could get Jean to raise mine to one dollar a day?

7-30 Tuesday

After I dropped Mr. M. at his home, I went back to the set to pick up Ms D.. She specially requested that I come and get her. What she wanted to do was thank me privately for all the help that I had given her. Her thank you was very nice.

8-2 Friday

I just dropped Mr. M. off on a dirt road in the middle of the hills. I'm not crazy about the idea. He wouldn't let me wait with him. He says that he's attending a weekend long seance ritual as preparation for his next picture. Laughingly I was told that if he lived through it he'd explain more on Monday. If anything happens to him, I'll have hell to pay.

8-5 Monday

He really did spend all weekend at a seance and so much more. The next picture Mr. M. is doing is about voodoo and its sister religion, Santeria. We spent most of the day talking about his last two days. I can't believe the questions he was asking. It must have been quite an experience for a devout Catholic.

8-9 Friday

Work has ended. In the motion picture business, the reward for a job well done is a party to wrap up the production. I took Jill with me. It was quite an affair.

I introduced Mr. M. to Jill and to the woman I won't leave to go and work for him. They talked for a minute about my loyalty. I was flattered and blushing. It's been an experience that I will never forget. I wish that I could do it again one day.

8-23 Friday

The Lenders are off to San Luis Obispo for two weeks of vacation. That means I can get some much needed work done at my own pace. I've got a list of things to do that's a mile long, including cleaning out the storage sheds.

8-26 Monday

I've been indecently propositioned by the garbage man. He won't take away all the garbage that I've put out in front of the house unless I go out with him. Since there are over forty bags of trash, and almost that many cans of caustic chemicals and old paints I think I should do what he asks. The things that I do for my owners.

8-29 Thursday

I fell out of the tree in the front yard today. I lost my grip on the branch I was holding and slipped 15 feet. It's a good thing that I didn't fall on the branch trimmer that I was using or this would have cost me more than just a trip to the doctor. I wonder if Jean is ever going to get me health insurance. That fall cost me dearly.

9-15 Sunday

The pen in my hand has your name on it. You have given it to me in order to make me a more efficient tool for your use. I look at it and realize we, the pen and I, have a lot in common. Marked in its light colored housing is your cognomen, and address to return your property should it be lost. I, too, bear a mark that labels me yours. I am as marked on my dark skin as this pen is. We are both your property.

I join a long list of things that belong to you and I find comfort being on that list. Stereo, car, house, jewelry, slave...these things are all yours to amuse you, or be used by you, kept or discarded as you see fit or by your whim. I hope that I am not discarded.

9-24 Tuesday

Tomorrow Madam and I are off to San Francisco. We will spend the anniversary of the day we met away from the normal routines of home. Gayle is having a little get together for us at her place tomorrow night.

My summer job has given me enough to cover every thing: plane tickets, hotel, rental car, and sightseeing. For five days I'll have my Mistress all to myself. I am *soooo* looking forward to this. I deserve it.

9-25 Wednesday

One of the ladies who watched you cane me today asked me to describe the feeling. I searched my mind looking for some experience that would be similar and mutually understood. Even in the farthest recesses of my mind I could find nothing that would be adequate. All I could say was "it hurt". She asked "How much?"

The conversation became a game of twenty questions. It's a more intense pain, although not as long lasting, than a broken bone. It covers a greater area than a burn. Even my brand hurt less. There is no luxury of unconsciousness; like being hit by a car. It isn't even as quick as a severe electric shock.

It's an intensity beyond understanding to all but those who have experienced it. Against my skin, its marks can last for months or years. Do I like the feeling? No. **But**...I love the marks.

9-27 Friday

I kneel before you. The rough hewn wood is foreign to my knees as is the room in which I kneel. A man I do not know seizes my breasts, placing them between the separated boards of a studded press. He tightens down, aware of, but ignoring my wince. You look on. His callused hands continue to tighten the abusive device until he wrenches an agonizing moan from my lips. He stops, checks his handiwork and looks to you. You okay his work with impassive approval. He reaches into a tall jar filled with red liquid. From it he pulls a handful of long thin shafts. In spite of my pain I look in morbid fascination.

He picks one up to show you. The shaft is long, maybe eighteen inches. There is a lead weight at one end and a razor sharp tip at the other. I do not have long to wait before I find out what they are for. He picks one up, applying an antiseptic to the pointed end, and drops it skillfully into one of the holes in the top of the press. I had not noticed these holes before.

I bite my lip hard to muffle the cry I want to make as this pointed missile invades my tender flesh. The process is repeated again and again. Soon there is no need to hide the pain; it is amusing to you. Besides, I can no longer endure the invading needles in silence.

All too quickly the many tiny holes are filled with the steel shafts. Each has pierced my skin causing its own little Hell. The man defers to you. Until now, you have watched your toy with detached

amusement. Now it's your turn to play.

You tap, slap, and swat at the needles playfully, delighted at the dance of pain I do before you. I feel like a Hindu Fakir in a miniature Kavandi doing my own dance of pain and sacrifice before the altar of the gods.

When the game bores you, you toss out a new challenge. You offer me the kiss I have always dreamed of receiving from you but I must come to you to get it. To do this I must allow your upper body to rest its weight, for the length of the kiss, on the needles that separate us. I try. The pain is unbearable. I must back away. Without a word you invite me again. Again I try. This time I come closer, but again the indescribable pain stops me. On the third try my lips touch yours and the soul wrenching agony is replaced by the exhilaration of your kiss. As I lose myself in you the intensity of the pain increases. I can feel droplets of my own blood running down my breasts. The heady mixture is an ambrosia of unfathomable intensity. It was a small price to pay for the thrill of your kiss.

9-28 Saturday

My emotions are a jumble right now. Yesterday, Jean informed me that Alex was flying up here to be with her. Later last night I was also informed that Jean was going to spend the night at Alex's hotel and come back today for breakfast. The last sentence of the conversation was "That will be alright, won't it?"

I didn't know what I was supposed to say. This trip was to be our time alone. Time for us to spend only with each other because we have had so little quality time for ourselves. If I had known that I would be sharing this trip with Alex, I don't know if I would have made preparations for this trip at all.

I guess what I'm feeling is emotional shock. It's only five days. Can't I have her to myself for five days without having to graciously take a back seat? I do that most of the time when we're home. This is more of a shock than the time she brought Nik to New York for a week. Then, Jean didn't think to tell me until the night before she arrived that I was going to have company for all the things we had planned to do together.

Am I being played for a fool, or does she really think that I don't mind always footing the emotional or financial bill for someone else's pleasure? I've got to get out of this mood or the rest of this trip will be a downer.

- Late

The three of us spent most of the day on Fisherman's Warf. Jean and I had dinner at a four star restaurant to celebrate four years. Alex left tonight. Jean and I leave tomorrow night.

10-1 Tuesday

You are off to New York again. I miss you already.

Dear Vi,

There are so many things I want to say to you and yet find difficult to say, ie:

1. I rely on you so much it scares me. At times I'm almost angry at you for being such a dependable slave. (This does not make sense to me, I hope it does to you. If not, ask me and I'll try to explain.)

2. You surprise me frequently by your knowledge and ability.

3. I like you!

4. Your love humbles me.

Vi, I hope I am the mistress of your dream of July 17, 1981.

I do not "try" to be anything but the real me - but I would like to be that woman of your dream. She sounds wonderful.

I know I am not perfect and, amid much soul searching, I find I do not meet my own standards. For that I apologize.

I wish I were more understanding, more thoughtful, more determined, more consistent. (There are many other "mores," too many to mention.) But I'm not, and I don't think I ever will be now - but I will try.

It's hard to believe I've known you for 4 years. Most relationships of the nature of ours last maybe a year - and that's stretching it. A few months is more like it, and the slave moves on or the mistress says "Go." But I predict many years for us.

Always remember: I don't always say the things I feel and I should, but it doesn't stop me from feeling them.

Love,

Madam

10-4 Friday

Madam;

I was in the jeweler's today. I took in the broach you wanted to have repaired. Just as I picked up the receipt the scent of "White Shoulders" wafted past me. I hurriedly said my good-byes and ran to catch up with you in the crowd, searching for you by the distinct aroma

of your perfume. Suddenly I realized it wasn't you I was chasing. How could it be? You are 2,500 miles away in New York while I am here in California tending to your home.

That realization hit home with the force of a sledgehammer. It left me momentarily stunned and lost on the Beverly Hills streets I've come to know so well. When the fog lifted from my brain, I was embarrassed then angry. How dare someone else wear the scent that is your trademark? No one else should be allowed to.

I'm waiting eagerly for the time to pass until you're home again and I can smell "White Shoulders" again. This time where it belongs, on you. I miss you.

10-6 Sunday

We are all creatures of memory. My nose plays an important part in triggering recall. Very few people wear the scent that Mistress wears, and even fewer have the same biochemistry to blend with the scent the way she does. I can find my lady as easily by her scent as I can by the sound of her voice. I have learned not to be so stimulus responsive. I now know that it is hard to be in a room with someone else wearing "White Shoulders."

10-9 Wednesday

I shed my outer clothes eagerly and unlace the black Victorian corset that has been laid on the counter. I check the size. Thinking, "This will never fit," I hook the front closures around my waist. Skilled hands pull easily at the laces.

In less than a minute the erotic headiness of satin and steel redirects my flesh as well as my thoughts. "You look beautiful," he says and leaves me to the privacy of the spacious fitting room. The black satin is smooth and surprisingly warm to my touch. I close my eyes and take the giant step to the mirror. I open my eyes and look.

The woman in the mirror turns for me slowly. First left, then right, then finally back to center. I watch, feeling like an intruder as she timidly feels herself. She is shy, submissive, doe-like. I find her hauntingly beautiful. I study her.

Her breasts are large, inviting. They jut out, waiting for a king's hand to thoughtfully rest there, or grope and squeeze for royal pleasure. Her waist is small, tiny compared to the amplexity of her bust and hips. She is truly hourglass shaped. "Who are you?" I ask aloud. "You look like me. You can't be me."

I see memories, my memories standing beside the corseted image. The memories, I realize are four or five years old. The real and the surreal are as different as night and day. The memories fade out. I look at her again.

I want to possess her. The suppressed sadist in me wants to take her, chain her, use her for my pleasures. The image of her in irons at my feet delights me. I wish to raise a whip to her submissiveness.

The corseted image turns and kneels at the feet of a woman who seems to be as pleased with her as I am. This woman, who looks like you, lifts her possession's chin and fastens a golden chain to the collar of this pretty pet. I blink and they are gone. I can not look in the mirror again.

10-13 Sunday

Madam,

When I am with you, I have little need for memories. We are always making new ones. But when we are apart, I am with you through my mind's images and the love notes left in my flesh.

Today, in the quiet of my bedroom, I dusted and straightened, making everything ready for your next use. When all was done, I sat on my bed and opened the special carved wooden box that contains all the things you've written to me over the past four years.

I lifted out those treasures and let them gently turn the key to my memory's door. I read each note, every card and I could remember the occasions when I received each one.

There was surprise when I would find a note in my handbag or wallet. Those notes would make the long flight from California to New Jersey seem shorter. Sometimes I would unpack my suitcase, the scent of your perfume would greet me, and a well-hidden card would remind me that it wouldn't be so long until the next time we were together.

The first time I ever came to you alone I handed over my money, plane ticket and all my credit cards in a special wallet. You took them and gave me your credentials and keys to carry, a letter of introduction for the shops where you did business, and a wallet with your initials on it. Parts of me were frightened by that exchange. I no longer had any identity but yours.

When the weeks passed and it was time for me to return home I had almost forgotten that it was your wallet that I was carrying, not my own. When you gave me back my wallet I looked at my own things as foreign objects. It wasn't until the flight home that I checked to see if I

had forgotten anything. The letter wrapped around the cash said that asking me for your things back and giving me mine was one of the hardest things you had ever done. You felt like you were "freeing me" and that was an unpleasant feeling. Then in a special compartment I found keys to your front door and car. I was so happy I cried.

One year to the date of the branding we were in New York, at a party you were giving to introduce Dan to our women's group. By nine o'clock I was shaking like a leaf. The one year trial was going to be over in just a few hours. I knew I had done my best, but in the back of my mind a little bird kept saying maybe, just maybe that wasn't good enough. There was still time to cancel the contract.

You found me in the group, the center of the room was cleared and I assumed a familiar position over the hassock. Were you angry? No, you were smiling, pleased with that test year. The card from that day was just one line from Robert Browning, "Come grow old with me, the best is yet to be..."

There are so many wonderful memories in that box. I hope you will keep adding more, but the most eloquent of all is written in my flesh. I thank you for the memories.

10-21 Monday

I have made tonight's journey many times. By now it should seem routine, just part of a day in your household. It never is. Did you know that there's nine and a half miles between your house and the airport? With every foot that I get closer my heart pounds a little louder. It doesn't matter if we've been apart for an hour, or what seems like an eternity, the eagerness builds like an orgasm until the time I see you get off the plane and greet me.

Then the anxious energy is replaced by a different kind of eagerness as my life gets back to normal, with you at home.

If I am a wheel in your chariot, you are my hub. I can not function long or well without you.

10-22 Tuesday

I did another lecture at South Coast College today. The teacher always enjoys our being there. I think she enjoys watching the reactions of her students when this hard-core group of perverts comes in. The students are often disappointed that we all look normal. Today I got most of the questions. Last time it was Billy and Bob W..

10-26 Saturday

The Ladies Auxiliary Poker Club met again tonight. These women are a bad influence on me. They have me staying up all night playing cards. This time I only lost six dollars. Either I'm getting better, or I'm getting luckier. A good time was had by all.

11-22 Friday

Mom arrived today. She will be with Jill and me for two or three months. I hope she likes it here. I have all kinds of things lined up for us to do, starting with Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant then a Christmas pageant the next day.

She understands my schedule and knows that she will be alone for some of the time while she's here. What a good sport. I got the best.

11-28 Thursday

My planned dinner was a bust. The restaurant was so over-booked that, after an hour wait, there were still delays. Since Jean and Dan are in New York again, I took the kids with us to the Beverly Hills Diner.

It was the only place that I could think of that might be open and uncrowded. Much to my surprise we all had a great time.

11-29 Friday

The "Glory Of Christmas" Pageant at the Crystal Cathedral was incredible. I've never seen anything so magnificently done. Mom, Jill, and I had first row center balcony (far enough away not to smell the animals). The view of the stage was perfect, and we had all the flying angels at our eye level. The family had a great time.

12-13 Friday

Today is Friday the 13th, and Mom went to her first Hollywood premiere. I had her hair and nails done. Then, off to shop for an outfit. She looked beautiful in her new pantsuit. The showing and party were like something out of an old newsreel. They really rolled out the red carpet. I'm only sorry that Jill couldn't go. Work got in the way.

Mom got to meet some of the stars she has always admired, including Mr. M. (she will be telling her friends this one for years). He told her how I had turned down his job offer. My mother thinks I'm crazy.

1986

1-1-86 Wednesday

Jean invited Jill, Mom, and me up to the house for dessert after her New Year's dinner. I thought it was a loving gesture. We weren't invited to the dinner party, and had other plans for the evening. When dessert was over Jean asked - ordered - me to stay and clean up the mess from her party that evening. She and Dan were tired and wanted to go to bed.

I couldn't believe that she would make that kind of request. I still can't believe that I obeyed it. Mom and I stayed and cleaned up that party for two hours. Didn't her vows with us say that she would respect my relationship with my mate? Jean knew that last night Jill and I were celebrating our 12th anniversary.

1-3 Friday

A new year begins with a fantasy come true. The three women most special to me are all here in one place at the same time.

In my mind I knew that you and Jill and I would see many new years come and go, but in my heart they never seemed real occasions. I remember back in 1983 when Jill and I planned to just drop in on you and Dan, but we couldn't come until the end of January.

1984 saw Jill and I spend a quiet Anniversary toasting in a new year and toasting our California family from 2,500 miles away. Then in '85 we were stranded in Texas during a freak blizzard with me running a 104 fever (but we were closer than all the other years).

Now as another new year begins I have you, my mate, and my mother all with me as we toast to my marriage and our love.

How wonderful.

A little part of me both fears and anticipates this particular new year. It took me a long time to put my past and the Hell that Katherine put me through in proper perspective. To "clean house" so to speak. I feel lighter, now that so much past is in the memory space where it belongs. But that leaves all those spaces to be refilled, and in truth that scares me.

I have a gut feeling that this is not going to be an easy 365 days

for either one of us. I foresee a year of stretching, possibly beyond human limits and I fear allowing myself to slip into the "super slave mode." Yet I blindly trust that your hand is firmly enough on my leash to hold me, to help me strive, survive and overcome.

1-7 Tuesday

I can't believe we're taking off for Las Vegas in the morning. It's incredible. I'll have you all to myself for three whole days. I haven't been able to watch you gamble since the last time I took you to Atlantic City in '83. I hope that you're not worried about the kids. They'll be fine.

This is great.

1-8 Wednesday

It's been quite a day. Filled with love, laughter, and about \$11 profit. I wonder how fast I'm going to lose it? Who cares? Even losing the top on the Mustang couldn't dampen this day.

1-9 Thursday

Another wonderful day in Las Vegas. It means so much to me to be able to leave reality behind and go play. After a day of casino hopping, we ended up at the Riviera for a show and some evening fun. At the blackjack table, a good looking croupier gave Madam the come on and she responded enough for him to keep dealing winning hands. When all was said and done and she told me what happened, I realized that she hadn't left her little victim with any hope for tomorrow, which I promptly went back and did for her. I think I laid it on pretty well.

Anyway, tomorrow will tell if it's just infatuation or a case of Latin lust. I give this Javier credit for very good taste.

Tomorrow I get a lesson in Baccarat. I've always wanted to learn to play. I could get hooked and lose my shirt. Wouldn't that be interesting.

Damn, this room is cold. There aren't enough blankets to make a warm bed on the floor.

1-10 Friday

I can't believe the way this guy is dealing. I watched his hands very closely. Jean's cards were coming straight off the bottom of the deck, and he looked at every card he dealt. If I could see him I wonder if the overhead cameras could also.

I can't believe she stood him up. Well, yes I can, considering

what I think he wants. But then again I can't blame him. Javier must have dealt her at least \$300 worth of winning cards, and that's a lot on \$5 bets.

She's got to call him or something or we'll never be able to set foot in the Riviera again.

Definitely Latin Lust.

1-11 Saturday

Back to reality.

1-14

I started a new movie today, and got a car from "Cheap Wheels." This car is a true reflection of the name. Anyway, there were lots of places for me to go. By the time this is over I'll be a lot more familiar with the Studio City/Burbank area, I'm sure.

All in all, it wasn't a bad day. A few wrong addresses, but not too bad. I enjoy driving. It gives me time to myself, and I can put the money away for bills and things that I need to get Mom.

I have to pick up three boxes of movie film in 45 minutes. I hope this plane is on time or I won't get much sleep tonight.

1-18 Saturday

Today's schedule was light. Jean and I got a chance to go to Marie Callender's for brunch. Must have spent an hour and a half talking, mostly about me and where I think I am now. With all the insanity since August, I've spent a lot of time thinking, but not necessarily sharing those thoughts with Jean.

When I look at all my journal tapes in her drawer, I think of all the other things she has to do, and all the other people in her life. I hate to take up an hour of her time when she could (should) be doing something else.

But...talking with her today felt so good. Today we talked about us, almost completely about us.

I wish she would share her thoughts. Madam is always hearing my thoughts about life, the world, and the things we do, but she never shares her thoughts about those things with me. I always want to know what she thinks about the things we do, or life, or scenes, or what/who turns her on and why. Getting her side of things makes my picture complete.

She will always talk to me about Alex. But I want to know what motivates her with other people as well.

I'll bet she thinks that I'm damned nosy.

1-27 Monday

My Lady;

Today has not been a good day for me. I was on the road taking care of today's business when the news of the Challenger disaster came over the radio. I guess almost everyone on the freeway was listening to the same radio station. We all seemed to pull off to the shoulder at the same time.

This manned flight was more important to me than all the others. Christa was a teacher, and teaching has always been my special love. I guess a little piece of my heart was with her, as I'm sure were the hearts and minds of all of us who took our profession seriously. All I could think of was "She's a teacher like me." "O G-d let it not be true." But it was.

1-28 Tuesday

What a fabulous concert. I'm so glad that Billy asked me to take Jean. We had a great time. I don't know what concert the critics saw, but the Ella Fitzgerald on stage tonight was in rare form.

Dinner at Strattons was delicious as always. I can't believe that it's been a year and a half since we've been there. At break, I was walking around the theater and I got into a silly conversation with Dianna Fish. For some off the wall reason I gave her one of Jean's cards, since she said she needed a therapist. I wonder if she'll call.

2-7 Friday

To you,

Today I took you to the airport as I have so many times before. The routine is always the same. I don't know if you realize how important it is to me. I store all the little bits of our conversation or the delights of quiet on the way in. I savor our coffee. I see you safely to the plane. I memorize every millisecond of the feeling of your lips on my cheek, or your smile. I watch you turn and walk away. I say a silent prayer for your safe return.

About ten minutes after you're gone, a terrible loneliness sets in and I start counting the days till you get back.

This time you'll be back with Mr. L. Now I can get back to the nice normal feeling of both of you in bed where you belong.

2-13 Thursday

Yeah!!!! You're both home. Finally. Chain the doors. Don't let him leave.

I hated to bring you home in the rain, but I know that you both like it. After all that Colorado cold I was hoping for a day of perfect California sunshine. A cup of tea and a fire in the fireplace fixed things up nicely.

I do hope that the Salvation Army can handle Iris without Mr. L. having to go back to New York. He's been gone so long. I know, more than you realize, how much you've missed him. We all have.

2-15 Saturday

Took Mom to the airport today. I miss her already. I've been independent for a long time now. I've never wanted to have to go "home to Mother", but having Mother home with me is really nice. This is the first Saturday night when we haven't been in my room listening to music.

I miss watching her knit, rocking in her chair, fussing over Kilo. Mom, when are you coming back?

2-16 Sunday

It's been a quiet day. Jill and I spent this Sunday lying in each others arms watching videos. It's been a wonderful way to catch up on our missed movies. I just could have done without "Elvira, Mistress of the Dark."

2-23 Sunday

It's been quite a night. The Society of Janus had its program meeting tonight. The meeting was composed of a panel of Tops, one of whom was Jean.

The biographies didn't interest me but the question and answer part did. The panel was made up of four women and four men. Five in the group lead full S-M lifestyles, one was part-time, and two played with anyone, preferring multiple play to serious relationships. All in the group were well educated.

Most of the lifestyleers shared the same opinions on the questions asked.

1. Agreement on the play techniques and differences between the play of men and women.
2. Universal agreement on the terms owned, possessed, property.
3. They agree that all true good Tops have bottomed at one time or another.

They were split on whether they prefer to play with a true submissive or a Dominant who bottoms only to them.

I enjoyed questioning this diverse group and getting different opinions about questions that were in my mind.

2-24 Monday

You're gone and I miss you already. I hope there are no problems with this move. There is so much work for you and Dan to do here at.

I've turned your room upside down. I'm so glad you can't see this. All your clothes are scattered everywhere. Redoing this closet hasn't been an easy task, but it's the best birthday present that I could give you. I've gotten one and a half walls done. Between the dust, grime and clothes this room may never be the same. But...**will** have space to hang your clothes.

2-25 Tuesday

I've gotten all the way to the back wall. This has been some job so far. I've gotten half of your clothes back into the closet. You've just called. I hope there's nothing seriously wrong with Mr. L. I'm praying.

2-26 Wednesday

This day has been crazy. I've tried to tie off as many loose ends as I can think of. I've left extra money for the kids. I shopped for all their favorite foods. I'm packed as much as I can be without knowing how long I'll be gone. I charged my ticket to Jill's credit card. Everything is taken care of. R.J. and Billy will check on the kids and get me to the airport. Your room is pretty much together. This has been a back breaker.

I'll be with you as fast as this plane will bring me.

2-27 Thursday

Because of the scheduling mix up, the plane arrived late. The flight crew requires 12 hours between flights, so I didn't leave until 4:00 this morning. There was also tremendous over booking, so I had to fly first class or not at all until Saturday. I haven't even enjoyed it. I slept most of the flight.

Got into New York with no problem and down to Iris's apartment. Today has been a back breaker. Even with Madam by Dan's side at the hospital, I feel compelled to get all this work done so it will

be one less thing both of their minds. It's almost 2 am. I'll see if I can get up at 7 am and still function. It's good to be in "the city" again. It's been a long time.

2-28 Friday

Mr. L. is stable. It's been a long day. Every once in a while I have to get out of this apartment and into cool air to get fifty years of dust out of my lungs. I feel strange going through someone else's things, but I know this apartment must be cleaned and packed. Jean can't do it and still be with Dan. I'm glad I'm here.

The people in the building seem nice enough. Let's see if I can get up in four hours and start all over again.

3-2 Sunday

Madam and I walked around N.Y.C. today. It was my time off from all the work I've been doing. My blood starts pounding when I just think about New York (not to mention all of the things I used to do and places I used to go). It's still the greatest city in the world.

3-4 Tuesday

I called Mom this morning and asked if I could come over. I swear that I could see her eyes light up over the phone. I never had time to tell her that I was coming East. This emergency with Dan took precedence over everything. It was good to be home again. Boy has my little town changed.

3-6 Thursday

I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I washed a shit load of dishes today, five tubs full. Now I can pack them away clean.

Last night was pleasant. I finally got to see Paddles. Madam, Alex and I stepped out for a great night. Alex stepped out with only her harness covered by a fur coat. She looked goood. The place is a dive, but it's the only s-m club left open in the city. Paddles is like taking a step back 8 or 9 years to the original Club O or De Sade.

I enjoyed being in a club again. It's been two years. I helped Jean do a scene with Alex then we left. I'm homesick for the Golden Age of S-M in New York.

3-7 Friday

Today is Madam's birthday. Alex and I spent the morning in and

out of shops looking for just the right gift. After that I went to Alex's jeweler, a.k.a. Tiffany, to pick up a pair of earrings.

This evening a few of the girls were over: Betty, Suzanne, Sarah, Darcy, Alex, Jean and I. The group was small and delightful. I had hoped to see more old friends at LLC on Tuesday, but almost no one was there, so seeing close friends tonight made the party that much more special.

Alex made dinner and I bought this outrageous cake from the erotic bakery. It had a nice round pink fanny on the top of it with "Happy Birthday Jean" across the cake. I wanted them to add stripes, but they claimed to be out of red icing by the time I called to order it.

I wish that my gift was here with the others for her to open, but I know that when she gets home she'll love her closet and appreciate the cost and hours of labor that went into it.

3-10 Monday

I started a film today. I've never seen such disorganized people. I put in 15 and a half hours, then came home and finished with three and a half more on the closet. Jean and Dan are due home Wednesday. I'm determined to have this project finished and this house in order.

3-11 Tuesday

I dragged out of bed this morning on three hours sleep and two cups of coffee. Ran my tail off for 15 hours then more work on the closet. I **will** have this finished before I pick up Jean and Dan tomorrow.

3-12 Wednesday

No one is coming home tonight so maybe I'll get some sleep. All their business receipts for the past business year are sorted, filed and ready for the accountant. The closet is **finished**.

I'm beginning to get the hang of this daily routine. It just seems that no matter how many hours I put in here, I just get further and further behind. There just aren't enough hours in the day for me to do it all. The yard looks like hell. Where is the slave who promised to do this for Jean? Looks like this is another job I'm going to have to do myself.

3-20 Thursday

I got the kids on a plane tonight. I gave them each an extra \$10.00 to travel on, as well as a two weeks advance on their allowance. It's a darn good thing that I'm working.

I'm sure Dan needs to see his kids. He hasn't in a very long time. This should boost his spirits and heal his ailing heart.

If I get up an hour early, maybe I can get some yard work done in the morning.

3-28 Friday

It's been a long day. I got up and hired myself some Mexican labor. I worked with these three guys from 8:00 this morning till 5:30 this evening. Now the house looks good again. I'd be ashamed for the Lenders to come home, after the ordeal that they have been through, and see it the way it was. I even got the fence up. It was money well spent. My money (I didn't have to spend a dime of Jill's and my household fund). I ran out of the cash Jean left for me weeks ago. Thank G-d I'm working. I've got two families to support.

3-29 Saturday

I did a little weeding then went home to my honey's loving arms. These last few weekends she has let me sleep as late as I want. I guess she knows how much I need the rest. I feel like I'm sleeping away my time with her, but if I don't I'm afraid I might collapse.

Dear Jill: I Love You!!!!!!!!!!

4-1 Tuesday

My period started today. I can't believe how much it has taken out of me. I dragged in tonight beyond tired. I was bone weary.

Oh Mistress, I wish you were here. Do you know how much I would like to curl up beside your bed and sleep? When I get finished at night I'm too tired to cook, so I wake up in the morning tired. I pump myself up with coffee, and for a lift I eat sugar (I'm too old for cocaine, but the idea is beginning to look good). It keeps me going most of the day and then the cycle starts over. I'm afraid this cycle may hospitalize me.

4-3 Thursday

Mistress,

There is a heat inside me that is almost all consuming. It is a fire fed by an all encompassing need for you. It takes many forms. Right now it is physiological. I badly need to play. We haven't played this year.

This need is so strong it guides my every thought. I hate myself for this kind of weakness. I have unfortunately allowed my "need" to

rule my senses. You have said many times that you don't like "needy" slaves.

If the G-d in heaven is merciful he-she will either free me from this flesh contained Hell or meet this desperation with the only thing that will make it subside...**You**.

4-4 Friday

I made four trips from the office to Chino prison today. I've spent almost eight and a half hours just on those drives alone.

You sounded really angry. I wish that I could have gotten you the information that you wanted, but I couldn't. I was never near a phone. I wish you had beeped me. If this call was important enough for you to sit by the phone, as you claim that you did, why didn't you pick up the receiver and call me? I can't read your mind. I'm trying damned hard to keep two houses together. I need help too, you know? I'll be no good to you if I have to do everything alone. Remember I'm working a 14 hour day plus my household duties. I can't always be at your beck and call all the way to New York.

4-6 Sunday

Thank G-d you're home. It's good to have you here. Soon you'll be able to collapse in my figurative arms. Then, when you and Dan have recuperated, I'll collapse in yours.

4-9 Wednesday

I just want to sleep. I can't believe how tired I am. I still have to help Maggie with her poetry homework. At least the poem is a favorite of mine. Hopefully I can do this in my sleep.

4-10 Thursday

I suddenly realized that You're home. I know that it sounds stupid but I've gotten so used to functioning without you that I operate by a routine that doesn't include you. I desperately need to be reminded that the Mistress of the house is back. Please lock me in or chain me up for the night or something that will get my head back where it should be. It's harder than I realized to change gears without a little aid. I need to be just a house slave again.

4-12 Saturday

It's Saturday and I got up and worked. I did some gardening back and front and mowed the lawn before I went home. Why do I feel torn? Part of me feels like a shit for not spending all my own "non-productive time" working around the house. The other part of me would like to just leave the world for awhile and nurture my inner self in blessed solitude.

When this is all over, I'm gonna ask for some time off. Maybe I'll go somewhere away from the West LA and Long Beach area and just sleep, rest, and carve my little place in the sun.

Damn that sounds good. I need some time for me or I'll be no good to anyone else.

4-15 Tuesday

Madam,

I desperately want to believe that I'm reading you wrong. Tonight, when I came in from work I felt like the walking dead, but the place looked so bad it disgusted me. I switched into "Function Gear," (a state I've been in a lot lately) because I wanted to pick up a little and because I thought that I had about a good 40 minutes of energy left in me.

You sounded so angry because I wasn't running around full of energy. Damn, I've been up and working almost twenty hours. I wanted to believe that you were sending me off to bed because you knew that I needed the rest and you wished to give me a night's peace to myself. But the tone in your voice and the look on your face said something completely different.

I just don't understand. In the past few weeks there have been times when I've come in beyond weary and you've revved me up because there was something that you wanted done for Maggie, or Mr. L. or whatever. But when I try to tap a little strength and move, even though the mind's a little blank, you get disgusted with me.

You always told me how much you understand when Mr. L. drags in during production, and how you expect nothing from him while he's on a film. I think that I've done a miraculous job of holding down this job and keeping your house in order with all that that entails, not to mention keeping my own house in order. But *please*, I'm running out of miracles.

If you keep expecting them from me, I'll keep finding the energy to perform them but that might not be the best thing in the long run.

G-d, you don't know how frightened I am that you won't understand this or maybe take it the wrong way. You've threatened to

send me away before when I couldn't perform.

Maybe silence is golden.

4-21 Monday

I got Jean and Dan off to Palm Springs for a nice weekend. I really thought I was gonna have two quiet days alone to get some rest and get my act together, when the damned phone rang. I knew I shouldn't have answered it.

Back to the grind. I worked my ass off at the office. So much for days off. I came back home, cleaned and collapsed.

4-22 Tuesday

I must have put over 200 miles on the car, and I would swear they're all local errands.

Today, more than ever, I realize that I'm really losing it. I feel so disjointed, like a mass of raw nerves. I know diet has a lot to do with it. I haven't eaten properly since I was in New York, maybe even before the trip. It's taking its toll now. Right now even speed looks good. But I know that in my condition it would do a lot more harm than good.

The little things are really getting to me. Much to my delight and surprise my dog Kilo has been the most calming influence in my life these past few weeks. I'm so glad he's been here. He seems to know when I'm frantic or needing to relax at night, and he's there to nuzzle me. I guess that's the real joy of a pet. He makes few demands and he gives me so much love in return. I wonder if Jean can say the same thing about me? I'm glad he's not at my mother's. Right now I need him more than she does.

When this whole mess is over, I think I'd like to take off somewhere for about a week. Just Kilo and me. Maybe rent a cabin in the mountains and spend some time walking, thinking and playing with my dog.

I'd go to Sugar's but she'd expect me to work, besides I really don't know if I can handle being around anyone who'll put demands on me. This time will be just for me.

Gotta take care of me or I won't function at all.

I hope Jean will understand.

4-23 Wednesday

Tonight is the first night of Passover. I started to make a reservation at the Chabad seder, but I realized I might not make it in

time. Packing up the office and still having to do all my runs was some job. I'm so glad tomorrow is my last day. Then I've got to go home and get the apartment ready for the new furniture.

4-24 Thursday

So much for last days. I should have known I'd have to work again tomorrow. I could surely use the money. I just need to put a little space between me and everything right now.

4-28 Monday

I just started thinking about two years ago when Jean seriously threatened to send me back to Jill for acting the same way I'm acting now. I must take control of myself, my emotions, and my needs. I have to accept that I'm not gonna be playing with Jean any time soon. She doesn't understand that "play" is a good part of the fuel that keeps this slave running.

I've found out painfully that Mistresses don't want needy slaves, and they don't like slaves who are in too much control. I guess that leaves me between a rock and a hard place, and that place is becoming more and more familiar.

5-10 Saturday

I just loaned Jean four thousand dollars to put on her parents' anniversary party. She claims that she and Dan don't have the money right now and she needs to put down deposits on things. I'm glad that I could help her out. I guess I'll get it back next year around tax time. This is one way to make sure that I don't splurge on something that I shouldn't buy.

6-1 Saturday

I should be careful what I ask for. I needed to get away to the mountains. Now I'll have that chance every weekend for at least a few months. A friend has died. My last mitzvah to her will be to do most of the work involved with packing and closing her estate in the mountains of Running Springs. The animals must be taken care of. Fifty years of possessions must be catalogued, packed and shipped.

I'm in for a lot more hard work. I hope there will also be some much needed rest.

6-2 Sunday

The mountain night is calm and peaceful. The day was full of G-d's natural harmonies. I chose silence as my contribution to Mother Nature's music. It was a wise choice.

Two blue jays began this morning's cantata. They were soon joined by woodpeckers, wrens, squirrels, blackbirds, and the occasional cry of a hawk. What wonderful music they played.

As I strode along on my own private carpet of green I listened, unafraid, to the hiss of a snake and even the howl of a wolf.

Would that I had Mozart's pen. I would write such a mountain symphony that even the angels would take the time to listen to the glorious harmonies of G-d's creatures.

6-3 Monday

I have been in good company today. Apart from my woodland friends and my small brown pup I have had myself and my G-d for companionship.

I have tried both to think and not to think. I have enjoyed each immensely. When my mind was blank, nature filled the void with her music. Such glorious sounds have not been heard within my soul and heart for a long time.

When my mind was active, it was filled with thoughts of you and how much I longed to have you by my side. If I could make a wish on all the love that is in this house and know it would come true, I would long to repeat parts of this day by your side or at your feet. I hope my wish comes true.

I miss you.

6-19 Thursday

I need to connect with you. More than two minutes' worth of caning or whipping. I desperately seek the woman who reaches into my soul and touches the slave inside. You don't seem to have any time for me. Ironic, since we spend five days a week together.

6-28 Saturday

There is a sound outside my door. The gentle rasp of metal on metal scrapes away the top layers of sleep from my dream-soaked brain. In an instant my mind registers many thoughts: time of night, fear, and who could be at my door at this time of night? Without thinking, my hand reaches for the knife under my pillow. Thank G-d I can hit a target instinctively. I'm not awake enough to see.

At that moment nature decides to give me aid as the moon backlights your silhouette.

"What happened? Is everything alright? Are you okay? Do you need something? What did I do?"

All those thoughts flash by in a millisecond. What could you possibly want out here at two o'clock in the morning? I can not see the cane in your hand or I would have answered my own questions.

6-30 Monday

Didn't I just spend weeks packing all this stuff ? Now I have to unpack it all again. The apartment building Dan's mother occupies has finished its renovation. Now I get to reverse the process that put Dan in the hospital a few months ago. I don't know what the Lenders would do if they didn't have me to do this hard labor. Jean's back won't let her do any of this.

I guess this is what slaves are for.

8-10 Sunday

This has to be my fifth trip to Mexico in three weeks. The invitations to the anniversary party still aren't finished. I don't know why Jean wanted to have these printed in Tijuana anyway. Whatever savings there might have been has been eaten up in man hours and the cost of needless 200-mile trips to pick up something that is never ready.

8-25 Monday

I've rolled and licked and tucked and stamped invitations until I'm blue in the face. This stuff tastes horrible.

That's one more item off my party check list. I still feel constantly tired. I will have to see the doctor tomorrow. Maybe he can give me something. Now is not the time to collapse.

8-28 Thursday

My doctor is suggesting a nice long rest and some serious lifestyle changes. My immune system is out of whack (He doesn't know the half of it. I need to bite, badly). Half my tests are well below normal, and my stomach is kicking like an army mule. He's threatening to put me in the hospital if I don't behave. I'll slow down next year. I promise. I hope that I make it that far.

8-30 Saturday

Ain't this a kick in the ass: Dan, Jr. worked an extra job this summer and got paid through Jean's Bazaar. Jean gave the company he was working for my social security number as the tax number to bill to. They just told me that I have to pay the taxes on the money that Dan earned this year. It's going to the I.R.S. as added income on my meager salary.

I work part of a year to cover the expenses that are incurred by being Jean's slave, and now I have to pay her kids' taxes too?

What did I do to deserve this?

9-20 Saturday

I have kept my part of the bargain. I am six pounds under the weight that you asked me to be, in order to have a night of unbelievable pleasure with you. You can not image the fantasies that I am having about that night. Nor do you probably have any idea just how desperately I need the skilled and powerful touch of my owner

I long to lose myself, and the troubles of these and many months, at your feet, and chained to your couch.

I have kept my part of the bargain. I await you keeping yours.

9-28 Sunday

Madam,

I don't tell you often enough how much I love you, and how glad I am that G-d gave us to each other. In this page, I want to tell you how wonderful you are and how sweet life is with you. For I would not have a life if it weren't for you.

I know I've shared those thoughts and feelings with you before, but I can't remember if I've ever said "Thank you." Thank you for loving me, liking me, and giving me a special person to love in return.

Thank you for a special future to look forward to, and a cherished yesterday to store in the recesses of my mind. I thank you for all the memories that we have made. Some large, some small, some lasting no longer than the fresh scent of cut grass as I lay under an oak tree with you. Even the sight of the orange rays of the setting sun as it dances across the blue Pacific reminds me to say thank you.

In this day of liberation I feel a special sense of freedom in being able to say just how much I need you.

9-29 Monday

I talked to the other today. I listened politely, as she went on and

on for fifteen minutes about the five hour scene the two of you did last night. She talked in terms that made me green with envy - and need - about how you almost broke her. It seems to me that I heard this same story just last month, and about six weeks before that, and a few weeks before that, and a few weeks before that, and a few weeks...

I feel like a poor scene relation begging for a few crumbs from the s-m feast she has before her. Although my head tells me one thing, my body and soul remind me that it has been far too many months (actually years) since my will has been forcefully broken, and my soul cleansed and merged with yours.

When my Need gets blatantly out of hand you spend only a few minutes with a cane to band-aid the geometrically increasing problem, but like a starving man, a few morsels, no matter how delicious, will not stop the inevitable.

With each passing month my that s-m needs go untamed, they get stronger. It takes all my energy now just to keep it in check, and I can still feel the subtle changes which lack of play noxiously sneaks into my soul. I know not how much longer I can stare at someone else's feast before I have one of my own. I no longer wish to be an afterthought in someone else's fantasy, a beggar at another's bountiful table.

The pain, both emotional and psychological, is building up a thick skin. If my Mistress would not tame my beast when its hide was thin and vulnerable, why do I think she will do so now when it will take vast amounts of time and energy to bring it back under control?

The strength of my own will alone is not enough. Besides, its un replenished reservoir is rapidly draining.

I wonder if a professional Dominant could do this? Or will only your whip work? Alex has often offered to pay for any Dominant with whom I want to have a session. Her offer is generous and heartfelt. She knows how desperate I am. If she can see how badly I need to do a scene with Jean, why can't Jean? Asking doesn't seem to work. For me, Mistress is always too tired, or not feeling well.

If I were smaller, would you play with me more? If I were a finely chiseled size 8, would you want me as you once did? Now I'm a workhorse. I can, or should I say could, go for hours, even days at hard labor. But the struggle to be more pleasing to the eye has drastically affected my work performance.

I need you. I need you emotionally and physically, as I need the air that I breathe. I need your touch to exist, but there always seems to be something that comes between us. Time, others who need you more,

business, travel, Alex, the kids.

I know it's absurd, but I keep thinking that if I were smaller and gorgeous, I would be more visually pleasing, therefore someone you would want to make contact with on more levels than a few minutes of just strictly pain.

Be the good Lord willing, I will conquer this.

12-3 Wednesday

Vi,

*What has happened to **common** courtesy?*

This morning I called. You returned my call with "You beeped?" No hello, no good morning, nothing...

I'm damn angry! I am in second place. You have put me there. I need you; you knew I didn't want you to work. I told you that only under the worst necessities, you could work for Dan. I went into this thinking you would only work a week. You took the job without asking Dan if I had okayed it, or how long it would be. He had no idea I was against you working after the anniversary. You didn't ask anything; furthermore you told me you 'thought it had been talked about and decided between Dan and I.'

I once told you - regarding the sugar, butter, salt, pepper on the table being put away - that I am your mistress. Unless I tell you not to do something I had previously told you to do, you had better check with me because I am the final word in regards to you. Have you forgotten that?

My morning greeting from Mistress. If I blow my stack now I might get fired.

- Late

I don't believe you. How could you stand there in front of me and tell me that you are angry that I took this film for Dan? When I came back from the weekend, you told me that you and Dan would discuss my working for this next four weeks. **You** said when Dan came back he would give me your answer. It was no trouble for me to abide by your decision, whether it be yes or no. Your husband comes back with an answer that is supposed to be from the two of you. I start to work based on that decision and now **you're angry?**

Need I remind you that you don't pay any of my expenses while I'm here? I buy my own food, and contribute to the food budget. I pay for the gas and insurance that cover the car that runs your errands.

Christmas is coming, and **you're angry?**

Well *fuck me*, You are.

12-7 Sunday

Your tantrum is over. The door slamming has ceased. The dramatic exasperated gestures have stopped, as have the berating and emotional battering. You feel much better now that "it" is out of your system.

That's one of us. Have you ever stopped to think of the high price I pay for your emotional outbursts? Unlike you, I can't "let it out," then have it be over. Besides, who would I let "it" out on? My mate, my mistress, my owner's family?

It requires a great amount of willpower to bite my tongue and swallow my feelings. That meal of repressed "crow" eats ulcers into my ulcers, not to mention my emotional well-being.

You have unloaded your frustrations on me, and I understand that. After all, that's part of what slaves are for. What you have not done is given me an outlet for the feelings your words create, or the natural reactions to your reactions.

You send out double messages. First you say, "If you had to go, or couldn't be here to help, I could get along without you." But if I am incapable of doing what you ask because of a long work day, you get angry, hurt or you exaggerate to make me feel guilty. Or is it that you would be angry no matter what, but if I weren't here I wouldn't see it?

You are not the only one who feels stranded, abandoned, and pushed to the wall. I would like nothing more than to be by your side, emotionally snug and warm in the security of you. Unfortunately, the realities of life are very different. I wasn't born without financial worries. I also have my own household to run. And bills to pay. I have to work a little each year to pay them. Although slavery is emotionally rewarding, Ma Bell wants hard cash. I want to, need to, must do my share in both households.

Jill has been very, very generous with me. She has sacrificed much so that this relationship can continue. I will do what I must to fulfill my responsibilities. If that includes going into hyperdrive, overtime, or whatever, I will do it. I just thought I would have more understanding from you, especially after an 18-hour work day.

It's not easy to be everyone's dumping ground or to bottle up the emotions inside me. It's damned difficult not to be allowed a bad day, or

emotional outbursts to get "it" out of my system. Or the luxury of an extra set of hands saying, "I know you're working hard, can I help?"

But, that's okay. I haven't had it in the past, I don't have it now, and I don't expect it in the future. We do this dance almost every time I am on a job. We have survived this before. We will continue to survive.

12-21 Sunday

Do you know how often I watch your hands? If I had a dime for every time I've stolen a glance at them over the last five years we would both be wealthy.

To me, your hands represent all of the love that's in everything you do. I look around me. Your house is a home. It's warm, comfortable, and inviting to all who enter. At this time of year all that your hands do is specially evident.

Your living room is a Norman Rockwell Christmas card come to life. I'm sure only sugarplums are absent. The tree is perfectly trimmed, the fireplace is draped in garland, and each present is picture perfect. I have memories of your hands as they wrap ribbon and bow endlessly.

But I also see them holding a phone in one hand, spreading fudge with the other and still managing to turn out a tray of cookies fresh from the oven.

So, with all this happening at once, how did you have time to tie this bow around my nipple?

12-22 Monday

There are so many times when I am grateful that hypnosis can make me overcome physical limitations. More often than anyone would ever believe, you can correct minor flesh failures within this slave that would have taken nature many times longer.

With a word planted by a post-hypnotic suggestion you can remove a headache, calm a cramped muscle, lessen the severity of a cold, or even erase the agony of a sprained or torn limb.

Are my habits just as easily corrected? Can you, by hypnotic suggestion, remove those parts of me you don't like and substitute ones you do? If you can, have you...and are the results pleasing? If you have not yet tried, would you, so that I may be a better slave?

I know how much you hate the automaton-like robot I can become. But think of all the possibilities that creature offers. It can be programmed to think any thought, perform any deed, believe any data, fact or fiction. That part of me is not subject to my faults and failures. It-

she can give you only the best. Make me that efficient, please.

12-23 Tuesday

Have we made love tonight? Did we do a scene?

How strange a question to ask, yet I am unsure of its true answer. My mind says yes. My body shows the faint redness of pleasures afterglow. My flesh says it has been assaulted. Yet that special place inside me that is open to us alone says, "I am empty and unvisited."

There are many times when I know that our unions are only hypnosis induced dreams. It's the easiest way to stop me from asking for a scene. What you don't understand is that most of the time my body can tell the difference. Like a Chinese meal, a few hours later I want a scene again. There are times when I know they are real. There are times when I am unsure.

12-28 Sunday

This year is rapidly drawing to a close. For that I thank the good Lord. I never in my life want to repeat the last 365 days. I am still feeling the physical side effects, not to mention paying off the medical bills. Sometimes I think I should have let Dr. Mitchell put me in the hospital. Then maybe everyone would have realized just how sick I was. Rest, proper diet, and the rest of that long list of problems can only be hypnosis postponed for so long. Then they must be taken care of, or they take their toll. But when I think of the cost of hospitalization without insurance, I'm glad I stuck it out at home.

Sometimes I shudder at the high cost of being a slave. Not only in terms of actual dollars, but in emotional and physical cost. I know when I'm falling apart. I can feel the little things starting to break under the strain. I get clumsy. That leads to injuries that I have to cover up or make excuses for. Or worse yet, the emotional strain sends me off on crying jags that leave me even further out in limbo.

Oh how I wish there were others like me that I could talk to. My life as a full-timer can't be that unique. Where is the other, or others, who lead identical lifestyles so I can talk to a kindred soul when I have problems? There have to be others who have taken my path before me. I wish one of them would reach out and help this slave. I feel so all alone. My mate can't help. My Mistress is the source of most of my problems. Besides, I doubt that she could understand my fears or the things that bring them on. Maybe she wouldn't want to, and that's something I don't want to find out. I remember all too well the jokes about dumping me

once the kids go to college or the all to real threat of sending me back in disgrace if I get out of hand or too needy.

Anyhow, '86 be gone.

12-31 Wednesday

I'm counting down. There has been little to do from this sick bed but think. I haven't had the strength to do much else. Mom has tried to nurse me but she is almost as sick as I am. I can only hope that, by reflecting on this year with all its misery, I'll be wise enough never to let another one happen again. I guess the real question is: Can the damage this year has done be repaired?

It's funny though. I don't even think Jean knows there has been any damage, much less the quantity of it. I guess the real wreckage is inside me. The physical stuff will heal, but the emotional drain has left me with a pretty thick skin. It has also left me pretty far out and alone. It's that loneliness that may be the hardest to repair.

I will start this new year off by drowning 1986 in a bottle of bubbles. The new year has to be better than this one. And a bottle of champagne is just the way

1987

1-1-87 Friday

Today Mom, Jill, and I watched the Rose Bowl Parade. I remember watching this parade as a child with Mom and always wishing that I could see the floats up close. It was such a beautiful day that I decided Mom and I would drive up to Pasadena and actually see the floats.

She grabbed her new Polaroid, and off we went. Parking was surprisingly well organized. A short walk later, we were standing in front of the most spectacular sight in California, if not the entire United States.

Mom didn't know if she should sketch or take pictures, so she did both. We spent most of the afternoon looking at all the amazing detail that a TV camera will never show. I can't help but marvel at the love and patience that goes into making just one of those moving pieces of art. Maybe next year we will volunteer for assembly duty.

1-29 Thursday

The day has slipped away quietly. Evening's requirements have been satisfied and now our special time has come. I need neither clock nor command to tell me these are our moments to relax.

I have slipped into my room, shed my work wear, and emerged in the comfortable garments of night. You and yours are watching the tube, Hill Street Blues I think, not that it matters. I tiptoe in holding my chains so that the jingle-jangle will not disturb your concentration. I go to my spot on the floor beside your bed and I, too, become absorbed in the plot.

By the next commercial I notice your spouse is asleep. His breathing is quiet, occasionally interrupted by a gentle snore. I watch him for a moment and find myself smiling as I look across the bed. You are on the left and he is on the right. I am by the side of the bed with the dog's head in my lap. If it weren't for the fact that I am your slave, this would be the ideal picture of normal contentment.

But who establishes that norm anyway?

1-30 Friday

You are in pain. Your normally playful eyes are dulled by the agony you must endure. When I see you like this, I long for an empath's powers. If only I could draw out the pain, absorb it all so you wouldn't have to. My body is accustomed to pain, but you shouldn't have to endure it.

I turn down the lights, hoping the room's dimness will help you drift away from it all. I utter a brief silent prayer to the god of massage and pick up the bottle of oil.

I allow the heat from my hands to bring the fluid to skin temperature, then I gently touch your oh so fragile back. My fingers search timidly for the knotted or spasming muscles that torment you. I will find them. I usually do.

I have performed this service for you many times. Sometimes to ease you into quiet sleep, other times to try to relieve the pain that is your almost constant companion.

I rub your back gently, working my way from side to side. My hands knead your flesh, gently trying to turn the iron to putty. The friction of my palms generates a heat that you eventually yield to.

As your body unknots, I can not help but study the alabaster translucence I know so well. The darkness of my hands stand out in stark contrast to your pale skin. The difference is haunting.

I will turn off the already dim lights, cover you and tiptoe out quietly. Regardless of the reason for my touch, it has helped a little. The long surgical scar down your spine reminds me of your delicate condition. When I see you doing the every day tasks, I remember that scar, and all it represents. I am amazed.

2-3 Tuesday

Tonight is the anniversary of the branding. It's hard to believe that it was four years ago. I had finally gotten tickets to Lily Tomlin's one woman show for Madam and I, but I ended up taking Maggie instead. Jean said that her back is not well and she would rather stay home tonight. Since she didn't want my hard earned money to go to waste, she asked me to take Maggie.

The show was worth the money. Tomlin's skill as an actress and comedienne is incredible. The show deserves a special award of its own. I'm going to try to get tickets for Jean and Dan to see it. I know that they will enjoy it as much as I did. In the mean time... maybe Madam and I

will celebrate some other way.

2-5 Thursday

I have finally finished the parent description for Maggie's application. I wrote about Maggie as if she were my daughter. Jean was very pleased with it, and so was I. I guess Madam has to be pleased. This is supposed to have been written by her. Thank goodness Madam can type as fast as I dictate. Words only come out of me with that kind of feeling one time.

I'm really delighted that Jean likes the way that I write (if you can call it that). Some of these diary entries and stories have brought her great pleasure. If I were half as fast on this IBM as she is I wouldn't need to tape record so much.

2-6 Friday

I have made arrangements with a company called the Breakfast Nook to have a breakfast in bed served to Madam and Dan as their Valentine's Day present. I have to go to the Valley on Monday to pick out the menu that I want.

Their advertisement made them sound really good. I hope, that of all the companies that offer this service, I have picked a good one.

2-9 Monday

Madam,

I watched a television program today. Fifty-five minutes of watching a black talk show hostess interview an all white audience from an all white town has left my stomach in knots and my head an emotional jumble of mixed feelings, most of them distasteful or worse. 75 years ago there was a lynching in that place, a phenomenon not uncommon in the Deep South. Thirty years before that the town had slaves, also not uncommon. Both in some ways are a part of my past. They are also a part of my present.

I listened to the hate-filled venom, the fear, and the love. Part of me reacted with the indignant anger and fury that is a reciprocal reaction to hatred. Another part of me was amazed at the small-mindedness of my fellow man. I was troubled at the portions of me each emotion occupied.

I looked at myself in a mirror, searching for something, I don't know what, and my eyes stopped at the chains that help to enslave me. I'm sure part of my family wore similar adornments. While theirs were iron, mine are gold. They symbolize both your possession of me and

your love for me. Theirs' were locked on by force, mine by choice. But the major difference between those people and me is love. And it is your love that protects me from the poison of small minds and exchanges the bitter cup of my forefathers for the ambrosia of our relationship.

2-13 Friday

Jean and Alex were down at our house today for a scene. When Madam got back she told me that the landlord walked in on them. They weren't doing anything at that point, but it was still a surprise. I thought any landlord had to give 24 hours notice of an entry. If they hadn't been there, Jill and I never would have known. I wonder how many times this has happened before?

2-21 Saturday

Another notice arrived today addressed to our landlord. This was the third one in three weeks. Although Jill said I shouldn't, I held the envelope up to the kitchen light. I'm glad I did. The bank that owns the mortgage on this house is in the middle of foreclosure.

He doesn't seem to care, but I do. The last thing that I want is a 30-day notice to move. Looks like I better start house hunting.

Jill and I have about \$16,000 saved. Mom said that she would give us \$12,000. I can't believe my mother sometimes. She sat us both down and said that she didn't want us to have to wait until she died to get her money. We needed it now so we could have it now. In all the years that she worked to raise me she never earned more than \$10,000 a year in her life. Half of her little pension went to start the travel agency. I don't know where she got that much cash.

I hope that the combined totals are enough for a down payment.

2-25 Wednesday

I picked up the photos of Mom and me. They really did turn out well. It's not the quality or originality that I would have liked, but then again every photographer can't be me. Besides what do I want from mass portrait production? The last time that a picture was taken of the two of us together I was 17. It seems fitting that 17 years later we should be doing this again. Wouldn't it be nice to do it in another 17 years?

I asked Jean if she would like one of the pictures of me alone since one of the proofs turned out rather well. I was a little surprised when she said no, she didn't want it, but would buy one for my mother if I didn't. I'm glad that I didn't go to all the trouble of having Laura take

those black and whites of me last year after I had dropped all that weight. I would have been very surprised if Jean had handed me back those photos and said she didn't want them. I guess I'm just not destined to have my image in the homes of the Dominants that I serve.

2-26 Thursday

I feel the force of your hand in my hair. Gripped firmly in your fingers is almost every follicle from the crown of my head to the nape of my neck. Your left hand guides the car's steering wheel. Your right exerts a steady force against my straining muscles. My good sense tells me to keep still lest by some quirk you snatch me bald.

My exposed throat reminds me of my vulnerability. I had almost forgotten what your touch felt like. It is a reminder I desperately need right now. There is no rhyme or reason to your action other than your own pleasure. Or was it the instinct of a superior being sensing the submissive craving of another?

2-28 Saturday

We all gathered at Deborah and Kira's tonight for a friendly game of poker. Maybe I shouldn't say friendly, considering what I lost. Anyway, a good time was had by all including me. I'm trying to forget that Jean and Deborah took almost \$10 off me.

While Jean and Dan were in Chinatown having dinner someone broke a window and took everything out of the car. So they had a cool ride over to Pasadena, and it will be an even cooler ride home.

- Late

I just talked to Madam. She arrived home safely, but some nut gave her a real scare on the freeway. Evidently someone was following her very closely for about 10 miles. He was making all the same moves that she was, including lane changes. Madam finally shook him by pulling a fast exit off the freeway.

Considering her history that must have been a very frightening experience. I'm glad that she's home safely.

3-3 Tuesday

I can feel excitement in the air as the departure date for Europe gets closer. I spent about four hours today running around with the letters from the doctors about Jean and Dan's health. After the hassles of getting them translated, I sat in the Italian consulate for hours trying to find the right person to verify and stamp them.

I think that I've gotten everything under control. I don't need to get money changed until just before they leave. I have extra copies of their passports, and itineraries. All visas are in order, and I finally found that hanging bag that Madam wanted. There is enough luggage in this house to pack up four or five more people, and still have some pieces left over.

I don't know why I'm so eager to get all of this done. I'm going to miss them terribly. And adding insult to injury they are going to be gone for six weeks. Maybe I can fit into one of the suitcases.

3-4 Wednesday

Madam,

I've been sitting at my desk for nearly an hour now. I doubt that the sum total of my work would equal 10 minutes. My lack of visible production is all your fault. That's right. You are to blame for my predicament.

Every time I start to attack the work in front of me, you somehow tiptoe into my thoughts. When I try to write, my mind becomes filled with thoughts of you.

I can't even seem to get one of your checks completed without you slowly creeping into my imagination.

I've tried to reduce this huge pile of papers. I really have. But even a warm breeze feels like your touch, or it carries the scent of your perfume. Then, before you know it, I'm off in fantasy land.

So I guess before I do anything else I should let you know how much I love you.

3-13 Friday

My Lady:

I'm depressed!!!

I just thought you ought to know that. The thought of six weeks without you has sent me into this state of mind. The last time we were separated for this long, neither of us knew it at the beginning. Now you are gone and the reality of the situation is striking home with a vengeance. You're not even out of the country yet, and I miss you already.

How could you do this to me?! I'm gonna be a basket case by the time you get home. Oh, don't worry, the house will be fine and the kids will be well taken care of, but Me, I, Your Slave Viola is gonna be stark raving, swinging from the walls nuts.

I just thought you ought to know that.

3-29 Saturday

I've got a L&L business meeting today. After that meeting, a Mediation Council meeting has been called. I'm developing agita from S-M dyke politics. Could everyone just check your egos at the door?

3-30 Sunday

I am sick to death of looking at houses. Mom is sick of looking at houses and listening to me rant about them. I've been in nearly a hundred and most of them aren't to my liking. The few that are, we can't afford. Somewhere other than Pasadena there must be a decent sized three bedroom house that doesn't look and feel like a crackerbox.

I wish you were here to help me look. Your judgement is so much better than mine. With all the trouble that my landlord is in, I can't help but think that any day now the bank is going to foreclose. I guess that fear is coloring my judgement. Mom says that out there is just the right house for Jill and me. I just wish we could find it now.

4-9 Thursday

I think that I've finally found it. The neighborhood is neat and well kept. The people seem nice enough. There's lots of room (although not as much storage space as I would like). And most importantly, there is a guest house for Madam. Its main room has a huge fireplace sitting diagonally in one corner. There are two large closets at one end and a bathroom, linen chest, and cabinet just off the other side. The floor is diagonally laid red brick.

The main house is just what I've been looking for. There are three bedrooms, a good sized living room, a dining room (which I think I'll turn into a den) and a large comfortable kitchen. I like it even though the entire kitchen is lemon yellow. I can change that later. Listen to me. I sound like we already own it.

I wish that Jill was as excited about this house as I am. I know that she likes this one more than any of the others that I have dragged her off to, but she just can't seem to get bubbly.

Anyway, I can't wait for Jean and Dan to get back from Europe to see this. I could use a little advice about offers, bargaining, etc. I hope that Jill and I don't have to do anything before they get home.

4-18 Saturday

I went back to see the house again. Then I sat down with the real estate agent. With twenty eight thousand down the mortgage will be over \$900 a month. The current owner has a non-qualifying assumable mortgage on the house. Not only do we save on closing costs, we don't have to pay certain other costs.

Jill's attitude is "Go for it." I still feel cautious. This house is going to take everything we own. We could sure use that \$1,800 month back rent that Jean owes. I have never liked to remind friends of debt. It's easier to just forget about it, but \$1,800 would sure come in handy.

4-22 Wednesday

It's official. The bank has given us notice to move out by June first. My landlord has yet to say anything. I don't have a clue as to where next month's rent goes, or who is responsible for returning our deposit.

4-23 Thursday

Jill and I went over the figures on this house with Dan. He thinks that it's a good deal. In order to bring down the monthly payments, Dan and Jean have offered us a \$10,000 loan. I was pretty stunned by the offer. Dan said that it was the least that they could do for us after all the things that we had done for them, and all the times that we had come to their aid, not to mention the thousands that I have poured into their household. Jill asked about interest and all that. Dan said was that the loan was interest free, to be paid back when the house is sold. This should bring the monthly payments down to about \$770. I think we can handle that.

4-26 Sunday

I'm supposed to do The Society of Janus lecture with Madam tomorrow at South Coast College. I look forward to them so much because it gives me the chance to tell the world how I feel about being a slave. These lectures also give the more open minded student a chance to ask questions they ordinarily wouldn't get to ask I hope that she can go. I have a feeling that, with having just returned from vacation, she might not be up to it.

No reason to think negative thoughts.

Madam and I have spent the last few days frantically apartment hunting - just what I needed, considering what I've been doing. Mr. L. realized that his mother can no longer live all alone, so far away. Once we find an apartment, he and Jean will be bringing Iris out here

permanently.

There are so many conditions that the apartment must meet. Not only must it be close to Jean and Dan. It also has to be within a block or two from a restaurant, a grocery store and a liquor store. That's a tall order no matter what the cost. Finding one that's reasonable may be almost impossible. Bringing Iris to LA will take a huge load off of Dan's mind.

It's just that with the stress of the upheaval that we put her through last year packing, moving and then unpacking her apartment, not to mention moving her into the women's hotel during the renovation; I wonder if a move this drastic won't be more than her health can take - not to mention Madam's nerves.

4-27 Monday

Another day, another enjoyable lecture. I find a great deal of joy in sharing the basics and some of the intimacies of the leather lifestyle with college classes. It allows the teacher in me to come out and do what I was trained to do.

A professor who was sitting in on the class asked me if he could interview and test me for a paper he's doing on "Sexual Lifestyles and Their Psychological Ramifications." I agreed. Here we go again.

On the way back, Madam and I stopped by the house. The workmen were there and they let us into the guest house. Madam is enchanted. From Long Beach to LA we did nothing but plan her new dungeon.

I wonder if I'll get to use this one more than the last?

5-5 Tuesday

Mom left today. We're less than three weeks from closing and she said that it's going to take some time to close out the accounts and get her portion of the money into escrow.

I feel like I'm losing a small portion of my mind. Jill and I have set the moving date for the 21st of May. I've asked Kira and Deborah to help us get the house ready and move our stuff in. I don't know what I am going to do about furniture. It's a good thing that I've been on a film. Our accountant says that any money that I make I can spend on the house as I choose.

I figure that if I shop and pick out what I want this week and next, then everything should be delivered on or around the 21st. I don't want Jill coming into a house that is full of boxes or only half furnished,

so I had better get my ass in gear. If all my planning goes well, 10 or 12 hours after we move, all the furniture should be in place and the boxes out of sight. Boy does that sound like a tall order.

5-17 Sunday

I can't believe that this day is over. I'm exhausted, and very, very happy tonight. I am going to spend my first night in our new home. Everybody was so good and so kind. I really did work everyone's balls off. It was really hard work but nobody complained. Everything that could go wrong, did.

The furniture didn't arrive and Deborah and I had to pick it up right off the showroom floor. The movers canceled at the last minute. The locksmith fouled up the locks and dumped the freon out of the fridge.

All tummies involved have been very well fed. Jill and I treated everyone to dinner at Johnny Reb, and now they're gone to their respective homes except for Deborah and Kira. They are asleep in the den. We've all gotten to know each other well in the last few weeks. It seems right that they should be here.

Jean and Dan were by for awhile. I wasn't here when they arrived. I'm sorry for that. They really liked the house. This is the first time Dan has seen it. I just wish they could have been here when there was less of a hurricane going on.

Jean showed Dan the guest houses. We disassembled Jean's current dungeon and left everything piled in the new one. Getting some of the furniture out of the old house and into the new one was a bit tricky. I don't want to alarm the neighbors.

It's going to take a lot of work to put it in shape for Jean, but it will be worth it to know that I will have her this close. Once it gets finished I know that she will use it even more than she did our other house, and that means I'll see her occasionally, on weekends.

This is wonderful.

6-1 Monday

Madam gave me the day off so that I could work on her new playroom. I'm having carpet laid tomorrow. It's a shame to cover that beautiful brick floor but Madam wants a rug and thick padding. The bathroom has a slight leak behind the toilet I have to get fixed before the place gets assembled.

6-4 Thursday

Damn, I'm tired. Getting the dungeon together has been more work than getting the house together. I think that I see a light at the end of this tunnel. The place is clean, the carpet is in, the plumbing problem is repaired. The workmen only charged me \$150 to lay the carpet. Madam will be by tomorrow to help me work on a new light system.

6-10 Wednesday

Billy was by today. He brought Jill and me a house warming gift. Somewhere, he found an antique oxen yoke. Jean wants us to let her hang it over the fireplace in the playroom. Jill doesn't want her to get too attached. I wonder if Jill was planning to put it in her bedroom?

6-12 Friday

I've brought a lot of Jean's toys and books with me tonight. I don't even have the strength to put them away. I want to spend tonight with Jill. I'll work out back tomorrow. After all, this is the weekend. I'm supposed to be off.

Jean has offered to pay Jill and me \$150 for the rent of the guesthouse. She knows that we could rent it for \$375 easily. Since all the utilities are included, I think she's getting a pretty good deal.

6-20 Saturday

The tall end post of your bed is smooth to my skin. All day I have sanded and varnished its seven-foot length. Now, as I am tied to it naked, my squirming flesh applies the final finish. A few hours ago I didn't believe that its great mass would hold my weight and strength. I am now painfully aware that I am no match for it.

We make interesting dance partners this bedpost and I. You have created a very secure embrace. Now, as you swing the strap that choreographs my movements, my most violent turns do not phase my wooden partner at all.

Well worn leather against my tender hide encourages me to become more intimate, and each forceful slap against my defenseless rear forces me into the wood that much harder. There is no escape from the ropes that bind me or the strap that mercilessly flays my tender hide. My partner is rubbing me wrong, or maybe I should say right, for the torrent of blows has forced my intimate parts against the smooth hard surface. In spite of myself and the pain, I find the wood building up a friction I can not escape. My internal fire builds until I half expect this dirty dance to ignite the wood itself. Even the strength of my orgasm

does not make my partner release me. For that I am glad.

6-27 Saturday

The cold steel that imprisons my arms and legs sends goosebumps down my flesh. You have shackled my arms to one end of your bed frame and attached my legs to the other. With tenderness, you prop my pillow under my head and cover me with a down quilt, since in my present position I am capable of neither. With loving familiarity you wish me good night and by the room's dim light I watch your foot go from floor to stepstool, and then disappear onto the mattress high above me.

For I am not in your bed but under it. Snuggled warmly between the covers, your mate lies eagerly awaiting you. As I allow my mind's eye to fantasize about what is going on in the bed above my head, I drift off to sleep in the security of my chains.

The fantasies that I am having seem so real. I am dreaming in stereophonic sound. It is then that a cold breeze through the window convinces me that I am not asleep at all. The delicious sounds that spur on my lust are coming from above me.

Now, fully conscious, I listen to the symphony of sound and rhythm going on just out of reach. The bed creaks its response to the bodies that rock it. Blending in harmony are the moans and sighs of you and your partner. Occasionally the rhythm is disturbed by a sharp command from you. His moans of pleasure tell me that he is eager to please you.

The music reaches its crescendo and too quickly ends. There is both pleasure and pain to my orgasm. Though I have truly enjoyed, my hands are chained just out of reach to relieve my body's need.

How desperately cruel you can be sometimes. It takes all the willpower that I have to go back to sleep.

In the endless darkness of your playroom it is not the sun that awakens me but the pain-filled cries of your mate. Morning has arrived and it is now time for him to pay for his pleasures. As I peek out from under the bed I can see the tail end of a razor strap in full swing. His cries of agony and heartfelt pledges of good behavior make music of another sort. The vibrations from his tearful moaning shake the bed and I try desperately to wiggle my head under the blanket, hoping that its close darkness will block out the sound. It can not. So I enjoy this new music and secretly hope that one day I will join the orchestra.

7-8 Wednesday

I'm doing another program meeting for L&L, but this one is in my new home. Let's see if I can get these women to understand the subtleties of group fantasy play. I've copied all of the original plans for the parties that I threw in New York. I've even added pictures taken at the parties. That's the easy part. I hope the photos of the costumes and food preparations will get everyone's imaginations going. How can I get L&L to understand that to make the party successful each one of them will have to step out of themselves for a few hours and become another person? The things that I do for my Leather family. It was so easy in New York. It was also a very experienced group of players.

7-14 Tuesday

I'm frustrated right now. I can't seem to make my thoughts flow. There is so much in my head that even I can't believe it. My mind's eye registers fleeting sensual images, erotic memories of you and I. But my thoughts are traveling so fast that I can't enjoy them.

I feel caught in the middle of a hurricane, no that's not it, a telegraph wire would be more like it. I'm trying unsuccessfully to decipher messages that are just coming too fast.

I sense your perfume at the same time I see an image of your hand, but my brain is registering "nibble on the wrist" while you are tweaking my nipple or forcefully pulling my hair.

What have you done to me???? In a fraction of eternity I remember the intimacy of your bed post, the sound of you and yours making love, and the poignant pleas he uttered as you strapped him. Is this what a dying man goes through when he sees his life pass before him? What does it take to slow down the flashes of thought on this continuum of you and I? That scene was weeks ago and I still can't clear my head.

7-19 Sunday

After an evening of meditation in a sensory deprivation tank, I am an eager student of Silence. The sensual rhythm of one hand clapping matches and thunderously echoes my own step as I walk through the caverns of my mind. My steady intercourse with silence shatters the doors of the complex structure that is me, and together we roam its maze, discovering its secrets.

Silence shows me time. Its boundaries are limited only by my imagination, or lack thereof. I am erotically introduced to the pleasures

of infinity as I step out on the void and am caressed in the womb of nothingness.

In this complex labyrinth, light and dark share equally the place Silence and I choose to give it. I am neither alone nor afraid because all is me. I am both master and slave in this kingdom, and I appreciate equally the roles and power of both. In my building, all the energy of the universe flows through me and, in the echoing silence of inner and outer space, I understand the rightful harmony of all things.

I am my own beginning and my own end. Neither circle nor spiral. I choose the shape that is every changing. Like water, I seek my own level and my own intimacy with the only creature who can understand. Silence.

7-22 Wednesday

My Lady,

When I was younger, the easiest thing for me to do when I was sick was to ignore the illness altogether. Staying home from school was unheard of. The remedy was to send me to bed when I came home, i.e. no friends, and no play. I quickly learned that, unless it was contagious, I could suffer through school with the usual youthful sneezes, aches and pains, and if I kept my mouth shut, I could go outside to play too.

As I got older, the philosophy of working through minor illnesses became ingrained. When my work ethic evolved through college and into the theater the ability to work, unless knocked flat on my ass, was looked upon as a virtue. I also felt useless if I wasn't working.

Now, moving along to Katherine, who didn't give a damn whether I was sick or not as long as I functioned. She gave me shit if I was not working, albeit at a slower pace.

I know that I don't take care of myself. That lesson was painfully brought home last year. I only hope that you understand I feel that I'm somehow cheating you when I'm sick. In my mind, slaves aren't supposed to be ill or, if they are, they should be working anyway. No matter how crazy, I can't seem to stop this particular bent in my philosophy. The pain of the cold or sore throat is nowhere near as painful as the feeling that I am letting you down.

I have often said that I need to be kept on a leash for the world's sake. Well, now I realize that it is also for mine. I need your stronger will to help me focus.

I never said that me making me "heel" (or is it *heal*? was an easy

task. I just thank G-d that it is a task that you're up to. I like to believe that the results are worth it.

8-3 Monday

Alex and I went to the Belltone Hearing Center today to take our hearing tests. It took about an hour for each of us. It's been about eight years since I've had the test. I forgot just how complex it is.

Alex went first. Then it was my turn. My hearing is not as acute as hers, but it doesn't fall too far off the normal range. That's pretty damn good for a girl who was diagnosed as 40 percent deaf ten years ago. I guess all those mornings of meditation, concentration, and hearing exercises paid off.

At one point, when they were testing at about 30 megahertz, I almost jumped out of my seat. The nurse hit the frequency range that causes me pain. She said that the problem was not uncommon although she had never seen a case as extreme as mine.

I had thought that my hearing had been getting better the last few years, but since I still have trouble with some sounds I was never really sure. Now I know.

8-18 Tuesday

I am finally finished with the club newsletter. The new layout took me damned near all night. It was worth it, though. A lot more information will get out to L&L members. I'm hoping that the headings and sections will make more people submit items of interest. The reorganization of this group is killing me.

8-25 Tuesday

I met Randi today at Roxbury Park in Beverly Hills. We talked for about two hours before I had to get back to the house. She was asking all kinds of questions about Madam, my routine, and submission in general. She is hoping to learn Dominance from Jean by offering herself as both a novice Dominant and an occasional submissive. Madam met with her a few weeks ago, and now she wants me to try to feel her out before things go any further.

Randi seems like a nice enough person and I have nothing against her, but there is something about her that just rubs me wrong. I can't even begin to put my finger on what it is about her that bothers me, not that I think that she would in any way be a problem. I just find her a mild annoyance. For her sake, since she adores Madam, I hope that Jean

doesn't have the same feelings.

9-1 Tuesday

I wish that you would stop laughing. Here I am trying to have a serious discussion with you about my current aggravation and all you can do is laugh. I can't even sit down to talk to you because the dog is in my spot again. And that's another problem. I don't sleep in her bed. Why does she always want to get into my place just when I want to talk to you? Do you know how frustrating it is to be outmaneuvered by the family dog? I swear that animal has some kind of sixth sense. She knows exactly when I'm going to come over and sit down, because she always moves just before I do. Adding insult to injury, you always take her side. All she has to do is give you those big brown eyes and she has you wrapped around her paw. She gets away with murder and I can't get away with anything. *That's not fair!*

I never thought that I would be a rival to the family pet. Other slaves yes, but the family dog, no. And the worst of it is that I lost again. And you're still laughing.

9-4 Friday

My shoulder is beginning to hurt. I think the old dislocation is acting up again. This can't happen now. I've got so much damned work to do that I could be backed up for a week if my arm goes out. Maybe Madam can do a little hypnosis and stop the pain. I sure can't stop the projects Jean has me doing.

I wish that I could say this injury was from play. It's been three months.

9-6 Sunday

I'm surprised that I can actually write this. I'm so spaced out from all the drugs to kill the pain in my shoulder that I can hardly think straight. I pulled my shoulder out again Friday. This is the second time in thirteen months. I thought that I could handle the pain since it had happened once before, but I really must have done a number on myself. This is like nothing that I have ever felt. I've gone through half of my bottle of codeine, not to mention a whole lot of pot and ice.

We got into a poker game to try to take my mind off the pain. Deborah called Jamie J. over and we played until about six o'clock this morning. Everyone went to sleep and then we started over. I could hardly see the cards, but we all had a good time. This is the first time

that we have ever played poker without Madam. But this game started without being planned. Still, it's strange not to have her here.

Deborah has managed to get me an appointment with her chiropractor for Monday. I'm surprised that she would come in on a holiday. They must have a good relationship. I wonder how much this is going to cost me? Where is the health insurance Jean promised? I'm told that her therapy includes acupuncture. I've had piercing fantasies but I never expected to get extra holes this way.

9-21 Monday

You spanked me this morning. You haven't done that in years. It was fast, unexpected, and painfully enjoyable. You have a frightfully hard hand, and twenty some odd years of practice using it.

What made it so special was the unusual swiftness of the act. Not that I have any idea what got you so agitated. All I did was comment on the fact that your throw of paper missed the basket and I thought that your aim was better than that. Gee, some Dominants are soooo touchy about little things like aim. I can't help but smile when I re-read that line.

It's kind of nice to experience the unexpected. There's no let down if things can't happen the way they were planned, because there is no plan. Maybe that's the best plan of all.

9-27 Sunday

My friend is dead. Somehow, I feel like I have failed. If I had been home when that call came, Helene might be alive right now. Between the thinking and remembering, there have been a lot of tears. It hurts almost more than I can bear to think that someone so vibrant, loving and full of life could snuff it out so easily.

Oh Helene, how could you? How could you think so little of yourself to pull that trigger? How could you become so despondent that you would forget about all the people who loved you?

There is a special part of the sunshine that's missing right now because you are no longer alive. There is a special part of me that's empty and alone because you have removed yourself from me. Who will make me laugh with Jewish stories? Who will regale me with "tales of the ridiculous?" Who will forever remind me of our college antics? Who will give me AB negative blood?

The Magnificent Seven shrinks again: Sandy, dead - suicide; John, dead - suicide; Joe, dead - auto accident; Henry, missing; Helene, dead - suicide; Missy, dead - cancer; Viola Johnson...

Helene, I look around me at the things that we have shared, and I know that we will never share them again. You're free from the demons that haunt you and drove you to this desperate act, but you have left those who love you forever with the questions, the pain, and the memories.

Jews do not believe in a heaven or a hell. Yet I can not and will not believe that a light so bright will never be seen again, if not in this life, then in the next. Until then my friend, I miss you.

10-3 Saturday

I woke up this morning and made coffee. I started to pour it into my favorite mug without thinking. When I looked at it I realized that it was the mug Helene had given me on our first trip to Washington D.C. We were so stoned when we bought it, that we actually thought that the mug was level and we were tilted.

My hand started shaking so badly that I couldn't hold the cup. Then I just started crying. When the tears stopped, the anger started. It seems illogical to be angry. And I know that it's selfish because I'm thinking of myself and my loss, but I'm angry nonetheless. Maybe the anger will stop the pain.

10-5 Monday

I have reluctantly obeyed your orders tonight. I have placed "the belt" around my waist and cinched it tight. I had hoped that I could tell you that this hellish device no longer fit. Unfortunately I can not. Six inches of leather encircle my flesh, and on the inside next to my skin are over three hundred pointed barbs. Each little steel tooth digs into me, pushed even deeper by the unyielding leather that houses it.

It is not conventional pain. Its description is more like fire, or perhaps the constant sting of hundreds of angry hornets. I want to breath deeply, and loosen, then remove this pain giver. But that is a privilege reserved for you alone. I don't know how much longer I can endure this hell, but I fear your disappointment more than I do the pain. The tears that cover my face and pillow do little to diminish the unending burning around my middle.

Please come in and save me. I beg of you. I know that the constant pain weakens the defenses and makes it easier for you to mold me to your will. I swear that I will learn my lessons well, if you will just save me from this pain.

10-8 Thursday

The taste of leather is very different from the taste of cotton. Through my tears and stuffed up nose, I can not smell the deliciousness of the used panties that you have stuffed into my mouth. The moans and sobs of pain have turned into louder wails that might disturb the rest of the household, so you have rectified the situation by the fastest and most traditional means. My tears of pain are absorbed by the excess panty that sticks out of my mouth and separates my face from the wool rug beneath.

If, during this caning ritual, my silencer had been leather its distinct aroma would have penetrated my stuffed up nose. But when my mouth is cleared, that sweet sensation that I have now would be gone. Perhaps it is the taste of cotton, not honey that is a "taste much sweeter than wine."

10-9 Friday

I finally gave in and went to see Dan's podiatrist. My limp was getting so bad that I could hardly walk. For the first part of my visit he thought that I just had a severe sprain. Then he took x-rays. Much to his surprise and mine I've been walking around on a broken bone.

I broke the same bone in the same foot that Dan did. The problem is, that I broke mine quite some time ago and I didn't even know it. Just what I need. First my shoulder and now this.

He asked me if I could recall when I first noticed the bump in my foot. When I thought about it, I realized that it happened last year when I was working on your apartment in New York. I didn't realize that anything had broken. I just thought that something had slipped. So I pushed the bone back in and put arch supports in my shoes. After a few days the bone stopped hurting and slipped back into place. After that I never thought about it again, that is until now.

It's all taped up and it itches like crazy. I was curious as to why they didn't put it in a cast, but the doctor said that it has been broken for so long that a cast wouldn't help. He's going to try to force the bone back to its original position, and then make special arch supports for my shoes to keep it there. If that doesn't work, then the only alternative is surgery. Since I can't afford that, this had better work.

I keep telling myself that I have got to get health insurance. Although my medical bills aren't high, anything's expensive when you only make a quarter a day. My shoulder cost me \$500. By the time that this is finished, it will have cost me close to a thousand. Jean said if I

ever got badly injured while working for them, I would have to cover my own medical expenses. She says that she and Dan couldn't afford to pay them.

Its ironic, at the first Eulenspiegel meeting where I heard her speak she was proclaiming to the group that she provided health insurance for all her slaves. I guess injuries to slaves don't count. I've always paid my own way. Oh well, look at the money I have saved them since they don't pay my medical bills.

10-21 Wednesday

This arch support hurts like Hell. I've been told that it will take weeks to get used to. This one has been made for my sneakers. The doctor will make another set for my dress shoes if I need him to. I just can't afford to have a second set made. I need to go to work on another film. Being a slave is expensive. I know that Madam doesn't like me working, but Jill and I have a pile of bills to pay that gets larger each month.

10-23 Friday

You don't think I notice all the little things that you do. Your hands are as graceful as a dance in motion. Your nails are softly rounded instead of California square. Their color is translucent pink or clear, instead of the blood red Dominants are so fond of.

You think I don't notice that your skin and clothes always have the scent of "White Shoulders." They don't have to. There are many wonderful and expensive scents that sit on your dressing table. You wear that one just for me. I know that.

You think I don't notice that when we go out together you ask my opinion on what you should wear. The things that I request are always my favorites on you, and you wear them to please me. I know that.

You think I don't notice that when we are out shopping you allow my hands to linger when I put on your shoe in a shoe store or help you into a dress in a boutique. You allow the gentle invasion of my touch because I love you. I know that.

You think I don't notice the times that you miss a play when the two of us are in an arcade. You allow me to catch up with your score before you beat me at our favorite video games. I know that.

There are so many things that you do. Little things that can easily be taken for granted or overlooked in the hustle and bustle of our

day-to-day lives. You think that I don't notice them but I do.

10-24 Saturday

I've spent all day today at the L&L rummage sale. I'm dog tired. From set up to break down, it's been thirteen hours with no breaks and no food. I'll pack lunch from now on. This is not the way to win friends and keep the help happy. I can't believe that I've got to do it all over again tomorrow.

11-1 Sunday

I need to hunt. The Vampire has begun to surface again. I need to leave the confines of my daily routine, my Mistress, and my mate. The good slave and housewife are only part of me. The predator is a part of me also. I have to take care of it. I have to get away and bite someone before it goes crazy and takes me along for the ride.

I thought I had learned to suppress the Vampire in me. I thought I had it under control. The need is rising like lava in a dormant volcano. I'm going to erupt and soon.

I can't get Jean to understand that the slave needs to play with her on a regular basis. I'll never get her to understand this. On some levels I know that Jean is afraid of me. We talked long ago about the fact that, in this partnership, I am the stronger partner. I don't have to like it, just accept it. Maybe it is the Vampire that makes me strong.

11-4 Wednesday

Jean is just pre-Christmas crazy. The catalogues are starting to arrive. The list of daily errands and chores is getting longer and more complex. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear that even the kids' homework assignments are getting harder.

I spent part of this afternoon working with Maggie on poetry questions that I never would have asked my class when I was still teaching.

11-6 Friday

I took the long way home tonight. I made a detour by the Palms. I guess my predator was showing. I barely got in the door before this woman bought me a drink. Two o.j.'s later I backed her up against the wall near the door, found the vein over her right breast and bit until I could taste blood. She rode my leg until she came. We were both satisfied.

12-15 Tuesday

This morning's routine was nothing out of the ordinary. Breakfast, daily planning, the usual calls are all the norm. Yet, while standing on the opposite side of your desk while you dictated your list of things for me to do, I became tremendously turned on. It took only a moment for me to pinpoint the origins of the feelings. It was the image you projected. I watched the businesswoman. She was cold, aloof, efficient, confident, and all powerful. That woman handled me with the same "matter of fact" attitude that she used for all the morning's business.

So many bottoms in the scene want their Dominants in s-m armor. It takes all of the paraphernalia of leather and chrome to turn them on. This is one bottom who likes her Top radiating power, not the clothes that the Top puts on. Maybe I am more like a moth. A moth that is drawn to an irresistible flame. Only powerful women turn me on and, playing with power, like fire, can be an irresistible but deadly game.

12-22 Tuesday

I had almost forgotten how beautiful you look by candle light. All of the reasons that I first wanted to photograph you came flooding back into my mind as I watched you at dinner last night. The long shadows of the flickering flame danced across your face. They made you look even more mysterious, as well as intensifying the deep green of your eyes. The long silent photographer in me began to compose, arrange, and judge lighting for the images that are in my mind.

Then I realized that, unlike the first time I ever photographed you, I don't want the world to see you as I see you. My years of serving you have made me greedy. I want to keep you all to myself. If the world views you through my eyes, then far too many people will worship you. Let them all be a little poorer for want of your beauty.

12-24 Thursday

I got a call from my aunt. My childhood sweetheart just died of a heart attack.

12-25 Friday

I'm not feeling very merry today. This morning's call was supposed to be from Wardell. Instead, the family is notifying me of the details of his death. How can a forty year old man have a heart attack? It

just doesn't happen.

Mom has been trying to comfort me. I can't seem to stop crying. One thing that I just realized was that now I will never have children. For thirty years Wardell and I have lovingly speculated about what our children would look like, and how they would be the product of the two biggest and most powerful families in North Jersey. I never wanted another man's children.

Jill was looking forward to raising those children with me, with us. They both would have been great fathers. Men in my life have come and gone; Wardell was a constant. The male anchor in my life is gone.



1988

1-1-88 Friday

When I was nine, my grandmother decided that I was going to marry the grandson of one of her best friends. His grandmother thought it was quite a good idea. We were betrothed in the old-fashioned way. The fact that we loved each other helped tremendously.

On the New Year's Day before my 36th birthday, we were supposed to announce our engagement and get married a year later. Wardell and I had laughed about that for almost twenty-five years. We also realized, as adults, that it would have been the best cover for both of us.

His family was on his back to marry. Mine was beginning to get on my nerves as well. Both families knew we had same-sex partners as well as being pledged to each other. We decided to give them the label, and perhaps a child, and still keep our lifestyles, our love for each other and our real mates. Wardell adored Jill.

That ball should have started rolling today. Now it never will. Wardell, I miss you.

1-3 Sunday

Mom went out for a drive with me this afternoon. I've been depressed over Wardell and Helene. Two special people in my life both died last year. I've got a party in just a few days and, if I can't get out of this mood, I'm going to be a lousy hostess.

It was good to get out of the house for a while. Mom and I talked about what we were doing this time a year ago. Jill met us at Johnny Reb's and we all had dinner.

I was okay until I got back into the house. Then I got depressed all over again. I have to shake myself out of this.

1-5 Tuesday

It's Twelfth Night Eve and I'm still wrapping presents. I feel empty inside when I should feel joyous. For the sake of all the friends who will be here tomorrow, I had better get it together.

1-6 Wednesday

Twelfth Night has come and finally gone. I've cleaned up in the quiet of the early morning hours. And now I am sitting here, with a slight smile on my face and memories of the last few hours dancing through my head.

I enjoyed your presence around my dinner table tonight, Jean. Jill and I were honored to have you there. You laughed, you joked, you and Mom made the gravy (you know that I can't do everything). We all sang carols, enjoyed the company of family and friends, and opened presents. I hope that you like yours as much as Jill and I love ours. I know that Maggie enjoyed hers.

Thank you for the gift of love that only you can give me at this time of year. "Love and joy come to you..."

1-7 Thursday

Madam,

I didn't mean to question your orders. I swear it. I was so surprised at the amount of time you expect me to spend in the "belt," and nipple screws, that the "What?" slipped out of my mouth before my brain could stop it.

I couldn't control my reaction to your new boots. They encase your foot like a second skin and they are as smooth as glass against my cheek. I just *had* to bury my face in them. You could have easily poured emotional cold water on my overactive needs. But no, you chose to heighten them with time in that inhuman instrument of steel-lined torture plus the addition of twelve brass screws into my nipples.

Why do you do this to me?? Why do I do this to me? I'm the one putting these torture instruments on. When the time is up, I'm the one who will take these things off. I could just as easily disobey you. You would never know. So why am I doing this?

Is this any way to start a new year? I'll do *anything* you want me to do. I just don't know if I can stay in the "belt" that long. Well this is one way to keep me out of trouble: make me do scenes with myself.

1-13 Wednesday

I've spent the last two days as an extra on Dan's series, the detective series. My first assignment was to teach Mr. V, the gospel song "Power in the Blood." He didn't do a bad job. Then I had to take him to the sound studio and work with him while he recorded it. It's been a fun two days.

1-16 Saturday

Deborah and Kira are going to lose their house at the end of next month. They can't afford a new place right now. We were all talking about them moving in with Jill and me. Jill thinks that it would be a fun idea.

It wouldn't be that difficult to convert the garage into living space. But, that's not a project that I want to do alone, even for friends. We need to talk again.

1-30 Saturday

Deborah and I brought home the first load of sheetrock for the walls. I'll pick up a few more things. We will get started tomorrow. Kira has offered to split the cost of materials fifty/fifty, and do most of the work on the conversion.

1-31 Sunday

A good day's work has been done. Kira and Deborah quit after about three hours. Neither one of them expected the amount of time involved. I worked for two more hours, then stopped. There is only so much I can do without at least one extra pair of hands. I hope today isn't an indication of the rest of this project.

2-6 Saturday

Madam,

Please forgive me for taking off my collar. I don't know what is causing the allergic reaction that I am having. I wish that I could have stood it long enough to get back to you and have it removed by your hands, since yours are the hands that put it on, but I couldn't. My throat swelled to the point where the chain was cutting into my windpipe. I've changed both soap and lotion in the last few days and that might be causing some of the reaction. I hope that you won't be as angry with me as I am with myself.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I look naked. My collar has been there for so long that I have long since come to take it for granted. Yet, in the few minutes that it's been off, I am aware that I am only partially dressed. I promise I will find a suitable substitute before we go to Las Vegas.

2-8 Monday

I enjoyed the peace of this evening's drive. It's not often that I have the luxury of almost six hours of nothing to do but drive. It's on nights like this that I remember why I enjoy driving so much.

Once I cleared traffic and darkness set in, I was virtually on the road alone. At times like these I seem to see more of the splendor around me. Somewhere on the way to Bakersfield I pulled off into the Mojave and got out of the car. I stretched out on the hood and looked up into the blackness of night. There must have been a million stars hanging over my head. There were no reflections from city lights to hide the spark of stars that twinkled just for me, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

- Late

It feels odd to be in Las Vegas without you. I know that you will be arriving first thing in the morning and yet, for this one night, I will be incomplete. I've checked into a little motel at one end of the Strip. I am sorely tempted to go and gamble at the Baccarat tables while you are not here to save me from myself.

I drove around the Strip a little to get the feel of things again. I'm looking forward to being in fantasyland with you. It feels foreign writing this from under the covers of a bed. I may just take my place on the floor by the side of the bed that you would sleep on. That may help me get reacquainted with the way things are when we're together.

I'll see you in the morning!

2-18 Thursday

Lenny was over today to install the new window in the garage. By the time this work is finished, Kira and Deborah will have the biggest bedroom in the house. The heater is already in. I've finished most of the sheetrock. Most of the help that Kira and Deborah promised with the construction hasn't materialized.

They still have to be out of their place by the end of the month, so this room has to be finished. I just didn't think I would be doing so much of it alone.

2-26 Friday

The carpet was installed this morning. The conversion is finished except for one small part of the ceiling. I hope that the girls come through with their portion of the cost. I've spent almost \$2,000 converting this garage for them. I don't mind doing most of the work alone. But Jill and I sure can't afford to foot this bill.

They can move in tomorrow.

3-3 Thursday

I used your car this morning to take your daughter to school. Traces of your perfume lingered from the previous night's use.

The absentminded actions of the morning's routine were suddenly changed to something very special as your scent made deeds usually done by "muscle memory" into unique opportunities to do your bidding.

Sometimes when I am on a long drive, I can think of you and my fantasies will make the long journey seem shorter. But this morning's venture created a whole different kind of bond. Isn't it nice to know that after six and a half years you still do things like that to me.

3-12 Saturday

Tonight was Jean's party for Elaine and Dave. This afternoon, I went to Little Tokyo and bought sushi for 20. It's a good thing I got lots. Pepper ate a healthy portion of it. It doesn't seem fair that Alex isn't here. She doesn't even know that this party is going on. I wish Jean wouldn't play one against the other.

All the guests had a good time. Jean had Lenny make a saddle rack for Elaine as a birthday present. It's strong enough to secure a 300-pound body. The guest of honor loved her gift. I would too if I received something like that from someone I had only met three or four times.

3-20 Sunday

In the early morning hours you cup my face in the palms of your hands and bid me good morning. My cheeks melt into the silky softness of your flesh. My soul goes along for the ride and, in those brief moments, the hustle and bustle of the pre-breakfast activity is suspended in time.

You have arranged my day without even knowing it. The motions my body makes by muscle memory have been infused with new life - your life. I am always aware that those deceptively soft hands are capable of turning to steel without a moment's notice. But right now they transmit the vibrant energy that guides my life and bids me a special Good Morning.

4-1 Friday

It's the morning after the night before...the break-up heard round the world.

Well it's over. Jean and Alex are officially over with. Unofficially, however, who knows. They both love each other but they just can't seem to get it together and keep it there without a tremendous amount of bullshit.

One would think that the weight of the world has been taken off of Jean's shoulders. It's also easy to see that the world has just about ended for Alex. How can something that seemed so right for one partner be so painful to the other?

I feel so bad for Alex. She really doesn't know why the end finally came. Nor did she see all the things that were leading up to it.

The incident over the Chanel bag, on the surface, is one of the silliest things that I ever heard. How in the world could the whole thing get so blown out of proportion? Of all the times she would have to be right why does it have to be now? I have a feeling that this is gonna get messier before its over.

4-19 Tuesday

Another human sexuality class, another lecture, another good time talking about my lifestyle.

4-20 Wednesday

Jean, Dan, and I went into Hollywood tonight to hear Eartha Kitt. She was performing in a wonderfully intimate little club. The tickets were high and the drinks even more so. But the club only holds 200 people. The up-close atmosphere is well worth the price.

4-28 Thursday

For all the help that Lenny has given me getting the garage together, Jill and I took him to see Eartha Kitt. We all had a great time together. He couldn't believe that we would do this for him. I could not have lived with myself if we didn't.

5-4 Wednesday

It feels good to be back on the East Coast again. It's been too long. Madam took me to the airport this morning, then came home again to prepare for her own flight, later today. Maybe once before I die I will be able to travel with her on the same plane to New York City. Wishful thinking.

I didn't do much on the plane except sleep. The two seats down the row from me were empty, and the guy with the other aisle seat

moved to the smoking section. Newark Airport hasn't changed; neither has the beauty of the Garden State. I found myself trying to soak in all the greenery I could see on the bus ride into the city. Not that California isn't a beautiful state, but it's missing the lush green of New Jersey and it just ain't home.

I dropped my suitcases at the apartment, said hello to Mr. L., and went for a long walk around New York. I should have known that I would end up at the Silhouette for a drink and a nibble-on with my favorite bartender. Thank G-d that some things don't change. I guess I had hoped that nothing would. I really do know better. NYC is still the same wonderful place.

I must have walked for hours tonight. I can feel my spirit coming alive with the feeling that only New York City can give me. I hope that I am never away this long again.

5-5 Thursday

Didn't I just pack, then unpack this apartment less than a year ago? I can't believe that I'm busting my ovaries doing this again. Oh well, Dan has to get the things out of his mother's apartment, and he sure can't do this alone. I just hope that I don't screw up anything packing and moving this furniture. I wonder who would do this if I couldn't? The things I do for my Mistress.

5-20 Friday

It's beginning again. I keep trying to do other things, but I can feel you creeping back into my mind. It now takes a Herculean effort to push you into my unconscious thought. The duration of freedom gets shorter with each attempt. If the stirring in my loins were labor pains, I would be delivering right now. I can no longer run away from the memories - my mind will not let me escape. I clench my legs furiously trying to stop the throbbing in my clit knowing that, if I can't, it will bring back all the memories of the other night.

My eyes are wide open. I know there are mounds of work in front of me, but I can not see them. I look past the paper into my own memory. I can see, and feel, the belt as you buckle the wide leather, pushing its steel toothed lining into the tender flesh of my middle. The memory is as vivid as the reality of a little while ago. The pain seems just as real...*is just as real*...as I am wrapped again in the hell that only it can cause.

My cuffed wrists are pulled behind me slowly as black silk ropes

bind my wrists to one of the tall posts of your bed. (*this isn't happening!*) The same rope creeps up and around my shoulders, and I feel the softness of your hands securing my chest against the hard wood. It's only been a few moments, but immobility is making me focus on the growing annoyance around my middle. In just a few more seconds I am firmly tied to the upright post, and pain has begun. (*No, it's just the memory of the pain!*) I know the feeling. Two or three minutes more, and the hundreds of tiny steel teeth will feel like a nest of angry hornets trapped against my flesh. (*I will not succumb to this like I did last night!*) The insects are gone. There is fire now. A slow insidious constant pain that goes on and on for what seems like forever, licks at the walls of my strength and will, melting them away like fire destroys ice. For a brief second I can focus on your movements around the room, and forget I am being burned alive within my own skin. (*Get out of my mind!*) I do not see the roll of black elastic cloth in your hand or the gag until it is too late, not that I could offer resistance. The first few feet of fabric circle my eyes and the wooden pole, immobilizing me against it. Again and again it is wrapped around my head until light and hope are both extinguished. It muffles the moans which are my only audible response. (*I must stop this!*)

Do you read my mind or my body's reaction to know that not a shred of strength is left to protect my naked psyche? Nothing is real but the pain, the incessant debilitating pain that punishes as nothing else can. Time has no meaning. I hear you whisper in my ear "It's been 30 minutes," and, for a brief second, I reach a new height of fear as my own mind wonders "how much longer?"

Before I can contemplate the question, the flames of pain are turned up to white hot. The touch of your hand against my breast releases the jaws of a steel toothed clamp. Slowly your hand releases the attached weight and it swings free. The process is repeated on the other nipple. Even the shallowest breath is punished by the weighted clips. It seems that they move if I even think. The tears that had been an occasional trickle flow freely now and are absorbed by blackness. Pain is my only reality. It has pushed me past logic, emotion, fear, love, hate, or desire, into a world empty of all thoughts but one. That place is surprisingly peaceful. A hand flicks the weights, sending shock waves through my system. Then you leave me alone. An eternity later you do it again, and then again. There is no rhyme or reason to the pattern, no way to brace against it. I am reminded over and over that you control this

slave's soul, my very life. Only you have the power to alter my current reality, and you show no signs of such mercy. I am suspended in eternity as you open new doors in Hell.

It is the beginning of time again. I am born anew from the agony. There is no reality but you. No thoughts that are not yours. Even an action like drawing a breath is for your benefit or your pleasure. Eons have passed. Piece by piece, you remove the mind shapers. Steel is pried loose, first from one nipple and then the next. The blackness is removed. The room's dim light is blinding. The belt is dislodged from the flesh with which it has become one. An empty mind can not guide useless muscle and I slump to the floor supported only by the rope which is slowly slipping away.

A leather encased foot flips my body onto its back, kicks my legs open wide and then plants itself by my ear. I look up at the monolith that stands above me. I can not see its top but I know that it must be you, for you are all that exists in my world. What will be the first lesson that you teach this newly remade creature, this woman-child that exists only by your grace?

I hear your voice. It begins quietly in the recesses of my mind. It says that I have not yet been re-taught enough to understand. This first lesson is punctuated by the rhythmic tap of a leather strap lightly against my loins. Then, as if in slow motion, I see your arm and the strap move in one graceful, perfect arch and impact against my womanhood. My brain explodes. The uncontrollable twitching in my clit jolts me back to reality. I am in a cold sweat. The nightmare is over. In a few minutes I gather the strength to undress and get into the shower. The hot water against my raw skin feels just like the belt. (*Oh, God, the belt!*) My mind sees and feels your hands as they buckle the wide leather belt with its steel toothed lining into the tender flesh of my middle...

5-26 Thursday

Jean and Colleen are off to dinner at the French Market. I think that they are making more plans for Saturday. I'm delighted to see that friendship blossom. No matter what Madam says, she really does need company and friendship of women in leather. They have a lot to offer each other. Aside from her other talents, Colleen is a wise and levelheaded soul who can be a good and true ear when Jean needs one. Jean can give Colleen the advantage of years of experience as well as professional expertise.

Now that Race has come into this circle of mischief, the addition

of Colleen can only lead to more hot water for someone.

5-30 Monday

Today is Memorial Day. I was hoping to have a nice peaceful day with Jill and the girls. Instead, Kira and Deborah have had one whale of a fight. They were screaming for hours. At one point, Jill and I had to referee just to keep the noise from disturbing the neighbors. Ultimately, it came to blows. Now they both look like victims of a war. Jill can't live like this. At least I get some reprieve at Jean's. This constant fighting has got to stop. If only for Jill's and my nerves.

6-3 Friday

I saw Dr. Fine today for the second time in less than three weeks. I still don't know what I could have done that could possibly have caused this kind of damage. Now I know the back pain that Jean goes through; before I could only imagine.

Whatever he did to me today relieved the rest of the residual strain that I could feel in my hip and lower back. Now it's just a minor annoyance if I move the wrong way. I still don't feel strong enough around the joint to go back to the gym. I know that I have to. The only way that the muscles are going to get stronger is if I exercise them. I hope that there won't be any long-term effects.

6-4 Saturday

Kira has moved out. I took her to a little motel not too far from where she works. There are a lot of accusations flying. I don't know who to believe. I wouldn't take sides either way. They are both my friends.

Each is angry at the other and trying to draw Jill and me into the argument. It will be easier to live in my own house without Kira's temper tantrums. But is letting Deborah stay fair? I don't have an answer.

6-7 Tuesday

I took Jean and Alex to the French Market for dinner tonight. I think that Madam wanted the security of having another person around during the conversation. Because her back has been acting up, she took a codeine right after we sat down. When Alex became curious about the effects of the pill, Jean led her to believe that it would make her more relaxed and more easily "taken advantage of." Alex believed it and used Madam's "weakened condition" to ask questions that she had been

wanting-needing answers to.

Although Madam would have given her the same answers with or without the codeine, Alex seemed more willing to believe them post-pill. The conversation was surprisingly relaxed. If the pill was a ruse on Madam's part it was a brilliant one. Alex had none of her defenses up and so the exchange between the two of them was open and honest.

A lot was said that clarified things for both of them, and I think that the feelings that were shared, although said before, were finally believed. I think that the conversation broke a lot of new ground toward the friendship that never really developed.

Alex is a good friend, but she can also be a real pain in the ass if she thinks that she has been wronged or unjustifiably hurt. It's good to see that the healing process has begun.

6-19 Saturday

I couldn't have spent a better birthday if I had had all the options in the world. The Magic Castle is always a delight, and the seance was wonderful. Half the fun is trying to figure out how they do the tricks that they do. The things with spirit writing always amaze me. I know that there's a simple solution, but I'll be darned if I can figure it out.

We were such a handsome group, too. All the men looked so elegant in their tails and tuxedos. That barrel chest of Guy Baldwin's made him look like such a hunk...it's incredible the case of the hots I have for that man. Not only is he handsome and kinky, he's brilliant. Gotta like that. Jill and Deborah looked fabulous, as did Alex and Jean, but then *they* always do. I can't believe that everyone but me was wearing black. I really stood out. Andy got to talk to Harry Blackstone, Jr., and even he commented about how good we looked.

The limousine ride completed the fantasy, because it relieved me of the worry of getting us all home safely. The driver was so nice, and he bought me a bottle of champagne as a birthday present.

All the fuss and planning was worth it. I had a wonderful time, as did everyone else. I'm only sorry that Dan was still too sick to make it. Maybe if he had been there Houdini's ghost would have fallen for Alex instead.

6-22 Tuesday

I drove Jean and Pepper out to the Marina so the three of us could have dinner at Eddie's Diner. The date was supposed to be just Madam and Pepper alone but She wasn't up for that, so I was brought

along to help move the conversation along. The look of disappointment in Pepper's eyes was obvious, when she found out that I was going to be there.

The conversations were kept really light. We brought Pepper back to her car after dinner and then killed half an hour in Captain Video's, until it was time to go to Pepper's new apartment for coffee and dessert. It's a nice two bedroom that should be just right for her needs. I can't believe that she was at the old place for only a month before she moved out. I knew she wouldn't be happy with her old landlord and that she'd eventually move out. I just didn't think that it would be so soon.

Nothing seems to have gone right for her. First her Alex troubles, then her apartment, and now it's her job. I hope she finds a new one soon. Madam has contacted a few people to give her some temporary work, to hold her over until something comes up.

6-30 Thursday

Jean was supposed to see Susie today and take her down to Lime. Unfortunately, circumstances prevented the meeting. Actually this is unfortunate all the way around. Jean really needed someone to whip. And I mean whip until she could no longer raise her arm. Right now, there is so much going on at home that's got her uptight, that she needs a way to vent her frustration.

I can't be of much help yet because of the condition my back is in. Actually, that may not be entirely true. It's not the striking that did me in a few weeks ago. It's the movement that accommodates it. If I can prevent the jerking, Madam has her whipping girl again. That's something that I really need to give her. Not just for her sake, but for mine also. I hate to see her like this, when alleviating this kind of tension is my responsibility. Plus, I *need* her. I need to feel her as much as she needs to be felt.

7-5 Tuesday

It's Tuesday and I'm here at the French Market. Jean is having dinner with Colleen, and I'm sitting here at the counter having my dinner. Until 10 minutes ago, I was sitting on the side bench writing. The waiter and I were joking about what seems to be becoming my Tuesday night routine. He even remembered what I ordered last time. I only wish that, if this really will be where I spend one evening a week, this place would improve the menu. There isn't a lot on this menu that I like.

The ladies are upstairs talking about the Society of Janus

Meeting they are going to do on the 16th. It's now time for me to go and interrupt their conversation. I don't want to find out what would happen if I was late.

7-15 Friday

Jean and I spent the afternoon at the track. She borrowed the tickets from Florida and off we went. The table provides a full view of the paddock and workout area, as well as the finish line. Dan asked Jean to treat me to a nice day for all the work that I did in New York.

We stayed for six of the eight races. I lost all the money that I came with. I can say that I really had fun doing it.

7-18 Monday

Jean and I were in Orange County tonight for a special Society of Janus meeting. Actually it was a Dominant and submissive support group meeting. Once we got there, Tops went one way and bottoms went another. It felt good to be in a room full of bottoms, but my problems are so unique that I have no one to talk to who can understand.

Jean isn't talking about what went on in her group, but I have a feeling that we won't be returning.

7-25 Monday

Shit!!! We're moving. To Tulsa.

7-27 Wednesday

I got some things done around the house and took a few things to the garage. Jill called early this morning, and we talked for a while about the move. It looks more and more like it's a possibility. I haven't been able to get it out of my head. It seems to haunt my thoughts.

I spent a healthy portion of the afternoon working on Maggie's college application. I can only guess at the information that should be in here. I wish that Maggie had taken the responsibility to do this herself, instead of leaving it for others to do. If the numbers that I typed in are even close to what went to Santa Cruz the first time around, it's no wonder the computer kicked her out of the running. Based on the questions asked, she only has a 2.47 GPA. I know it's higher than that. But I don't have the information to boost it. Oh well, maybe this time she will press for an interview, and that will give her a chance to explain.

Instead of staying around for dinner, I asked Mr. L. if it would

be alright if I left the house for awhile. I know he feels awkward eating around me when I'm not. I'm sure that will change when Madam gets home. But in the meantime, I went into Westwood and saw "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?" It's got a hokey plot, but what has to be the best animation to come out of any studio in the last forty years.

It seems that I only see movies when Madam isn't in town. Hummmmm.

7-28 Thursday

I've survived day six of this fast. I wonder just how long I can go without eating. It would be nice to really drop a significant quantity of weight, but I don't want to do any irreparable damage to my body in the process.

It's been a long hectic day. First, I got Mr. L. off to San Diego. Then, I had to pick up a letter from Medipace. It wasn't ready, so I had to talk the physician on duty into writing one for me. I ran that down to the Superior Court in Torrence to take care of Madam's jury duty. Once that was done, there were other errands to run and things to take care of around the house.

Madam called around 4 pm. She sounds better than she did yesterday, but that's really not much of an improvement. We yakked a little bit about fasting. She said that the newest research from UCLA shows that once the hunger mechanism in the body shuts down it won't turn itself back on. That's why people die of starvation while on a fast. I'm hoping that Dan being in San Diego will give Madam's spirit a little bit of a lift. I can only imagine the exhaustion she must be feeling, and that's not a good thing to heap on top of worry.

7-29 Friday

For a few, all too short, minutes I could hear your voice on the other end of the receiver. It reminded me of the cool sound of ringing bells, or of chimes clinking in the breeze. It stirred the longing in my heart from missing you. It painfully reminded me of the length of time that had passed since I have seen you. I know that we are apart for a very good reason and that I can not be with you always. But rationality will only briefly ease the longing inside. Please return soon. I grow weaker without you.

7-31 Sunday

I spent most of the morning puttering around the house. Jill left

for Tulsa this morning armed with all the information that I had spent all night gleaning from the Tulsa Multiple Listings Guide. It's hard for me to imagine over 8,000 homes for sale in a city with less than 100,000 people. I combed the 700-page guide until almost six this morning. I'm really scared about this move on a lot of levels and for a lot of reasons, but I can't let Jill know that. She's relying on my strength to get her through this.

Parts of me are anxious to leave LA. I'm not going to miss the nightly news of another drive-by shooting, some other little kid getting fucked up on drugs, or the horrors of 405 traffic. I am yearning to be in a little community like Running Springs, where I know my neighbors and they know me. Where I can leave my doors unlocked at night and only have to worry about bands of marauding raccoons. Maybe it's because I'm getting old that I long for the simpler life.

The problem is that I want to have my cake and eat it too. I want all that and I want Jean. I don't want to leave her. I guess that's a lot of my fear. We have gotten so used to being always with each other that I can't imagine life without her less than 35 minutes away. I also have to face the bold fear that I may be replaced or not wanted any more.

She won't talk to me about this move, or the effect that it's going to have on both of us. She said that she found the whole situation rather "unfair." That's true on one level, but it's not on many others. Jill isn't doing this on purpose. It's a job offer that she can not walk away from. I have my responsibility to my mate. She has made it possible for Madam and me to be together now for almost seven years. I hope that a way will be made for us to be together. It may not be as often as we would like or are used to. I must consider Jill's needs first. That puts Jean second, and I know she doesn't like that. She once said that she didn't mind being second but now I don't know if that's true. And this is a lousy time to find out.

8-1 Monday

I'm beginning to hate women. This whole affair with Alex, Tiffany and the Mediation Council has really gotten to me. What started out as a complex issue between me, my family, and my conscience has turned into a three-ring circus with me as trainer to a group of hungry lions. These women didn't care who they hung and justice be damned as long as Buffy gets what she wants...Tiffany. I hated to put Deborah in the position of having to go over painful feelings about Kira, but without her story I could never have convinced these women that this whole

scenario is an elaborate revenge game that is being played by a sick and twisted mind.

I know how badly Buffy wants Tiffany out of L&L, but I'm not going to let Buffy's hatred influence the decision that I was elected to the Mediation Council to make. Tiffany will not be put out. I can't let what appears to be an innocent party be hung.

8-2 Tuesday

Madam,

You're home! For how long? Will there be time for us? I know that right now my problems are the last thing on your list of priorities...especially this problem. But I need you so desperately.

8-3 Wednesday

You went out with Florida. I hope that everything went well with Alex. For both your sakes. In between the loads of laundry, I thought that I would wear out your typewriter a little. I have run all of your errands and gotten the things that you needed. If we weren't both on this fast, I'd say lets go out and get something to eat. Then at least I would have you to myself.

Poor Richard. I talked to him this morning. He sounds like a gust of wind would tear his soul apart. I wish that I could be there with him. He's cried on my shoulder before, and I know that he needs someone to talk to now. When Alex's Dad, died she was with me. When the call came in at the Newark apartment, it was almost a relief that her father's pain was finally over. Richard must be feeling the same thing. His Mom had been in so much pain for so long that it had become almost too much for anyone in the family to bear. I'm glad that Jill will be with him this weekend, even if it's only for a few hours. Right now he needs someone to lean on.

I find myself thinking a lot about Helene. Somehow I feel that I failed her as a friend, that I wasn't there for her to lean on when she needed someone. I know that time will make the pain fade into pleasant memories of the past. But when?

8-4 Thursday

Madam,

I seem to spend all of my time talking to you, or picking you up from airports and train stations. I know that isn't the truth, but sometimes it seems that way. I'll take any time that I can get with you.

Besides, your mother needs you a lot more right now than I do. You've been such a pillar of strength for your family through this illness of your mother's, that now it is my responsibility to give you all the strength that I can, even if it's just the temporary relief from worry. After all, what are slaves for? **You won't replace me, will you?**

8-7 Sunday

When I got back home from a bike ride, I got a call from Mr. L. It seems that Tam called needing a messenger. Knowing how badly I needed the job, Mr. L. accepted for me right on the spot. I haven't had a chance to discuss it with Madam, but I don't think that she will mind. It's only a four day commercial with a pickup and a drop off each day for the next four days. Since she said when she left Thursday that she wouldn't be home for two more weeks, I'm not taking away any of her time.

I can't wait to get started. There's only so much that I can do on a "quarter" a day, and I have insurance payments and the Living in Leather Conference coming up real soon. I'm jazzed to be working again. It's been just a hair short of two years.

8-8 Monday

It feels good to be working, even if it's only for a few weeks. I got about half an hour of sun today. I want to get dark enough to show off my brand. I think that will make Madam happy. The housework has been light with Madam gone, so I started working on that new Lady Spanker that she wanted. It's taken a lot longer than I thought it would take because someone has taken all my sharp knives.

I just got a call from Dan, Jr. He left the house without the gas key to the van. He asked if I would drive to Long Beach and bring him a spare. When I said no, he got really twisted. I suggested that he drive into the nearest service station and see if they could get the cap off since it really is a generic lock. If that didn't work, then he should go to my house and call AAA because they could easily remove the lock. He didn't like the ideas but agreed to try them, because I wasn't going to bring him a key.

Sometimes the boy worries me. He depends on me to do so much for him, that I worry about what he would do in an emergency, if I wasn't there to do the complicated things for him. Many times I've tried to teach him how to do things, but he would rather just say, "You do it."

I know that he has to grow up sooner or later. I just hope that he will learn to be independent. Madam seems to prefer that I do things for Dan, Jr. than have him make a possible mistake while learning. But if you don't make mistakes, how can you learn?

8-26 Friday

I stopped by my favorite watering hole to have a bite to eat. It has been too long since I have tasted blood. The hunt was easy. Almost too easy, but it was definitely gratifying.

I've worked so hard to contain the blood drinker and its need. Sometimes I think that it's a losing battle. I have no need to frighten or intimidate Madam any more than necessary. I will do what I must.

9-21 Wednesday

Our realtor notified us that the bank has approved our mortgage. Jill's company has asked again if we want to sell the house. Jill and I talked about it this afternoon, and decided to keep it for Madam's sake. She has become so fond of her getaway place that Jill and I don't have the heart to make her look for a new one. I had so much trouble the first time that she had to move her dungeon. I couldn't find a place that she could afford to rent, because this time I wasn't going to pay half the cost. So I had to put all the furniture in storage. That was a nightmare.

Moving all that stuff really hurt my back. Besides, with my own move to supervise, I don't have time to move Madam as well. Now, however, I have to find some money for a down payment. We sunk all the cash we had into buying this house. I also have to find us a renter, and I've only got a month or so to do it.

9-22 Thursday

Madam,

Jill, and I talked today. We told her about our decision not to sell the house for her sake. She was not only relieved; she was very flattered. She didn't think that we would make that kind of sacrifice for her. She promised all the help we could need watching over the place when I'm away. We both needed to hear that part. Being an absentee landlord won't be easy.

She also made a suggestion that will be to our mutual advantage. Instead of paying Jill the \$150 a month rent each month, why didn't she just take it off the loan? Since the loan is interest free it could be paid off within six years and make it easier on everybody. It's such a simple

solution to the bookkeeping that I'm surprised no one thought of it sooner. It makes sure that we all don't end up in a situation like last time with her rent not being paid for a year and a half.

9-23 Friday

On the way back to Long Beach tonight, I was hit by a truck. Right now I'm very lucky to be alive. This 18 wheeler decided to move across two lanes of traffic to make an exit. He just didn't notice that me and my car were in the right-hand lane. He clipped me in the left rear quarter panel and sent me across three lanes and into the divider.

A cop saw the accident and stopped the truck. He claims that he never saw me and didn't know that he hit me. There was no traffic in the other two lanes, or I would be a dead woman.

Thank you G-d.

10-5 Wednesday

Madam and I are off for Seattle. We are about to attend our first Leather conference. Maybe I will find a lifestyler that I can talk to. I'm sure that there must be someone there like me.

10-9 Sunday

It has been a rewarding three days. The workshops were well done and informative. I have learned much. Most important to me was the camaraderie that I have experienced here. I'm still out there alone, in terms of my slavery, but the fellowship of the last three days has given me a wonderful new strength.

This group is almost entirely gay. It was interesting to watch the interaction of the folks here with Jean. She is one of the few proclaimed hetero-bisexuals at this conference. The husband, lover, slave, kids, lifestyle all brought many questions, but no prejudgments.

We have been asked to participate in the business meetings tomorrow. I was very surprised when Madam said yes we would.

10-10 Monday

I don't know if I'm relieved or amused to find that leather politics is the same no matter where I go. The business meeting was long and somewhat dull. Still, I really like what I see growing here. This is an organization that I want to be part of.

Madam has been asked to serve on some kind of advisory committee. Since she has accepted the position that means I will be

serving, too. I'm actually looking forward to it. Looks like we will be doing some traveling. The National Leather Association's home base is here in Seattle.

10-13 Thursday

Andy arrived today. We talked for a little while and then I gave him the house keys and off he went. He's really looking forward to taking the test for Jeopardy tomorrow. Even though his chances of ever getting on the game show are one in a million, I hope that he scores well enough for an ego boost that makes the trip worthwhile. This is a long way to come just to take a trivia test.

I'm feeling the pressures of time and that really scares me. I'm also feeling all of the things that this kind of pressure can do to a relationship. Madam is putting more and more emotional distance between us, and that hurts. Yet I can understand it. All she's doing is preparing herself for the inevitable separation.

G-d, I never thought that it would be like this. I never thought that there would be this much pain, not for Madam, Jill or Deborah. A lot of soul searching on Yom Kippur has taught me to let go and let G-d, and that is what I must do. We have all survived so much that, in my heart, I know this will be just one more small hurdle to jump.

When I first started to commute back in '83, each time that I came back it was a new and wonderful experience. Madam and I kind of saw each other through new eyes. Because we both knew that sooner or later, at least for a little while, we would have to separate. We never took each other for granted. Please let it be that way again.

10-14 Friday

My day has been kind of hectic. Besides all of my usual running around, I've been trying to do two or three things a day to prepare for an orderly departure. Things are still so up in the air. I still don't have an exact moving date, and Jill isn't sure of her schedule either. My ulcer has begun to act up again from all of the stress. This too must pass.

Madam has been out most of the day, and she's due to be in Compton tonight with her new fellow Charles. I talked to him the other day on the phone. He seems to be a pleasant enough chap. I hope that he turns out to be all the things she wants him to be, because she needs a new toy in her life right now, and she definitely needs someone whose scene is compatible with hers. Besides, it would be nice if there were someone who could take her to all the places that I wish I could afford to

take her to.

I died a little the other day when Madam told me that she had invited Pepper down to Lime to be with her for a few hours before Charles got there. I think I would have sold my soul for that opportunity. I've tried desperately to hide the part of me that wants to wrap myself around her feet, like I did so many years ago, and just have a long talk and a good cry. For the first time in our seven years together, I was jealous of the time that she would be spending with someone else.

10-15 Saturday

I got a chance to meet Charles last night. Madam introduced him, then left. Andy and I went to the Castle and, as soon as I got back to the house, I went around back to see if Madam was still there. She was. On the way through the backyard I got stopped by Deborah to get her a drink of water. She is still sick as a dog. But judging from the stench in the house I can understand that. G-d, I go away for a few days and I come back to find my house a mess.

What a homecoming. It definitely didn't help my mood any. Anyway...Madam introduced me to Charles, then beat a hasty retreat. I got the feeling that she just did not want to be anywhere near me. There were no pleasantries, just an uncomfortable fast exit.

Tonight's Society of Janus meeting was both awkward and painful. Once again, Madam didn't want to be near me. As a matter of fact she avoided me all night. Alex asked if Andy and I wanted to go out with her and the rest of the gang for a bite to eat. Andy talked to me about it and expressed in words what I had been feeling. Then, to spare me what would have been some very awkward moments, he politely turned Alex down. I guess Jean doesn't want her old toy around her new toy. People at Janus think that Jean and I have split up. At least that's the rumor that's going around. Based on our behavior tonight, people will really have something to talk about.

Race, Guy and the men from Avatar did an outrageous meeting tonight. I haven't seen such incredible bondage since I left New York. I watched the goings-on with such envy and desire. Madam and I have played once in the last three months. Who knows when we will be able to do it again? Everything was fascinating, but the thing that I watched most was the saran wrap that the men did on Andrew. I got to talk to him about it after the meeting, as they were taking him out of it. He looked to be in the same place that I go to when I am in an sensory deprivation tank. He described the feelings in the same way.

I will get over myself. I have enough on my mind to worry about without wondering why on a given night or two Madam doesn't want to be near me.

10-19 Wednesday

The last 30 hours have been productive. Madam and I took separate cars to Tijuana. Once we got across the border, I took the Plymouth into a body shop that advertised that they spoke fluent English, and that all their members were part of the Union of Mechanics and Upholsterers. For less than \$300, I had all the body work done on the car. It came out looking decent.

We parked the van in a lot and filled it with all the things that Jean bought. Madam got some great Christmas presents and some incredible buys. I really didn't see anything in particular that I wanted. I guess the problem is that I have all of the important presents either in hand or on order, and everything that I saw was too good for the schmucks that I still have to shop for.

I got back across the border in fairly good time, and made it back home thinking that Madam was about 10 minutes behind. I puttered around the house for about an hour, then began to wonder where she was, and whether she was alright.

A little over an hour later she arrived and she was not a happy person. She says she had a little run in with the customs guards that resulted in a strip search. After relating the horror to Deborah and me, we went out back and I gave her a good massage. G-d knows that she needed one after the encounter that she just had. After all was said and done I was comfortably bedded down and then locked into my cage. This might be the last time.

Deborah woke me at seven the next morning and that gave me time to get my act together before the movers arrived. They were two good old boys named Mo and Jack. We yakked for a little while, which wasn't easy since I wanted to get back to Madam in the guest house.

After finally giving all my instructions, I left orders that under no circumstances was I to be disturbed. A lot of good that did. When the phone rang they came out to get me. Madam told them that I was busy and not to be disturbed, but the knock on the door broke her mood, and the scene we were getting into was cut short, because she realized that they might knock again.

Madam did a full body wrap on me like the one done at the meeting last weekend. After completely wrapping me, she then wrapped

me to the table. I was beginning to drift into a place of altered consciousness, when she produced a cane and then began to use it. She laced the entire front of my body with cane stripes, but the most attention was paid to my thighs. I was amazed at the amount of pain that Saran wrap generated.

Once the caning was over and Madam cut me out of my transparent bondage, I had these painful stripes all over my legs. I thought the purpose of a wrap was to induce that peaceful state. Why would she cane me just when I was getting into it? This time I really hated the cane. I wish she hadn't used it. Oh well, I guess some scene is better than no scene.

10-21 Friday

Madam,

It begins. I am here at Lime, since this house can no longer be called my home. These walls are empty of everything that I call my own. It is as empty as I feel right now. I sent Richard off to sleep in the playroom. I will probably join him there later. Deborah is spending one last night in her own space and, that has left me alone with my thoughts of you in this dark and empty room.

I could not bring myself to physically part from you. Had you not had to meet Charles tonight, I might still be at your side. But then, you would see me the way that I am now, and I don't want you to see that pain. I think you know it's there and that is more than enough. I know it sounds stupid, but you had to walk away from me. Anything else would have felt like betrayal, and that would have destroyed me. I have been dreading this moment for all the months since this move has become a reality. It's as if a gaping hole exists where my heart should be.

I wish to G-d that I could at least be numb or in shock. Then I would mercifully feel nothing. Fate has never been that kind with me. The salt from my tears has begun to sting my face and still I can't stop crying. I had to fight back tears on the drive home lest they be seen and misunderstood. Now I don't give a damn who sees or hears me. I want desperately to get drunk right now, but there is nothing within these walls, and I'm too fucked up to go out and get something.

Wherever I am in G-d's great world, I will always love and belong to you. I will come whenever you want me, and as often as you want me. Just please, please want me. Don't let go. You are all the strength that I have right now. Everyone else is leaning on me and I feel

as weak as a leaf in a wind storm.

10-22 Saturday

I have begun this day with a migraine headache. It is one of the three or four that I have had in my life. Somehow, it seems a fitting way to leave Los Angeles. Deborah is off having breakfast with family and friends. I am about to take Richard to get the carrying cases for the animals. He's been gentleman enough not to say anything about the way I look. I bedded down last night first under your bed, and then in the cage. I could find no rest in either place, so I stared into blackness and thought of you and Jill. It is some quirk of fate that keeps me from having all the women in my life together. I will be positive about this.

I wanted to call you just before we left, but I could not. I didn't know that I would have been able to go if I heard your voice. We have been on the road for about two hours. As we were coming over the San Bernardino, mountains my eyes started to smart. I don't know if it's a residual from last night or if all this clean smog-free air is going to kill me.

We've stopped for gas again. I've been driving for about an hour. I'm into my third cup of coffee. It seems that I am the only one in the family who can drive at night. I don't know how far I can go before I stop. I would like to be within a few miles of Albuquerque before I die, but I know that is not possible. It's funny but when I'm behind the wheel I seem to go blank. Driving is the only time that I am not in pain. It's also the only time when I am not thinking of you.

10-23 Sunday

Madam,

We stopped in Holbrook, Arizona for the night. I had to go to three motels before I could find one open. I guess these good folks don't take kindly to visitors at two in the morning. I still have that headache from yesterday. We are just over the New Mexico border at a major truck stop here on I-40. I can't seem to keep my breakfast down. Deborah says that I look gray. I say I'd better go back to the bathroom.

While I was losing my guts in the bathroom, Deborah struck up a conversation with a trucker from Tulsa. He's a pleasant guy. He was telling us all about the good country and western bars in the area. Two of them we passed when we were house hunting. I'm going to close my eyes and concentrate when we get back in the truck and see if I can get past this wave of nausea. Maybe it's just something I ate.

We are somewhere in Navajo Indian country, 50 miles or so from where we stopped before. I feel better. This is the second time that I haven't been able to keep that protein powder down. While I'm here, I am going to try to make contact with the people from People Exchanging Power. I brought their newsletter with me for the phone numbers.

I finally made contact with the people from PEP. They gave me the address to the house that the group is working on. Deborah and I stopped for about an hour and lent a hand. The group is doing a major renovation on an old house that they acquired for a meeting and party space. The group's founder is in Washington, so we didn't get to meet her but we did talk to a lot of people, and we did help them get a lot of work done. The head of the group, a very nice woman whose name I can't remember, said that she was coming to LA for the Society of Janus party next weekend. I gave her your number and suggested that she give you a call. I hope that you don't mind.

Our next stop was a two hour detour to see a woman named Lavon who lives in Sante Fe. She was the person I told you had needed a place to stay over Gay Pride weekend, so Deborah let her stay with us. Anyway she lives in New Mexico, and it was only an hour north each way so we went up there for a couple of hours. She gave us a "quicker" way back to the highway. Her fast way took us over one-lane roads and through some towns so small they could be movie sets for grade B horror films. No lights on the roads didn't help. The darkness let me rest and think of you for awhile. It also hides the inevitable tears.

10-24 Monday

We have arrived. The day's drive was, for the most part, uneventful. We stayed in the town of Tucumcari, New Mexico, which is about 20 miles from the Texas border. About 5 miles out of town Deborah got a ticket for driving an unregistered vehicle. She couldn't talk her way out of it. I never noticed the expired tags. Perhaps I wouldn't have been so eager to drive if I had. She says that she paid Motor Vehicle but they never sent her the stickers and she just never took care of it. *Anyway...*Not a good way to start a day...

I was quiet on today's drive. I listened to a lot of good country music (it's a good thing that I like it - that's all you hear). And I pondered the beauty of G-d's creation. It truly is a beautiful country. I was so sick coming across country last time, and when I was driving I was concentrating on the road. Either way, I didn't see much the first time. I wish that it were Madam, Jill, Dan and I taking this scenic drive across

country.

The one point of interest as we got off the Oklahoma Turnpike - the guy in the toll booth was very gay and wished us a "happy life in Oklahoma."

10-25 Tuesday

Jill's behavior today has been in sharp contrast to last night. Less than 12 hours ago she was romantic in front of the fire. Now she is acting like an unruly 15-year-old. She has run two stop signs and a red light. She claims that she didn't see any of them. After we bought a fridge, washer and dryer, we stopped at a Git-n-Go (Seven/Eleven) and instead of soda she came out with a beer, which she drank in the car and then got pissed when I took away the car keys. I have to put her on a plane at 4 pm today. It's going to take all the willpower I have to keep from giving her the spanking that she is so desperately asking for. I know that she just wants my attention. It's been a long time. But I wish that she wouldn't take my life into her hands to do it.

The day has been crazy with things to do. I had to go to the phone company to have the phones turned on. The installer is coming in tomorrow to put in three more jacks. I went to the carpet company to get the carpet for the barn. Because I paid for it today they will install it tomorrow. I have to have it in place before the movers arrive with the furniture on Thursday.

The installer is here now hooking up the washer and dryer. This should be interesting. I won't have to go to a Laundromat to get my clothes clean. I won't know how to act. I went into the water company and took care of that, and then I did some grocery shopping. In the last 15 hours or so I have spent \$2,000. And Jill thought this would be an easy move. I spent the rest of the day cleaning and planning all the things that I need to do between now and Thursday. And all the things that I have to do to get the barn in shape. I deserve some sleep time.

10-26 Wednesday

We all stopped working around 9 pm and took a drive to the only gay bar that we had an address for. The place was a real dive, but it was also a men's bar. Deborah struck up a quick conversation with the bartender and he directed us to something more our style.

The place is called TNT and without very good eyesight, it could easily be missed. It's much bigger on the inside than it looks from the street. We met a lot of people there who just came over to say hello

because we were new faces. The ladies made Richard feel right at home. Later in the evening, a few other women came in with guys. And lots of people were teasing us about our accents. From across the bar, came a transferred Angeleno who said that hearing a familiar accent made her feel right at home. We all talked about being transferred and she said that once she slowed down she really liked it here.

10-27 Thursday

I thought this day would never end. For the first four hours, I felt like a traffic cop trying to keep the movers, the telephone men, and the other workers from falling all over each other, and trying to get all boxes and furniture to their proper rooms. It was a chore just getting things to their proper place. And putting the beds back together was a nightmare. I've got less than 18 hours until Jill comes home and she's going to expect not to have to deal with boxes - so tomorrow her room becomes the priority. I'll leave the living room to Richard.

10-28 Friday

Jill's home safe and sound, and four rooms of the house are reasonably together. It took me almost five hours to unpack, fold and hang Jill's clothes. The books were another nightmare. After directing Richard with the living room, I asked Deborah if she would help me with Jill's room. In less than five minutes she disappeared, claiming she doesn't know what to do. Loosely translated, I guess that's, "I don't want to do this!" She spent most of the day either in the kitchen or in her room.

I kept Richard busy unpacking the living room and den. I told him to get things out of the boxes and put them where they looked good. That way there would be no boxes to trip over. So far there have been only two broken glasses and the scrape on Jill's car.

Everything is accounted for and all the valuables are in good order. I had Richard put all the empties outside. The movers were good about that too. They moved empties for me as fast as I could unpack them. My room and Mom's room are both a mess - all the unpacked boxes are in them. I've cleared a path to my bed and enough space to sleep on (which is better than last night Richard and I both slept on the couch). This may take me a week to really get organized. There's so much to do I feel like I may never get it together.

The cable installer will be back on Tuesday to run a cable out to the back (forty) and in Jill's room. (All under the table for \$45 cash).

When will it end?

10-31 Monday

I got the heater fixed today, then I went shopping for food and Halloween candy. While I was out, I picked up some cornstalks and Indian corn to decorate the front of the house. We had about 25 kids today. What made it nice is that most kids, even the old ones, go out with their parents. So I got to meet the rest of my neighbors. I tried to call Madam today but this phone is still screwed up. I'll try later tonight. Maybe I'll take a break and go on the 10 pm hayride. The community makes a big thing of Halloween.

11-1 Tuesday

Richard left today. I shall miss him. He always seems to come through for me in a pinch. Jill came home today at 4:30. It surprised me so much that, at first, I thought there was something wrong. She wants me to slow down once she gets home, but she also wants a lot of things done. On top of that, I feel caught in a double bind. Deborah invited company here for the weekend. All the boxes to be unpacked are still piled high in Mom's room. I can't seem to get her to help me much around the house and that room has to be straight by Friday. Jill would have my head if company came and the house was a wreck. I refuse to lug all those boxes into my room. I can't move in there as it is. So I have to do the unpacking and fixing up the house alone, and I guess that pisses me off. After all, I didn't invite this woman to spend the weekend.

11-3 Thursday

G-d what a day. It's definitely been a good one, just long. The plumber was in to fix the drain to the washer. I can't believe at 1:30 in the morning I'm doing laundry. But I shouldn't complain. At least now I can wear clean clothes. More of the neighbors came by to introduce themselves. Mrs. Frank, from across the street, brought a casserole. She thought that we all might be working too hard to cook. I hope that all my neighbors are just as nice. So far they all seem to be. I found a nursery and a landscape architect today. Now, maybe I can begin to do something with this barren wasteland I've got for a backyard. I have some ideas, but I'd rather let a pro do the arranging first. I can always change it around to my liking as I go. I can't believe there's no charge for the service. The nursery will even give me a discount on my purchases.

I'm getting worried that I won't get this unpacking finished before Deborah's guest comes tomorrow. She still denies anyone is coming and refuses to do anything except in her own room. If I'm wrong the work is done, but if I'm right Jill will hit the ceiling because she doesn't want company yet.

11-4 Friday

Lavon is here. Jill had shit fits on Deborah. I finished the guest room just as she was walking in, and boy am I relieved. After the week I've had, I hope to G-d I don't have to play hostess all weekend as well. On top of it all, I spent four hours doing lawn and yard work. This convinces me that either I get a riding mower or a lawn service. I think I'll opt for the lawn service.

11-5 Saturday

Today has been a well needed and deserved change from my last two weeks. Lavon is spending time at the Tulsa Zoo, and Deborah and I spent the day garage sale hopping. At one sale I saw a pair of denim overalls that will probably fit. I knew that if I bought them Jill would have a fit, and I would probably never hear the end of it. So Deborah bought them for me - they were only a couple of dollars. I'm gonna put them on with my flannel shirt and straw hat and really freak Jill out. But I'm definitely going to wait for a better time. We also stumbled across a church bazaar, so I convinced Deborah that we should stop. Once we got inside, she really had a good time. All the little old ladies were all over us. "Try this...Look at this...Eat my pie," etc. I don't know if it's because we were strange faces or because we were the only young people there.

Coming home, we stopped at one last yard sale. This one had an antique rocker that was absolutely beautiful. The chair is massive. I've never seen anything quite like it. It's gold velvet, although it could stand reupholstering. If Jill wants to get me something for Christmas, that's what I want. It would look outrageous in the living room.

11-7 Monday

I got up at some revolting hour of the morning to get Deborah to the airport for a 7:20 flight. Then I spent another two hours trying to straighten out Mom's ticket. Aside from the penalty, I had to pay the equivalent of a one-way fare. Oh well. I'll be more careful in the future about changing dates.

I spent the rest of the day gardening and typing. Trying to figure out what I said on these tapes to Jean is damned difficult. I can't figure out some of what I said. I feel like, and sound like, a blubbering idiot. I wonder if she knows how much I miss her.

11-8 Tuesday

I can't believe this weather. It's 80 degrees outside without a cloud in the sky. It feels like California. Some representatives from the local church stopped by to invite me to their services. Madam has called three times today. She is, or should I say was, looking for her copy of "No Good Nice Girl." I offered to send her mine but she needs it today. I asked what she needed it for, hoping that maybe she had some good news or an exciting project for publication. I was told that is was none of my business. Madam seems so distant on the phone. It doesn't matter if I call her or if she calls me. There is polite conversation and then it's over. I need her so desperately right now. All the months of not talking about this separation is eating away at me. I hope she is doing better than I am. I'm sure she is. There are others in her life who can fill the empty spaces.

I just wish I knew what direction this relationship will be going in. All I have to go on is "I'm angry, I feel cheated, and I don't want to talk about it." So that's the last time I brought it up. I feel like I'm wandering in the dark.

11-9 Wednesday

My Lady,

It's about 80 degrees outside. The sky is an ugly and ominous shade of gray. Tornadoes and storm warnings are up for this area of the state. I'm at the kitchen table right now trying to talk to you, but I'm distracted by this storm.

The winds are beginning to come up. I was outside for awhile. If I didn't know that it was going to rain, I'd think that I was out on the desert. The temperature is still rising and the wind is blowing hot and dry.

It's a fascinating thing to watch. I wonder if I would have the same attitude if I wasn't within 20 feet of an underground shelter. I think you would enjoy watching this. Maybe you did as a child during the time you spent in Oklahoma.

This has been going on for hours now. It's almost like night outside. I can't believe it. It's over. In less than five minutes it's all over.

Suddenly the skies opened up and the wind blew like nothing I've ever seen before. I wonder how much damage has been done in the area. My neighbor's tree has been blown over. As hard as it was raining each drop might do painful damage.

The skies are beginning to turn blue. I can look toward you and see clear skies about 6 miles off. I would like to call and tell you about this, but I can see that my phone line has detached from the box. I wish the company would come out and bury that line.

I miss you.

11-29 Tuesday

I'm back in LA. I can see that this commuting thing is going to get expensive. If I'm going to come running every time my Mistress calls, we're going to have to work out who pays for the tickets.

Tulsa isn't a direct flight on any airline. So it's also a lot of travel time. At least going west I gain two hours.

Time to gear myself up for Christmas crazies.

11-30 Wednesday

I feel like I'm floating somewhere. I think that I'm as light as a feather. Maybe that's because of all I learned, or should I say relearned tonight.

It took a bit to get over my initial fear. I was so afraid I would really disgrace myself. But tonight's scene was so incredible, and so different from the all too few scenes we have done in the past year or so. There are still little impressions on my temples from the blindfold and on my nipples from the leash. But I think that the most lasting impression is in my mind from tonight's training session. That's what it really was, a training session, a kind of back-to-basics. Tonight made me aware again of all the things that I so often take for granted. Tonight, I was wrapped in layer after layer of fear. But, like the skin of an onion, Madam peeled them away, one by one. I guess not having to see the crowd kept me from thinking a lot about them. And it freed me to experience the fear of being left alone and the deep seated knowledge that she was always somewhere near.

I don't know if I could sense her presence or scent. I guess maybe it was a little of both. I learned all over again to connect to her. The time spent on the cross and at the tip of her whips was just the natural conclusion to the session as it should have been. It put our life roles into the proper perspective, kind of reestablished the power

hierarchy. I wouldn't have it any other way.

It's been far too long since we've spent more than half an hour really connecting with each other in a scene.

12-12 Monday

Madam and I spent part of the day going over her Christmas list, and boxing, sorting and labeling presents. We're going to decorate the house tonight and tomorrow. I hope Mr. L. will be home in time. This will be the first time that I can remember him being there.

12-16 Friday

I'm back in Tulsa. Looks like I'm just in time. After only a few weeks, Deborah has decided to move to Portland. Jill feels betrayed. I feel hurt. A lot of time and expense went into getting her moved out here with is. If she was going to pull this stunt why didn't she just stay in California and move from there?

12-17 Saturday

I picked up Mom from the airport today. She really loves the house and grounds. Jill made a real effort not to be depressed over the Deborah situation for Mom's sake. So far it's worked. I think that if she acts "up" long enough, maybe she won't be acting anymore.

I sent Jill and Deborah out to pick up the Christmas tree. I thought it would be good for Jill if she picked it out. Much to my surprise, they came back with a pine instead of a fir tree. I had all the ornaments ready but Jill declined and went to her room. Before she did, she asked me not to let Deborah help. That would have been a difficult request had it not been for a call from Rachel that lasted well over an hour.

By the time it was over, Mom and I had decorated the tree except for the ornaments that are Jill's alone to handle. I'm looking forward to tomorrow. After Deborah leaves, I'll watch Jill put up the crèche and put her ornaments on her tree.

12-18 Sunday

Deborah left this morning. I got up early to have coffee with her and then sent her on her way. She was a mass of tears. I told her to call me collect each night so that I'll know that she is okay.

Jill got home from the office around 11 am and we spent a quiet day together. I wish I didn't have to put her on a plane tomorrow. I guess

I'm getting greedy for time.

12-24 Saturday

It's a few minutes to midnight. I've just finished stoking a fire out in the barn. I believe that I've got the stove adjusted properly so that the fire will burn through the night. There is food out there and pillows. There is a warm fire in my fireplace and my door is open. If someone were to ask me why I've done what I've done, I could give no answer. About 2,000 years ago a young couple heavy with child needed a place to stay, but there was no room. Long ago I made room in my heart. This day I made room in my home. My logical side knows that in the morning I will go out and gather up the food and let the fire go out. But for now, I know that there is a warm place for any hungry man or animal who needs it, and my door is open for someone who needs assistance.

12-25 Sunday

Christmas Day is quietly coming to a close! My dinner guest stood me up and didn't bother to call. I finally tracked her down two hours later, at her girlfriend's. Other than that, the day has been peaceful and introspective as this day should be. I made a nice meal, but I definitely had too much food. I was cooking for three and we ate late. I never got to my artichoke or salad and tomorrow is back to sainthood. It was fun while it lasted.

My season is only at its center. For 12 more days I will smell pine, read and reread the Christmas story, and hum familiar carols. I believe that I am luckier than most in that there is no dramatic let down. I also believe the spirit of the season lasts much longer and for that I am grateful.

Jill called several times today. We talked about a lot of things and I passed Madam's request for the two of them to talk about Pepper. Jill told me bits and pieces of things that didn't make a lot of sense. But, I gathered from what she said that Alex told her a lot of things that Jean was not aware of.. I think I've convinced Jill that Jean needs to know these things also. Especially since Jill says that if Jean knew all the things that Pepper has done behind her back, they might never speak again. Hopefully Jill can get Alex to tell Jean everything, and at least get everything out in the open.

1889

1-1-89 Sunday

Our anniversary. The first in Oklahoma. A warm city, a happy household, and many years to look forward to. What better way to start the new year?

1-7 Saturday

Madam,

Today Jill and I went into town - downtown Tulsa is at the far north end of the city, 11 miles away from us - to a bar called the 711 Down-Under. I was really impressed by the place. Clean, beautiful, well lit. There was very little dance floor, but a long bar, lots of tables and a grand piano. We were there at the request of a gay guy named Mitch whom we met at Drysdales, a Western store. He wanted Jill and me to come to this bar for a meeting of the Oklahoma Gay Rodeo Association.

About forty men were present (I was in heaven). Jill and I were the only women there. Everyone introduced themselves and said a few words. Jill told the group we had just celebrated 15 years together, and a big cheer went up from the group. After the meeting, lots of the guys came over to say we had given them hope for their relationships.

Anyway, we learned a lot about this particular group and the Gay Rodeo Circuit in general. We were invited to join and accepted. That makes us the first women in the group. We also have been roped into the committee that handles the Spring Rodeo Fund-raiser.

I was delighted at how relaxed and eager Jill was to get involved. This is a major step for her in terms of putting down roots. We started with Gay men. I guess we have come full circle.

1-14 Saturday

I took Jill to the airport this morning. She's off for two weeks in England. I hope she actually sees some of the country. After all, an office is an office no matter where it is!

I'm still in a lazy frame of mind. I've been like this for about a week now. In some ways it's great to sleep late, stay up late, watch

television (I've watched more in the last 7 to 10 days than I have in the last year), play solitaire, talk to - and be with - Mom. I've still got two or three days of this left in me, then the work mode will begin again. G-d does this feel strange.

Unfortunately, I can't be in LA next weekend. Jill wants me close in case she needs something. Why can't I have my cake and eat it too?

1-16 Monday

I spent four and a half hours at the mechanic today. I took the Ford in for tires and ended up having a lot of other repairs done. Since I was miles from home, I ended up waiting.

Took Mom out afterwards shopping, then we had Chinese food. I've been having a lot of trouble with my stomach lately. I never seem to get full. I'm eating and eating. The extra exercise, the weights and the walking haven't dampened my appetite one bit. If I can't control this myself within a few more days, I'm going back to Optifast.

2-1 Wednesday

Madam wants me, so here I go. We have to come to some kind of agreement. All this travel is killing my budget.

2-20 Monday

Madam and I were supposed to leave tomorrow for San Francisco. Her dad's angiogram last week made her decide to stay close to home instead. The two of us were supposed to do the program meeting for the Society of Janus on Thursday night. Now I will be doing it alone. I have no problem with that. I hope they don't.

2-21 Tuesday

I've decided to drive instead of fly. The drive up to San Francisco will give me some time to myself. I start a new production in a week. Shooting schedule is always insane, so I better take time for myself when I can. I'll spend tonight in Morro Bay, then continue in the morning.

2-23 Thursday

The meeting was delightful. I spent two hours talking about "slavery." I started with historical slavery through the ages and different cultures, brought that to s-m as a subculture, then talked about my own. I was surprised at the number and type of questions asked.

I tend to take my lifestyle for granted. After all, it's my life, and I don't find it unusual. I forget just how novel it is. The women of the Outcasts have asked me to join a panel discussion tomorrow evening. Their group's meeting is on different kinds of s-m relationships. I'm looking forward to it. I guess my relationship to Madam gets the award for unusual.

2-26 Sunday

It's all over now but the long drive home. My host and hostess have been delightful. I have been wined and dined with splendor, even though I'm fasting, and I've had a wonderful time.

I have missed Madam not being here, but I must confess, it's been a different world being out without her. I have put out of my mind many of the things that I have given up to be a slave. I had almost forgotten what it feels like to go out with a group of friends and not have to ask permission first, or politely decline the offer altogether. I've forgotten how to be in public alone, without having to attend to someone else's needs. I had even forgotten that I'm a good conversationalist. I can hold up my end of a discussion on most topics with the best of them. I have learned, or should I say re-learned, much this weekend, and I'm very grateful for the experience.

2-27 Monday

First day on the "job" was the usual mass chaos. Nothing was where it was supposed to be. The production cars weren't ready. Transportation wasn't ready and the maps were wrong.

I can't complain too much, though. Without these four weeks of work I couldn't afford to fly out here to be with Madam.

3-8 Wednesday

This is my third nineteen-hour day in a row. I haven't slept since Sunday night. My body is going into rebellion. Working all day in production, then getting Madam's work done at night, isn't as easy as it used to be. I can't seem to muster the energy like I could a few years ago.

I can understand Madam wanting her work finished. I'm her slave. She has threatened to not let me work at all. Without eight to ten weeks of work a year, I wouldn't be able to pay the bills involved with my life with her in California. It's not like I'm putting money in the bank. What I earn barely covers what it costs me to be here.

I have often wondered what I'm going to do in my old age.

There is no pension plan or retirement plan for slaves.

3-17 Friday

It's over!!!!

Thank G-d. Tonight I treat myself to two hours in a sensory deprivation tank. I *need* to relax. Tanking out is the only way that I can get out this much frustration. I haven't done this in months. I deserve it.

Maybe I won't be so needy after tonight. Madam isn't well enough to play with me, and I don't feel like blood will relieve this. It's nice to be multifaceted.

3-22 Wednesday

I've only been back home a few hours and my phone is going crazy. I've got work up the yin-yang, and a committee meeting in a few hours.

- Evening

I feel like I've just stepped into the eye of a hurricane. Bo and I are the new co-chairs of the rodeo events committee. That will teach me to leave town before an election. Any way...there are permits to get, vendor contracts to fill out, prizes to get donated, entry and waiver forms to create, an insurance policy to secure, and my sanity to keep in between time. Tomorrow I start to hustle.

4-12 Wednesday

Three days and counting. I know that I have forgotten something. I just hope that I remember it between now and Friday. I've secured an ambulance, a mobile phone has been donated for the day, Port-a-Potty's will be delivered Friday night, trophies are at the ranch, parking signs are in place, and the volunteers will meet us in the park at 4:30 am.

Please, G-d, don't let anyone get hurt, and don't let anything go wrong.

4-15 Saturday

What a wonderful day. Mohawk Park in Tulsa was full of Gay cowboys and cowgirls. Months of planning and hard work paid off. Everything went like clockwork. We had eighty riders and hundreds of people watching. Best of all, a lot of money was raised for charity.

Rows and rows of merchants hawked their wares. Budweiser

sent their biggest beer truck. No one misbehaved, and no riders were injured. I was proud of the rodeo events committee and even more proud of all the trophies Tulsa's riders took home.

Now that everyone's horses have stretched their legs, I expect our guys to bring home the buckles and prize money from the Great Plains Regional Rodeo next month.

4-27-98 Thursday

I'm out of here again. Five days in Seattle for the National Leather Association's May Day, four days in Portland, a week in New York, then home just in time to finish my work on Tulsa's portion of the Great Plains Regional Rodeo.

4-28 Friday

I have a feeling that the schedule for the weekend won't allow for much play either, but much is expected from the group's token "heterosexual" and slave.

- Later

Many of the officers of the Seattle chapter have requested of Jean that I be allowed to run for the Ms. NLA title. We spent some time this evening talking about the commitment of time the title would take, should I win it. There would also be less anonymity for her should her slave become the next spokesperson for this group. I was surprised at her attitude about this. She seemed almost eager for me to be the next Ms..

4-29 Saturday

Madam gave her blessings to the officers. I guess that's what they were hoping she would say. Now everyone is running around trying to find me the appropriate wardrobe. I didn't bring anything to wear that would meet the requirements of this contest. I've just filled in the application and given it to Wayne. He's grinning from ear to ear.

- Evening

The powers that be have decided that it would be a conflict of interests if I competed for the title. Either Madam would have to disqualify herself as a judge, which would leave them one short, or I must resign from the competition. I admit that I am breathing a sigh of relief. I believe that I could have won. I think that is the one possibility that Madam really hadn't counted on.

- Late

I was asked to serve as Dungeon Assistant at tonight's party. As

a result, I could be of little assistance to Jean during her scene with Alex. It looked like they were having a good time.

4-30 Sunday

Madam had a wonderful time. The judges' panel picked two incredible people. Guy Baldwin, for Mr., and Jan Lyon for Ms.

The workshops were super. Because of my participation in the weekend's festivities, I've been asked to participate in workshops at Living in Leather this fall.

5-1 Monday

I have met the clan dentist. What an amazing man. Two hours were spent working on my canines and the surrounding teeth. When the cutting, filing, and polishing were finished my eye teeth were everything that I could ever want them to be...long and sharp.

5-2 Tuesday

Richard has given me about fifteen thousand dollars to play with. I think I can find him some real estate bargains with that amount of money. He has agreed to let me invest a certain amount of cash for him over the next three years. He would just piddle this amount away over the course of a year anyway. If I play his cards right, when I'm finished, he will have something to show for the money he would have spent on magazines and cigarettes.

5-4 Thursday

I spent a good portion of the day looking at houses for Richard. More properties in the area are coming up for sale. Portland will be a good investment for him. So far, most of these properties can be had for a six or seven thousand dollar down payment with easy mortgage terms. I really did my homework on this one. It should pay off for him in a big way in just a few years.

5-6 Saturday

A most interesting morning. My flight out of Seattle was at 7 am this morning. Since I have finally gotten accustomed to my teeth, I had forgotten that they could be considered unusual. They don't show unless I laugh. The attendant behind the United counter made some joke about the earlyness of the hour, I laughed, he freaked and took off for the door. A few minutes later his supervisor came out of the office apologizing for

his employee's strange behavior. I was given breakfast, compliments of United Airlines, and a bump up to first class.

Seated ever so comfortably in row 3 seat 2, it was time to serve coffee. The stewardess handed me my cup and made small talk while she poured. No big deal. When she came back to refill my cup, however, she was looking at my face and not what she was doing. It's a good thing I was wearing leather pants. She missed my cup by at least 6 inches and poured the coffee right into my lap. Boy did that hurt. I stayed calm, but she didn't.

In retrospect, it was a funny incident. I wonder how many more of them I'm going to have?

5-14 Sunday

Today is Mother's Day, and I get to spend it with my mother. I took her to dinner at The Pines. We got to spend some time together that I wouldn't normally get.

Oh Mom, I wish that you would just move in with Jill and me. We miss you when you are not around. So do the men of T.U.L.S.A.. They need their mascot, and den mother.

5-16 Tuesday

New York to Tulsa. Boy am I glad to be home. Madness is starting all over again. The Great Plains Regional Rodeo is two weeks away. I have some serious work to do and not a lot of time to do it in. Haven't I done this dance just recently? I'm beginning to sound like a broken record.

5-28 Sunday

The Great Plains Regional Rodeo is now over. Mega-bucks for charity, and lots of first place buckles for Tulsa. **I love it!!!!**

This weekend, I got to enjoy myself a little. I had time to spend with Jill and time to watch some great female "Rough Stock". I don't think that there is any amount of money, or any amount of bragging rights, that would make me put my backside on the back of fifteen hundred pounds of hostile bull. I salute the women who do it. The women at the rodeo this weekend made it look easy. Jill and I sponsored the Woman's Bull Riding buckle. I think we will do it again next year too.

6-18 Sunday

Oh G-d I'm thirty-seven. I feel like sixty-seven. I've got to get some more energy if I'm going to keep up this pace. Maybe I'll go out and bite someone. Where is Wardell when I need him?

6-20 Tuesday

Wasn't I just on a plane a few weeks ago? Which way am I flying anyway? Boy, could I use a scene. I've only played once this year.

6-22 Thursday

Madam and I talked about scheduling. She wants to give me Sundays off so I can have time to do what ever I want. I'm already having visions of lazy Sunday mornings when I will sleep until noon, sunbathe all afternoon, or go to a museum, and then see friends in the evening.

I wonder what has made my Mistress suddenly become so generous with time? Usually she wants me working in one form or another unless I'm at the gym. I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. Madam might change her mind. I haven't actually had time for friends, when I'm in LA, in so long that I wonder if I still have friends here to have time for.

6-24 Saturday

Madam has just informed me that she wants me out of the house by 6:00am tomorrow morning. My dear Mistress wants her Sundays to herself to spend with her husband and children. I am not to come back until after eight at night. This will be the new procedure for Sundays from now on, for as long as I am with her in LA.

Ain't this a kick in the ass? I no longer have a house in the area to go to. My home is fifteen hundred miles away in Oklahoma. What happened to all that bullshit about me being part of the family? What happened to her responsibility to take care of my needs? What happened to Sundays off to do what I wanted to do?

Where the Hell am I supposed to go? My mistress' answer? *"I don't give a damn what you do, as long as you don't do it here."*

6-25 Sunday

I was out of the house at 5:45 this morning. I guess Jean wanted to make sure that I got the message...the back door to the house was locked - I couldn't even go to the bathroom. It's a good thing that I

happened to have my car keys with me or I would have spent the day walking.

I drove to the parking lot by the Pacific Design Center, used the privies set up for the Gay Pride Parade later today, took the blanket and pillow out of my trunk and went to sleep in the back of my car until almost ten. I washed up and brushed my teeth in the bathroom of The Palms, then found a spot on the grass to watch the parade. I spent the rest of the afternoon and evening at the festival, then went back to Madam's (I'm even reluctant to use the word home.) I guess it could be worse.

Maybe I should think about renting a room somewhere. It would only get used one day a week, but I can't keep doing this every weekend. I think that I deserve to rest one day a week, and I don't consider sleeping in the back seat of my car, or down at Jean's dungeon, resting. With my luck, if I go down there, she will expect me to spend the day cleaning her playroom.

7-2 Sunday

Alex felt sorry for me. We spent the day at Elysium Fields. At least I got to do some sunbathing. Alex had me try on a corset that Mike had. We went to his room for a little privacy.

Tiffany was on the field, and she came too. I guess I was feeling needy or submissive because the fitting almost turned into a scene. I know that Jean said that she didn't give a damn what I did, but my own rules of loyalty wouldn't let me go through with it. It would have been so easy. Thinking about the whole afternoon now, I regret that I didn't give in and play. Jean would never have known. I know that Alex wouldn't have told her.

Maybe this is some form of exotic test.

7-6 Thursday

We had another meeting at Alex's tonight. NLA-LA is well on its way to becoming the best National Leather Association chapter in the country. I'm proud to say that I'm a founding member. The core group of folks will get this club off to a good start. I have a feeling that great things will bloom from this new NLA chapter.

7-8 Saturday

Alex has offered to let me stay with her from Saturday night through Sunday from now on. It's a most gracious offer. I just feel like I would be imposing.

Mistress Ryn is in town. I've been invited out to dinner tomorrow with her, her slave, and Alex. This should be an enjoyable afternoon.

7-9 Sunday

Today was the second time that temptation has been put in front of me. Mistress Ryn is definitely the most seductive of them all.

We had dinner at a Japanese restaurant in Century City. The tables were made to appear traditional, but instead of actually eating in the kneeling position, your legs slip down into a pit. Each dinner party was sectioned off from any other by rice paper curtains and sliding dividers. The room was cozy and very private. After a delicious meal, Alex dared me to slip into the pit under the table. She reminded me that Jean didn't care what I did, so why not enjoy myself with one of the most beautiful women in the Scene?

Ryn was encouraging me on so I went under the table.

I have always had a bad case of the hots for Mistress Ryn. So does half the Scene. I'm not alone. Once I was under the table I just couldn't do anything. I was again bound by my own codes. I'm still Jean's slave even if she doesn't care about me. I wrapped my arms around Mistress Ryn's legs and cried.

- Late

I know that Alex is worried about me. We talked today about the Scene and my relationship with Madam. At first I felt a little awkward talking to my owner's lover. I just had to remember I was also talking to my good friend.

Alex, more than anyone, knows that Madam and I rarely play. She has watched my frustrations grow over the years, and she has tried to help me handle them. We just don't handle them the same way. When Alex needs a scene, and she can't get it from Madam, she just goes to someone else to get her needs met. More than once, Alex has offered to buy me any Dominant that I wanted. Today I almost reached out to Mistress Ryn.

I know how sincere those offers are. I wish that I was more like Alex. I wish that I could get past my own loyalty. I would be a much happier person. Madam would never know what was going on, but I would. The brand on my leg stops me from going outside of my relationship to get what I need so badly.

7-13 Thursday

There is a by-laws committee meeting in San Francisco this weekend. Madam is on that committee, but has decided not to attend the meeting. She is sending me in her place. I'm off first thing in the morning.

Maybe she is sending me because I've done this kind of committee work before. This would not be my first time laboring on organizational structure.

7-16 Sunday

It's been a very productive weekend. There is still work to be done and many points need to be ironed out. I believe the structure and statement of purpose will stand the test of time and serve as a beacon for other leather groups around the country.

There are some controversial issues that were brought up for discussion this weekend. The one that worries everyone most is what to do about NAMBLA. Their organization advocates behavior that is in violation of the law. Race and Guy think that they might apply for affiliate status with the NLA.

7-23 Sunday

I spent my day of rest cleaning Madam's dungeon. There is still a plumbing leak in the bathroom. Madam promised to get someone in here to fix this leak months ago. She thinks that it's my responsibility as the owner. I told her that I would pay for it. The water this leak is wasting is coming out of Jill's and my pocketbook - we still pay the water bills for this property.

Not any plumber can come in here. I need someone in the Scene to fix this leak. Madam says that she has someone but she's been saying that for almost a year.

8-1 Tuesday

Madam asked if I was going to give her and Dan dinner on Friday at their favorite restaurant. Each year she expects me to treat them for their anniversary. This year I haven't worked much. I really can't afford it. Never once has Madam given Jill and me an anniversary present. I thought presents were supposed to be presents, not obligations.

8-3 Thursday

There has been a call. Kenny Hartman is in the hospital. He just shot himself.

- Evening

A friend has taken his own life today. I feel helpless and full of questions. Kenny was a good man. Jean is in a state of shock. Dan isn't much better. Kenny was godfather to both of the kids. They can't stop crying. I'm in too much of a state of disbelief to cry.

8-6 Sunday

The shock of a few days ago has worn off and the grim pain of truth has set in. There is much for Madam, Dan, and me to do. Kenny's affairs must be put in order. He left extensive and detailed paperwork, including a letter about why he killed himself.

All his major and sentimental possessions are allocated in his will. He even remembered me and Jill. My final mitzvah to my friend will be whatever help I can give to his estate.

8-10 Thursday

Today was Kenny's funeral. Those in attendance represented all the facets of his life. There was grief today but also joy and laughter. We celebrated his life as we mourned his death. That is the way it should be.

8-16 Wednesday

I'm out of here for New York. I promised Richard that I would help him shop for furniture (he's paying for the ticket). It will give me a chance to see Mom.

8-19 Saturday

Mom and I talked about Kenny today. We both had a good cry. This is the first time that I've allowed myself tears. She misses him as much as I do.

8-20 Sunday

I've never been quite so glad to see the lights of Tulsa. This town has grown on me. I'm becoming more and more proud to call Oklahoma my home.

9-26 Tuesday

My plane landed on time and Madam met me at the airport. G-d it was good to see her again. I don't know how much longer I could have lasted.

I did a lot of the usual running around after Madam and I had

lunch together. There is so much that I have to do to get both of us ready for this conference. Madam is still worried about her speech. I just found out that I'm doing two workshops instead of one, and I know nothing about the second one at all. It's the little things in life that make it interesting. Since I'll have a little time to myself this evening, I think I'll work on my workshops.

9-28 Thursday

Madam,

Eight years ago I met you, and that day was to change my life. I can't believe that it's been that long. I can't believe that I've finally surpassed Laura's record. And I can't believe that I love you more now than I ever dreamed possible.

Somehow roses don't seem adequate as a gift to celebrate these past years. Nonetheless, I hope they please you. We'll lift a toast in Portland. I love you.

10-4 Wednesday

I took most of the day to show Madam the sights of Portland. We spent a few hours at the Grotto - as far as I'm concerned, it's the most beautiful and serene place in the United States. Next, it was on to Richard's little enclave of real estate. Madam was full of questions about Portland's projected rate of growth, land and housing costs, and why I chose Portland instead of Dallas or Atlanta. During all the time I was doing the research she never expressed an interest. She may be thinking about investing in the area.

We had dinner tonight at Judy's house. Judy's slaves made an incredible meal. Madam got to play with Judy's boy. He had stars in his eyes by the end of the evening.

10-6 Friday

We spent a good part of the day in the National Advisory Committee board meeting. Madam serves as an elected member. I serve representing T.U.L.S.A.. The Statement of Purpose was reviewed by the board as was the first of many drafts of the by- laws.

10-7 Saturday

My workshops are over. I have been honored to serve on a panel with Gayle . She was moderating the Bottoms Panel I was asked to participate on, and ours was the most well attended of today's

workshops. I finished my portion of the workshop, then opened the floor to questions. But, when I finished speaking, the crowd gave me a standing ovation. I actually turned red. I'm not sure what I said that got everyone cheering - I spoke from my heart and from my experience.

- Late

The Oregon Dungeon Guild puts on one whale of a dungeon party. The space is extensive and well equipped, and I got to talk to people I hadn't seen in years. Madam spent the evening playing with Alex and Sherry, those two could easily be sisters. Their height, weight, and coloring are almost identical, and of course Madam had a good time with both of them. Sherry has a pain tolerance that far exceeds mine - I've gotten too soft from lack of play. Madam says that tomorrow is my night.

10-8 Sunday

This was the last day of the conference and I can honestly say that I enjoyed myself all the way around. It was a pleasure seeing friends, being back in Portland, and it was a pleasure being an active part of the NLA. Of course, I *am* excited about this evening's dungeon party. I'll finally get to wear the white corset that I bought three years ago. I've waited a long time for this night: Madam and I haven't played in many months.

I played with a new toy and a new person this night, and I enjoyed both. My Mistress did not have time for me this evening. There were others who caught her eye. I was passed off to another after a brief negotiation. He wished to enjoy the flesh of this slave. Madam agreed.

My tightly corseted body was rigidly bound to a chair. Unfamiliar hands caressed my skin and relaxed my mind. I rested my head against his middle and allowed myself to enjoy his touch. In just a few moments, he produced a bundle of green leafy twigs and then plucked one from its stem. Gently it was drawn across my chest. Then it was replaced by another and then another.

For a brief time I enjoyed this gentle, if odd, massage. But the areas tenderly touched soon began to burn, as though grazed by acid. The burning sensation spread as the green carrier strayed to other places on my skin. The sensation built in intensity and my skin seemed to come alive.

I squirmed in my bondage, encouraged by the thousands of tiny fires across my chest. The fire spread until it encompassed every fiber of my being. The ropes that held me would not allow my escape, though

there would have been no escape even without those ties that bound. I had to ride the wave of pain and pleasure. I did so...all the way to an orgasm.

Rarely do I enjoy the touch of a foreign hand. This night has been a surprising and delightful exception. I could easily become addicted to this wonderful plant. Thank you, Conrad Hodson, for bringing me such exquisite pleasure

10-9 Monday

It's been twenty four hours since my scene with Conrad. I can still feel the burn of the nettles across my chest. I think I'm in love.

10-10 Tuesday

Back to LA. I start a new film in about a week and there is less than a month to go before the NLA-LA art show. There is still a lot of work and planning to do. Here I go again.

10-17 Tuesday

My new charge is a young actor. My job is to get him from point A to point B on time and without complication. This actor has a reputation for being late - very late - or not showing up at all. Sounds like I've got my work cut out for me.

10-18 Wednesday

This is the first time I've had to break in through a window to pick someone up. I rang that doorbell for almost fifteen minutes. The neighbors were coming out to see what was going on. The bell was ringing within four feet of his head the entire time. This kid sleeps like the dead. This is going to be a *very* interesting four weeks.

10-20 Friday

The teen superstar is a sweet kid. I like him. He can be a little hard to find, and very hard to wake up, but I don't think that he will be half the problem I'm being warned about.

10-22 Sunday

Halloween is coming and Madam has put me in charge of costumes for the Threshold party. She wants to go as her male persona. But, everyone has seen Henry's costumes. Looks like I'm going to have to think of something new.

10-27 Friday

Today the cast and crew celebrated Halloween. The director has requested that we all come to work in some kind of costume, so I put on my chauffeur's uniform. This afternoon, I was asked to run a quick errand for the production secretary: They needed some mail taken to the post office and all the drivers were busy. No problem.

When I arrived at the post office, a sweet old man opened the door for me. I smiled and said thank you. He screamed, grabbed his heart, and fell to the floor. My first reaction was to loosen his shirt as I was calling for help. When I got near him he screamed even louder. I found a phone and called an ambulance, and the paramedics arrived quickly. As they took him to the hospital, he was mumbling about the undead. It's a good thing it's Halloween weekend; no one took him seriously. I have to remember how superstitious many people really are. He's going to be alright, thank G-d.

10-28 Saturday

The "Devil" held court at tonight's party with his disciple by his side. They both had a grand old time.

I outdid myself tonight: Madam was a convincing devil. Two hours in the hands of a professional make-up artist made her that way. I hired one of the makeup women from Crank It Up to come over to the house. She dyed Jean's red hair jet black, gave her a matching goatee, sideburns, and a widow's peak. Then she thinned the nose, hollowed out the cheeks, and deepened the eyes. By the time all was said and done, Madam was a most persuasive man. It was well worth the seventy-five dollar house call. I found us priest and acolyte robes, and added a pentagram and a goblet full of blood (if it had been real I would have consumed it myself), and off we went to the party.

As long as Madam didn't speak, no one knew who she was. People who had known us for years were asking where Jean was this evening. Others wanted to know who I was out with, and whether or not I had permission to be out. I even got six strokes with the cane. It wasn't exactly what I wanted, but any more would have messed up the costumes. I had such a good time that being needy took a back seat for the evening.

10-30 Monday

Just a few days to go before NLA-LA's Art Show. Just about every detail has been worked out. Barbara and Race have really outdone

themselves with this event. It looks like "everyone who is anyone" will be there. After I do my time at the door, I get into my cage to be part of Madam's performance art piece: The "Beast" gets to be on display for the world to see.

11-4 Saturday

The art show was a grand success. Money was made for the club coffers, and the LA art scene had a rare treat. I dare say everything was just about perfect.

During my time in the cage, I met a young man who also had an animal persona whose moniker is Cub. The daddy is a well known s-m artist. His boy-cub and I hit it off so well that I have been invited to San Francisco to get to know the two of them.

11-9 Thursday

Tonight I have learned many things. Far more of them are bad than good. I have learned that my life literally isn't worth a *fuck*.

For the first time in all the years that I have been playing, I truly thought I was going to die during a scene.

Madam and I went down to Lime. Alex joined us later. I had been looking forward to tonight for months. We started the scene with me on the St. Andrew's cross with a length of the chain that kept me on my tiptoes. A number of straps helped keep me attached to the cross including one just under the kneecap of each leg. As the scene went on, the knee straps moved to the point where one was pushing painfully upward against the patella. Before the whipping was finished, the strap pushed the patella completely out of place. The face harness prevented my being able to say anything. I thought Madam had better knowledge of anatomy than that.

By the time that part of the scene was over, I was crying from the pain in my knees. Madam and Alex helped me off the cross and lay me down on top of the cage. I was given a few minutes to rest and get myself together.

Madam brought over a hand full of straps and began to use them to attach me to the top slats of the cage. She told me to exhale. I did, and the first strap was tightened around my upper lungs. The next strap went around my lower lungs, almost at my waist, the third went around my abdomen. Each time a strap was tightened and buckled I had just exhaled. One more strap went around the thighs and one around the ankles.

Madam and Alex went over to the bed and left me attached to the cage. In just a couple of minutes my lungs began to burn. A few minutes after that breathing became painful. I called out to Madam and told her that I was having trouble breathing, but she didn't come over to check on me. I thought she hadn't heard me, so I called out again. Still no response. Maybe this was some kind of test.

I waited. As the pain increased, so did my panic. No one came over to check on me, or even acknowledged that I had said anything. I was scared that, if I didn't calm down, I would die of asphyxia. I think G-d heard me because, in the back of my mind, I heard myself say "Relax, you can control your breathing, and your heart rate. Just breathe shallow and slow."

I did. The chest pains got worse, but I stopped panicking. All the while, I could hear Madam and Alex on the bed. I called a few more times, then gave up. I didn't want to waste any more energy because I wasn't sure how long I was going to be strapped to the cage.

About 20 minutes later, Madam got up and began to remove the straps. By that time my hands and arms had gone numb, and I cried from relief. She helped me sit up, and I started screaming. I must have screamed at the two of them for five minutes. I still can't believe that my life meant so little to them. Even if they believed that I wasn't in danger, shouldn't they have checked? Didn't they care? What they thought was going on was very different from what was actually happening.

Jean was so taken aback by my actions that she became defensive. Alex jumped in to protect her, saying that I sounded like I was using a Scene voice, and that I wasn't really in trouble. Maybe that was Alex's view, but Jean should know better. She, of all people, knows that I have been trained not to talk during a scene. If I say anything at all, I need help.

All the way home she was angry with my behavior. I know that I shouldn't have lost my temper, but damn it...I thought I was going to **die**. And she didn't give a damn. What she was doing with Alex was more important than my *life*. I would like to hear an "I'm sorry," but I know that I won't.

I know that there is always the possibility that I may die in a scene. But if I have to die, I would like it to be deliberately, not accidentally, because my Top didn't bother to check on me. I don't know if I will ever trust Madam in a scene again.

1990

1-1-90 Monday

Happy anniversary, honey. I promised I'd grow old with you, and we're off to a hell of a start. Hope you've got the strength to get me through this year. I wonder what Cassandra's going to say about what the next 365 days have in store.

1-5 Friday

I can't believe we're planning the rodeo this early. I guess it's a good thing, considering last year's paperwork took me three weeks to straighten it out; and an awful lot of aspirin. If Bo doesn't get us some more committee members, we're going to be at each other's throats by May. I guess someone could call this slavery of a different sort. The things we do for charity.

1-10 Wednesday

Cassandra called, and she Jill and I spent an hour on the phone together. Looks like we're going to have some interesting ups and downs this year. More ups than downs, I hope. Well, Jill and I have weathered many things. I'm sure Madame and I will too.

1-21 Sunday

The usual last-minute packing. If these phone calls don't stop, I'm never going to get any sleep. Madame has called twice reminding me to bring things, including my copy of "No Good Nice Girl." It's a good thing I file well. I haven't seen that story in years. She also wants a copy of that fantasy that I wrote about the spider, me, and Alex. Not quite sure why, though, I think she has the original. Ah well.

1-22 Monday

Back in LA. Lord, this was a long flight. I've never had a three-hour delay in Denver before. It seems like nothing flies directly to Tulsa from anywhere. Good to see Madame again. Dan's about to start another movie. I wonder if I'll be on this one.

1-25 Sunday

Madame and I met Karyn and Don down at Lime. Karyn gave me one of the t-shirts she's been working on. This artwork is fantastic! If I didn't know any better, I'd swear I was looking at a college logo. After all, how many students agree that they've "studied till it hurts"? If she does this in sweatshirts, I'm going to have to get one.

I helped Don and Madame do a scene with Karyn. G-d, I wish I had had some play time. But Jean's promising that she'll use the nettles that I've got growing in the backyard, once they get a little older. Thank you, Conrad, for this obsession. I think.

2-11 Sunday

I spent most of the day cleaning Lime. G-d, it's lonely there without the ladies in my life. But Madame's seeing someone there tomorrow, and she wanted the place straight. That's what good slaves are for.

I took the single-tail out to the park and worked out some of my frustrations there. Then I came back, read and played with the dog. A slave's life is lonely sometimes.

2-26 Monday

I don't know if I should laugh or chastise myself for my clumsiness. I came back from Larri and Florida's with some plants to repot. When I got that work done, and started to trim the little garden. Either I'm not watching what I'm doing, or I'm subconsciously trying to do a scene with myself, cause it's been a long time. I fell into my patch of nettles. After the initial shock, boy did that feel good!

Later, Jean saw the rash and teased me for hours. I wonder what's going to happen: she actually looks like we might play.

- 1:15 am

If an allergist saw me now, I'd be taking massive doses of anti-itch medicine. But I like this feeling. Since half the nettles were broken anyway, and most of my body was red, Madame thought that it would be a shame to waste all those broken leaves - they'll be useless in the morning. I spent an hour in the bedroom getting rubbed all over with those wonderful little green leaves. I hope I'll burn for days. We shall see.

3-12 Monday

Special delivery brought me a crap-load of paperwork for Richard. It's going to take me three hours, at least, to sort through these real estate bulletins and find the kind of housing he's looking for. Although I love to do this, Jean's probably going to have a fit. Ah well. I've got to go up to Seattle the end of the week anyway. Maybe I'll just do this on the plane.

3-15 Thursday

I hit the ground running. The real estate agent picked me up at the airport, and we looked at six houses before lunch. I still can't believe these real estate prices. Well, it's a good thing. If my research is correct, this area is going to start to appreciate within the next six to eight months. I wonder how fast these values are going to climb.

3-17 Saturday

I just got off the phone with Richard and have faxed him contracts on two new properties. This will make five in a two-block area. This little gay-leather ghetto looks like it's beginning to take off. The things I do for friends. A real estate consultant would have made a mint in the last year, and I'm doing this just because I can't stand his tax bracket. Who knows? Maybe this idea will work, and the leather ghetto will be born. Three new couples have already moved into the area. Deborah's going to have company, and lots of it.

3-18 Sunday

Home again and already, Jean has work for me to do.

4-12 Thursday

I flew from Los Angeles to Newark to drop these contracts and the rest of this paperwork off to Richard, and I got to spend a few hours with Mom before my flight to Tulsa. I only have this weekend home to get the Rodeo paperwork in order, then it is back to LA until the 10th. G-d, I want to go back to Tulsa. I need the peace and quiet.

5-3 Thursday

I'm back. Oklahoma even smells good.

Jill and I've got a rodeo committee meeting Saturday. We've got to finish getting buckle sponsors, and I'd better get my paperwork together. In a little over a week, I've got to sit down and get all the permits. Oh well, hit the ground running, again. I want to ask Bo what

charities were chosen. I guess I'll call him tonight.

5-10 Thursday

I don't believe this. Of all the things that woman has ever had the nerve to ask me to do, this has got to be the worst. She knew about this trip to Argentina, and as much as I love Larri and Florida, they are not my responsibility. This rodeo is my responsibility, and Jean knows it. There are charities riding on me, and the work this committee is doing, and hundreds of riders all have to be taken care of. And she wants me back in LA on Monday. That's balls. Sheer balls. Jill is going to go ballistic. And if she doesn't, Bo will.

- Later

I've tried very hard to explain this, but Jill just keeps screaming. I don't know what I'm going to do. Jean has given me an ultimatum that basically comes down to "come back or else." She wants to go to Argentina with Dan, and she expects me to come back and take care of Larri. I'm still not even sure what happened to him. She didn't explain. Just be on a plane on Monday. She'll even pay the ticket - that's the first since we've moved. If I can't make Jill understand this, I'll never be able to get the rest of the rodeo events committee. Besides, who's going to have this meeting on Monday? Shit, what am I going to do? If I go, I'll let my friends down, not to mention my mate. If I don't go, I may lose my Mistress.

5-11 Friday

I've called everybody. I may never be able to hold my head up in Oklahoma City again. Ro Ho doesn't even want to talk to me. Neither does Rick. They say I'm betraying everyone and everything. At least the leathermen who are on the committee understand. They just think I'm making the wrong choice. I still can't believe Jean would put me in this position. My time with my mate is supposed to be my own. Well, I suppose this is what slaves are for. Jill keeps threatening to make the call herself, but that situation could get ugly. I'll finish as much as I can and start to pack. Maybe if I can brief the boys, these meetings will go smoothly.

5-14 Monday

I helped Jean pack before I went over to see Larri and Florida. At least now I know what happened. Larri's injuries are slight compared to what could have happened. That fall down the steps could have killed

him. He's spry, but he's also 90. And Florida is no spring chicken either. She'll need help taking care of him until he's better. As much as my head understands why I'm here, my heart is still in Tulsa. I'll call Jill tonight and see if she knows how the meeting went.

5-16 Wednesday

They're off. Jean and Dan are gone for five and a half weeks in Argentina. I'm here taking care of the house and trying to do stuff long-distance. Madame's going to be shocked at this phone bill. Oh well.

5-22 Tuesday

Called my Mom this morning to wish her a happy birthday. Larri and Florida sent their love. I must have spent four hours just asking Larri questions about Hollywood history. His memory amazes me.

6-7 Thursday

Things are definitely going downhill with Larri's mood. We spent two hours today talking about the various subjects I was pondering about a week ago. He truly resents his body, and the fact that the physique he was always so proud of has finally failed. I tried to remind him that he's 90, still has an active mind, and that he really isn't a prisoner in his own home, even though that's the way he feels. Not a lot that I could say seemed to help. I got him up and walking around the bedroom, but I can't convince him to try the stairs. The nurse says he needs to get more exercise, or the leg muscles will atrophy more than they are already.

6-12 Tuesday

As per the nurse's orders, I've gotten Larri up and walking at least 10 minutes a day. I just wish I could get him to go outside. He says he's not ready to tackle the stairs. There's a company called Electra-Glide that specializes in lift chairs. Without measuring, I'd guess that the staircase is wide enough to handle one. They're expensive, but that might be a solution. I'll talk to Jean about it when they get back. She or Dan could tell me if it's a good idea before I broach the topic with Larri and Florida.

6-15 Friday

Today is the first time I've ever heard Larri talk about death. It wasn't a long conversation, but it definitely made me uncomfortable.

6-18 Monday

G-d, I feel old. I'm 38 today and I feel old. I think I'll call Judy and wish her a happy birthday. Jean and Dan are due back next week. I want to get back to my honey. Assuming I can show my face in Tulsa.

6-19 Tuesday

I got birthday greetings from all over the U.S. I don't know why. I thought Jean would call. Who knows, maybe the phone lines aren't that easy to get in Argentina.

6-22 Friday

Lord, I'm hungry. I don't need this little quirk in my system, making things more complicated. I talked to Madame. She says we're going to go out and party when she gets home. I laughingly said, "How about a scene?" Much to my surprise, she agreed.

6-28 Thursday

Madame and I drove all the way down to Lime, but went out to dinner instead.

6-30 Saturday

I went to a party at Griff's tonight. Played with myself with nettles. At least it took the edge off.

7-6 Friday

Home again, home again. Hellooooo Jill!

8-11 Saturday

I spent half the day celebrating the birthday of a good friend, then hopped a plane for Portland. I'll spend three days with Deborah, checking up on Richard's real estate holdings. A quick trip to Jersey with my report, and then back to Tulsa. I'm still coughing LA out of my lungs.

9-18 Tuesday

Back to LA. I got ready to run up to San Francisco this weekend. I gotta do this gig for S.O.J. Problem is, I can't remember what it is they want me to talk about. Better find that letter in the files when I hit the ground.

9-21 Friday

Nooooooooo problem! Talking about Master-slave relationships is a cakewalk. I just feel so damned needy all the time. If I don't play soon, I'm going to rupture something - even a car won't run on fumes for long. It's far more tempting than I thought it ever would be to cut loose in San Francisco. It's at times like these, I remember the tug on my own leash, even if no one else is.

10-4 Thursday

I dropped the convertible at the shop to get a new rag, and I still have two hours to get to LAX to catch the next plane. Jean and I are off to LIL. As usual, I have more workshops than I can handle, not to mention meetings. I hope I've got time to see good friends. These tribal gatherings go by all too quickly.

12-25 Tuesday

Mom and I called Jean, Dan, and the kids this morning to wish them a Merry Christmas. Nicest thing I can say is, the call was brief. Oh well. I have many, many other things to do this day: Mom and I are having company over. I have a turkey in the oven, and lots of handsome cowboys and leathersmen to feed. I wonder what the boys are going to bring Mom this year. Merry Christmas to all.

1991

1-1-91 Tuesday

This is the third anniversary we've celebrated in Oklahoma. Do you feel as at home here as I do, my love?

1-14 Monday

I started a film today. This will be the first film I've done without being on the staff of Dan Lender. It'll be good to see the teen superstar again. It's been almost a year now. I'll bet he's changed.

I've never been hired by a major studio, always by a production company. The script looks good though. I have the feeling this is going to be quite an experience.

I'll drop my stuff at Alex's later, then tell Jean I'm safe and ensconced.

1-25 Friday

We were shooting the wedding scene today. The caterers brought in enough food to feed 300 plus the extras. I've never seen anything as gloriously laid just for a movie. The hall was decorated with more than 30 dozen white roses.

When it came time for cleanup, the florist boxed roses for any of us who wanted them. I had a dozen sent to the teen superstar's girlfriend, a dozen sent to Jean and a half dozen sent to Alex. I think they'll enjoy them.

1-27 Sunday

Spent the day with Alex shopping and having a good time. For the first time in years I feel light and free. We started the day off with breakfast at the Beverly Wilshire. The conversation was wonderful, the food magnificent as always, and our breakfast companion - Shawn.

1-28 Monday

This day on set has been crazy. I've been trying to tie up loose ends on the talk show. When I came home this evening, much to my

surprise and delight, Mistress Ryn is spending the night with Alex. She's in town to see a friend of hers named Dan. I'd love to get to know that woman. Today of all days I wish I didn't have this heavy work schedule. On the other hand, maybe it's better that I do.

1-29 Tuesday

This has been quite a day. I could get to like this. I have limousines taking me wherever I want to go (it's been a long time), and full run of studio greenrooms. Between lunch with one star, and the talk show with the teen superstar, I'm beginning to understand the personality - ego - problems that celebrities seem to acquire.

2-2 Saturday

Jean and I went out to dinner tonight. This is the first time in more than nine years that I've felt awkward in her presence. I kept the conversation light, simple and work-related. Jean responded to the queries and comments about work but we both stayed away from the topic of us.

2-8 Friday

This is the second day of night shooting. I'm evil, I'm tired, and I'm getting too old for this. I've no urge whatsoever to go to the Threshold party tomorrow night. What fun would it be without a play partner? Alex wants me to do this, and I really don't know why.

2-9 Saturday

Today has been crazy. We had a press conference for Crank It Up and an interview at the St. James Club. Nice place - snotty as hell. Got home just in time to change for the Threshold party. I don't know if I really want to go to this thing. Only once have I been to a party without Jean. This should be interesting.

- Later

G-d forgive me, I don't know what I've gotten myself into, and I really don't know why I've enjoyed it. I have a feeling this night is going to have repercussions like the endless ripples in a pond.

Alex and I went to the party, and she said I could play with anybody that I wanted to. The decree was her right, she claims, since she is acting in Jean's stead as my owner. I called her on it to play with the one person I've wanted to play with for many years. Before I told Alex who it was, she lightly said, "Play with anyone you want." I verified that

offer twice, and she didn't change her mind. When I told her the person I wanted to play with, and who wanted to play with me, was Tiffany, Alex dropped everything and everyone she was doing to carefully watch and supervise.

I can't believe how badly I needed that scene. Even more, I can't believe that I responded. I've never had foreign hands on me, unless I was performing for my owner. I've never enjoyed someone else's touch until tonight. Am I responding to need or is something deep inside of me sending me a message I have not yet figured out? What am I going to do?

The repercussions from this may rock my world. I wonder if Alex has any idea of just how earth-shaking her generous offer may prove to be? She swears she can smooth this over with Jean. She knows how badly I needed tonight.

2-10 Sunday

Up and at 'em at some painfully early hour to get the teen superstar ready for a photo shoot with B. Webb. I drifted in and out of this day, sometimes in a euphoric cloud and sometimes in a depressive funk. Conscience and joy are fighting a battle that, no matter what the outcome, I have a feeling I will lose.

My own guilt condemns me for enjoying the touch of someone I barely know, much less love. My body and spirit rejoice at having been set free of need, if only temporarily. It's been far too long since I've given in and taken the fuel that keeps this slave going. And yet, it somehow feels wrong to have been renewed and regenerated by anyone but my owner. I hate crises of conscience. I tried to talk to Alex about this. She doesn't get it. She never has. Her advice is enjoy, enjoy, enjoy. If I follow her example, and her encouragement, I would go with the flow of the moment, and enjoy Tiffany since she trips my trigger, and not give a passing thought to she who permanently holds my leash, Alex notwithstanding. I've listened to her tell me that for years. Damn near eight years. Long stretches like these, lasting many playless months, make me think she's right. Scenes like last night and the incredible high I surfed only seem to confirm that. What in the hell am I going to do?

2-14 Thursday

A day of love, a day for sweethearts and good friends to exchange sentimental greetings. What the hell am I doing? I'm sending flowers to the teen superstar's mother and girlfriend and agent: all of the

people in his life. I'm sending flowers to Jean, who barely has time to say two words to me, Jill, who's busting her butt at home, and Alex, who seems to be the only one talking to me right now. And I'm sitting here with my thumb up my ass wallowing in confusion.

Happy Valentine's Day.

2-17 Sunday

I went to some sort of conference today. Perhaps I should call it a vendor fair - a psychic vendor fair. Tiffany whisked me away after work to a Whole Life conference in Pasadena. I was there anyway. Taking a little time after finishing the teen superstar's business was a pleasant diversion. I don't know if I'm complicating my life, appeasing my emotional libido, or fueling psychosexual desires that I can never satisfy. I must be out of my mind.

- Later

I spent the night in his arms. I enjoyed it. I needed it. I needed to feel the touch of someone whose only concern was me, who didn't care about work, who didn't care about my troubles with Jean, who didn't care about my emotional distress over Tiffany. He's wonderful. I haven't had a fling since '86. It never dawned on me that I would find such a pleasant and well-hung diversion on set.

2-18 Monday

I spent the day running errands for Jean. No big deal one way or another. I did the duties a good slave does. During the course of the day, my owner barely said two words to me. No pleasantries, no politeness, no conversation about what I had been doing. Just my next orders. Julia hasn't been here so I cleaned. The errands are backing up, as is evidenced by the number of packages to be returned by United Parcel. I feel like an employee - no, that's not right, a stranger. Employees usually get more consideration. There's such a chill in this house, it's hard to believe I even live here. I'll be so glad to get back to Alex's. At least with Alex I can find peace.

2-19 Tuesday

Spent the day in North Hollywood doing some looping. Tiffany brought me dinner. She's actually a very good cook. I had a twinge today. A little twinge about the party and the joy and the elation and the soaring, and how good it felt to have my needs met. And what scared me was that I had the twinge about Tiffany, and not Jean.

Why can't my owner see that I'm dying to play and truly dying because we haven't played. The obvious is obvious to everyone but the person I care about most. And the person who, after a decade, should know me better than everyone. I'm finding relief and release thinking about a stranger. Shit.

2-22 Friday

I left work early today, so I gave Tiffany a bullwhip lesson before I went home. She's surprisingly good. There's a natural aptitude for the single tail that I may yet develop if time permits. She's picked up enough in the hour we were together to practice on her own. I don't know her well enough to loan her one of my whips, but if she can acquire a practice toy, she'll be well on her way by the time we get together again.

2-23 Saturday

Two friends have joined today. They have not only said the conventional "I do's" required by the state and by religious conviction - they have decided to declare their love before the Los Angeles SM scene.

I helped prepare the bride, attending her as best I could, and I smiled lovingly as, before their guests, they declared a special love for each other. Timothy - now called Rabi - has told the world that he not only loves the woman who is now his wife, but he will now be master to the slave called Viva. Such joinings are so rare. I hope that both relationships succeed. I'm sure the marriage will be fine. But, too often the master-slave relationship disintegrates because of the weight of being husband and wife. I wish them both love and strength. I promised Viva that I would be there for her if she ever needed someone to talk to.

2-25 Monday

I spent another night in his arms. I'm using him and we both know it. And yet it doesn't seem to matter. I've never lived for the moment until now. I enjoy him and he me. So much for being a lesbian. I could never be in another woman's arms. I have a mate, and I will not compromise my marriage by seeking pleasure from a woman. But he does not threaten Jill, and he does not violate the parameters my spouse and I set down so long ago. I guess this really has been a season for firsts.

2-26 Tuesday

The teen superstar's schedule is going to kill me. It's a damn good thing I'm an insomniac. We were up most of the night; make that all night, visiting the Star Trek set, then we returned to working on another film this afternoon.

It was one hell of a rush standing on the bridge of the USS Enterprise. I sat in the captain's chair and walked that set all alone. It's everything this Trekker every dreamed of. I moved to Spock's station, then damn near memorized the dials. I sat in Uhura's seat and couldn't resist saying out loud, "Hailing frequencies open, sir."

It really was a Trekker's dream, a childhood dream come true. I was surprised at how lax security is around the set. Of course it damn near takes an act of Congress to get on the set, but once there, no one cares what you do, or where you go.

2-27 Wednesday

I spent two hours on the phone tonight with Tiffany. I curled up in my bed, with phone in hand, and told her everything that I was thinking and feeling about the past few weeks. I explained my emotional disarray. I explained the situation between Jean and me, and why I was living at Alex's. I explained how Alex had been my mentor and tried to guide me, and I told her that my conscience was preventing me from doing what my body wanted to do so badly. I was more than delighted that she understood and ecstatic that she had her own solutions. Some will work, some aren't even good ideas. But best of all, there will be a friendship that I think I need badly right now.

It's only been since this film began that I've stopped to analyze just how much I've lost and how many people I've given up in the last nine years. I have many acquaintances but very few friends. The invitations have stopped coming because I can never accept them. The conversations are no longer, because I never have time to talk. One of the few people who hasn't given up on me is Alex, and why she holds on is beyond me. I hate to admit just how lonely I am and how badly I need a friend. Let's see what happens.

3-3 Sunday

I've confirmed reservations for my San Francisco trip later this month. I'm going to judge IMsL. Tiffany is going up for the competition and wants to be my roommate. That has not, I repeat, has not set well with Jean. Alex thinks I should go and have a grand time. I respect and

hate Tiffany for the fact that she won't play with me again without Jean's permission. If I fight this, I'll be denying how badly I need to play. And if I give in, I'm afraid I'll be opening emotional doors that belong to Jean, and that I really don't want to open.

Here we go again.

Alex, do you have a solution for this one?

3-7 Thursday

Today is Jean's birthday, and I've got a 20-hour work day. The most I'll be able to do is send flowers. I wonder if that will be enough. I'll try to call this afternoon, but with her mood and distance lately, I doubt if that will be enough.

The next three days read like a horror story. I'm supposed to be off Sunday, but I've got a screening, a Make a Wish party, and a party to attend with the teen superstar. I wonder if I could get Nancy to go in my place. Maybe then I could spend a little time with Jean.

3-9 Saturday

I went to a screening today, then shuttled the teen superstar all over the place. It's a hell of a lot more fun than a desk job, but I'm beginning to feel the hours. Thirty-eight-years-old and I ache.

3-11 Monday

I spent part of the day running errands for Jean. She hasn't even thanked me for her flowers, not that I expected her to. The temperature in here could freeze alcohol. I thought this would be the time when we would work things out. I hoped we could talk about my concerns and long overlooked needs. But, they are the last things she wants to talk about. She doesn't even want to acknowledge my presence. Just be efficient. That's all that matters.

3-12 Tuesday

I've got a four hour break before I go back to the set. Jean wanted me to come back to work today, but she didn't want to talk to me when I said I only had four hours to give her. There's so much we could have done in four hours. Talked over lunch, talked over a drink, just talked. Oh well.

I drowned my sorrows in a shopping spree instead. I damaged my wallet to the tune of almost \$1,000. Three leather jackets and a pair of pants later, I'm not smiling. But Alex thinks the new clothes are just

what I need.

3-16 Saturday

Tiffany,

My place at the foot of your bed gives me a wonderful, and unfair, vantage point. Long before you ever brush night sleep from your eyes, I have emerged from my nest of sheets and quilt to watch you sleep.

You tend to sleep with your head turned gently to the right. A mass of undisciplined curls cover your pillow and gently frame your face. A part of me wished to gently disengage the soft pedicured foot resting against my breast so that, with a new position, I might see you better. But I would not disturb your rest for all the world.

Morning's light sneaks in and, like a lover responding to an old and familiar touch, your body greets it, though your mind rebels. You stretch like an aroused cat, slowly shaking lethargy from your muscles. But it is what comes next that I lovingly wait for.

"Vi."

"I'm here," I respond.

Your voice is soft as a kitten's purr, as fluffy and fuzzy as a cotton ball. You don't understand the smile on my face. The sweetness of that morning sound always brings the same response.

3-17 Sunday

"Cute. Yes ma'am, that is what I said."

You really don't get it. Until you see what I see, or I can make you intellectually understand, you never will.

"You are cute when you wake up in the morning."

Have you ever watched a kitten or puppy wake up from a nap? They stretch, yawn, and shake the sleep from their lungs. Then they stand, a little unsure, and try to look totally in control. You're an animal lover; I'll never tell. It is easy to give in to the urge to rub the kitten's belly and smile at the attempt at "cool."

The kitten may grow to be a tiger and the dog a vicious killer; I'm not denying the power that will soon be theirs. Yet, for that brief time, they are "cute." By evening, when I come back to you, there is no evading the force of your presence or the power of your will. But my gift from Morpheus is the disheveled, disconnected delight that you are for the first few minutes of the day. It serves to remind me how easily the kitten grows claws and teeth.

3-18 Monday

Tiffany,

I empathize with the moth, inexplicably drawn to the candle. Even as the flame sears its wings the moth will overcome any pain and all odds to merge for one brief moment with the candle's blinding power. I understand that need when I am with you.

I empathize with the ladybug who flutters one last time in the bright summer sun before being captured by a curious child and accidentally crushed. "Make a wish." I did.

I empathize with the butterfly impaled by its belly on the sharp steel pin that mounts it to the proud collector's board, its wings spread for all to see.

I am more like my winged friends than I know. My collector's pins are also steel, but I am bound by my wrists to your display frame. My body is drawn to the "heat" of you and like the moth I will eagerly endure all.

3-21 Thursday

Off to San Francisco. I could get used to flying first class. It's amazing the things they pay me to do just to keep my boss company. Two weeks in San Francisco, and G-d only knows what after that. One thing's for certain, it will be the most interesting two weeks of my life.

3-30 Saturday

"Are you coming back to me?"

"I don't know"

"If you're not coming back to me just the way things were, I want you and your things out of here before you leave Monday morning."

"Alright"

That was just a few short hours ago. I knew it was ending - it has been for two and a half years - but I never expected it to happen like this. In truth I don't know what I was expecting. Did I really expect Madam to form a new relationship based on honesty, friendship and mutual trust? Not really. I knew that six months ago.

"This is the way the world ends. This is the way the world ends. This is the way the world ends. Not with a bang, but a whisper."

Now that it's ended what should I feel? Right now I feel relief. Not sorrow, or emptiness, or even a sense of mourning, although I suppose that will come. Just relief that the pain has stopped. Relief that

the awkwardness is over. Relief that vows long broken now no longer bind.

I was asked why I didn't end this long ago. Yet, how could I explain to those who thought me crazy for continuing on the sanctity I place on my vows? When I say "I do," I will.

4-23 Tuesday

The teen superstar gave me tickets for the Phantom of the Opera tonight. This is the sixth time I've sat in the orchestra in this theater. I have always enjoyed the lyrics of this operetta. Now they seem to take on new meaning.

4-25 Thursday

This is my third trip into the chiropractor this week. My shoulder seems to be getting worse, not better. I'm incredibly grateful for anti-inflammatories and painkillers. I just don't know how much longer any of this is going to work.

5-20 Monday

Tiffany,

My hand reaches for a phone to call you. There is no reason for me to call. Yet, I know that you wish to speak to me. My mind has told me so. I dial your number. In moments I hear your voice. "Did you get my beep?" Before I can say "No," my pager sounds its alarm. When I check the number, it's yours.

I have often cursed the intrusive invasion that is my "electronic leash." Part of me resents the ease with which it allows the world to invade my privacy. For the sake of practicality, it remains on. Your ease and use of my identity code makes all the others who also wish to reach me less jarring on my senses.

7-26 Friday

American Airlines to San Francisco, then a five hour drive to Guerneville. I'm looking forward to four days off. I've been on one hell of a roller coaster these last few months. I just need to get lost in my tribe for awhile.

A leather weekend in the wine country sounds like the perfect way to do it. I'm also looking forward to spending time with my Daddy. I haven't seen the Artist since March. I know his health is failing. All I can hope is that this weekend is good for both of us.

We're supposed to do some work on the series. Seven of the drawings are finished, five more to go. I'm honored to be the only woman to be included in the series. I wonder what I'll look like.

8-18 Thursday

The work is finished. The loose ends are tied up. This place is driving me crazy. I am so looking forward to getting out of here tonight, if only for a few days.

I'm not sure why I'm going up to see Deborah, but I can't stand this rift going on between her and Jill.

10-7 Monday

This will be the first conference I've gone to without Jean. To say that I feel awkward is an understatement. I don't know if I'm ready for the barrage of statements, questions, and puzzling looks that I know I'm going to have to deal with. I wonder if she's going to be there. I hope she didn't back out on Tony DeBlase because she didn't have me around to do the work. I can get through this. I *can* get through this. I **can** get through this.

1992

1-1-92 Wednesday

A New Year begins. I've been married for eighteen years to one woman and divorced for nine months from the other. Jill says that I shouldn't hurt. That I should be glad that the pain of the relationship is over. How do I make her realize that, if I had to choose between being ignored, taken for granted and always needy, or being dismissed, I'd rather take my chances being miserable but still owned?

I know it doesn't make sense. I know that I wasn't happy or satisfied during the last years with Jean. I just thought it would change. I believed that we could work anything out. I believed Jean really wanted me. What a fool I was.

2-6 Thursday

Mom and I took Broosir to the groomer today. She said she wanted to see the beast get his first haircut. That dog has been a joy for her. I think she secretly enjoys having the "hairy beast" keeping her feet warm all the time.

By the time they were finished with him it looked like I had lost half a dog. I had forgotten that he was carrying ten pounds of hair. I wonder if a sweater could be woven from all this.

2-18 Tuesday

Mom is off for the East Coast. I've arranged a wheelchair for her between connecting flights. I know she doesn't like it, but I feel better knowing that someone is getting her to her plane. Whether I like it or not, she's almost eighty and not as mobile as she used to be.

When she comes out in the fall, I may take a flight to Dallas and meet her plane. She may be an experienced traveler, but I'm a neurotic daughter.

2-21 Friday

I'm off to LA again. Tiffany has asked me to help her get her business back on its feet. I think that she's serious. That kind of work

I'm happy to do for someone. If I can be of help, that's what it's all about. Besides, I'm getting restless. The personal assistant in me needs to stretch - or is that the slave in me?

2-25 Tuesday

I spent an hour at the chiropractor today and this shoulder still hurts. If I had known last year what I know now I would have filed for workman's compensation. Dr. Raden says that it will be a few years before this injury gets back to normal. Even then, there's a good chance I will always have some nerve damage to the hand and arm.

3-6 Friday

Tiffany and I are spending the weekend in San Francisco. My original plan was to drive up and walk in on a special meeting that Ruth was doing tonight. Unfortunately Tiffany was four hours late getting out of the house so we didn't make the meeting at all.

I should have known that would happen. All the time I was getting things done she was puttering around. The woman didn't even start to pack until nine thirty and we were supposed to leave at ten. I'm going to have a good time...I'm going to have a good time...I'm going to have a good time...

3-24 Tuesday

My student has committed the ultimate violation with a bullwhip. The first lesson that I teach anyone is respect for, and the danger of, the instrument. A bullwhip, unlike a flogger, can maim or kill. Today I gave Tiffany a lesson in the park. We had friends with us, watching and picnicking. Playing around, she fired off a shot within eight inches of my head and another person's. I lost my temper instantly. If anyone had moved they would have lost an eye. Dominant ego is no excuse for reckless handling of a deadly toy.

3-30 Monday

It's been a year. Jean dumped me a year ago today. I guess the shock has worn off because the pain has definitely set in. If I try to get past my emotions and think about it logically, I should have seen it coming. First of all, she always said she would get rid of me once the kids were in college. She did what she said she would do. I had been told...many times.

I can't help but think back to three years ago in San Francisco. She told me that she would kill me before the year was out. I should get

my house in order. She would take care of all the arrangements with Jill. I wonder, now, if that was a test of some kind to prepare me for this.

Funny, during all the time that I thought I was going to be killed, I wasn't in the emotional pain that I'm still in now.

5-14 Thursday

I had lunch with Lennie this afternoon. I grabbed him from his workshop and took him to a nearby Thai place. After a good meal, I got to see that mind blowing prop shop of his. I doubt that there is anything that he can't build.

Just as I was about to leave, Lennie brought out a present for me. He made me a wooden horse to rest my saddle on. Thanks to his kinky mind it's also the perfect height to rest a body on. There are also tie downs in all the right places. Thank you Lennie.

7-25 Saturday

Back to LA. Let's see if Tiffany and I can get some work done straightening her mountainous backlog of paperwork. If she is serious about getting back into business, I'll be more than willing to assist her. I've listened to her whine about the need to work for almost a year now. It took me a week to do the preliminary work on a bench ad advertising campaign. I even checked all the locations. All she had to do was sign the papers and send the guy a check. I'm getting tired of the bullshit.

8-6 Thursday

Tiffany and I are off to Seattle. We have been invited to stay with the couple who leads the Seattle Kinky Couples group, Steve and Arlene. I'm looking forward to this vacation. I'm especially looking forward to the "graduation ceremony" of one of the best singletail students I've ever taught.

Next weekend could be the fulfillment of a long held fantasy. We shall see.

- Later

Getting the car was easy. Our host and hostess are wonderful people. I look forward to many stimulating conversations with the two of them, though Tiffany is complaining already about cat hair in the house. Steve and Arlene have been good enough to provide us with a place to stay for ten days and already she wants concessions. She seems to have forgotten that we are the guests.

8-8 Saturday

Our host and hostess have given a party in our honor. There were about thirty-five people here tonight, including a man I haven't seen in a long time. Dan Scythe has taken up residence in Seattle and become active with the couples club up here. I haven't seen Dan in at least seven or eight years. How wonderful to renew that old friendship.

The evening was only marred by Tiffany. For some unknown reason, she picked a few Seattle natives to mouth off to about Conrad Hodson. Not only were the comments opinionated and unkind, they were also very loud. When I quietly suggested that this was neither the time, the place, nor the persons that she should be talking to, she flew into a louder rage, suggesting that, as a slave, I was out of place talking to her about her behavior.

I swear that there are times when I want to turn that woman over my knee. It seems that it never dawned on her that one shouldn't speak maliciously to a stranger about a person who is a part of their social group and who could be their best friend. Nor should an impolite scene be made in the home of our hosts.

8-11 Tuesday

Sometime during the course of this trip Tiffany and I are supposed to have a talk about my concerns for, and about, this relationship. Tiffany immediately gets to talk about whatever may be bothering her. My concerns always get tabled for a later date. Well, now we have a year of catching up to do. Today is supposed to be the day.

- Later

We went out for a day of driving. Tiffany wanted to see some of the mountain ranges that Seattle is famous for, and the drive was supposed to be the time for our talk. Of course, it didn't happen. As soon as the conversation began, Tiffany fell asleep. When she woke up, she couldn't talk because she was sick with a headache. I suggested that I turn the car around and take her back to the house but she wasn't "that sick".

I wonder if she knows how thin that excuse is getting. I heard it often from Jean. I'm hearing it far too conveniently often from Tiffany. Because I choose not to ruin my special weekend, I will hold this until Sunday or Monday.

8-13 Thursday

All the cars and vans are packed with food and equipment. We

are all off for a weekend of fun in the country.

After everything was unloaded and the equipment was put into its proper place, I got to take a good look at this resort. The building actually rambles a bit, and you can see where the original lodge has been added on to. I understand why this place is a swingers' paradise: It can easily sleep 150 people. There are alcoves and niches galore for hot and horny encounters, a junior Olympic-sized indoor pool, indoor and outdoor Jacuzzi, fireplaces and balconies. All beautifully decorated for intimacy.

The gardens are spectacular. There are twenty-five perfect acres. Some are wooded and some are immaculately landscaped and gardenized. I could stay nude out in the garden and be very happy. I can already picture the location of the scene that we have come up here to do.

Tiffany checked her answering machine. There are messages for me from Jean and Alex. How odd. I'll call in the morning.

- Late

Tiffany and I had a small scene down by the fire pit, then I indulged myself in a late night nude swim in the pool. I could stay here forever.

8-14 Friday

I just called Jean and Dan. There is a position open in the new movie that Dan is doing, and he offered it to me. I told him I would be delighted to take it, I haven't worked in too many months. Dan will get back to me in a few weeks.

- Afternoon

Between two trees I hang and wait, apprehensive, frightened, eager. The wind caresses and toys with my nude body with the intimate knowledge of an old lover. I am aware that nerves are producing salty water that is running down my torso. The sweat does not cool me on this hot summer day.

For a brief moment I ride the horns of a unique dilemma. Should the teacher in me be anxious about the performance of her whip-wielding student, or should the slave in me be nervous about the fantasy that is, at this very minute, becoming reality? The problem is answered for me as a set of hands carefully and lovingly secure me to one of the twin oaks.

I rest my cheek against the irregular surface of my binding post and close my eyes. Other senses immediately come into play. I can feel the sun's warmth on my nakedness. I can smell the earthy aroma of pine,

ivy, and shade plants. I can scent my own fear rising through the pores of my skin. I can hear and sense the apprehension, wonder and fear of friends who are sitting just on the horizon of my line of sight. They watch from a respectful distance. Like shy forest animals, they try not to be intrusive.

Only minutes earlier, during my last moments of freedom, more than one had tried to talk me out of the events to come. I quietly calmed their fears and mine as well. I have come too far, trained my whip hand too long, to turn back now. Besides, I would not disappoint my student. This is to be her graduation. Fifteen months of training have led the two of us to this point.

The quiet of this woodland glade is suddenly shattered by the sound of an M-16. No, that explosion was made by the practice swing of a six-foot singletail. I prepare myself for sensations, the likes of which I've never known before. But it is a velvety hand that touches my skin, a silken voice that whispers in my ear, "I'm ready."

There is no time to savor sound or touch. Both are instantly replaced by an explosion of noise and pain that tears away the magic of sound and space, replacing it with a psyche shredding stab of molten fire that trails from shoulder to waist. Is my heart still beating? Before I can check, the fire comes again.

Agony, heretofore unknown, sends me hurdling into another dimension where nothing is real except an all-consuming flame. Hell's fire leaves its crimson stripe again and again in the flesh of my back. I half expect to hear the sounds of my own screams joining the shattered silence, but there are none.

Pain that is somehow beyond pain has short-circuited the message from mind to throat. All that escapes my mouth is a scream of silence. With my entire mangled mind, my voice tries to expel some sound to match or answer the whip's explosive force.

There is nothing. I exist, 18 inches by 18 inches. My universe is the sum total of my back, and the vast nothingness of molten pain. There are no images, no visions, only the now of being flayed alive. There is no way to fight the reality of this new world. All that I was has no meaning here. Wave after wave of fire engulf me, caress me, until my new self opens up to its touch. Six feet of flame now carry my consciousness to new places with boundaries different from my own. I don't know who I am. I don't care where I am. I exist in this new world...

There are hands and bodies all around me. They all feel distant

somehow, not quite real. Each set seems to have a job to do in disconnecting that body, my body, from the tree to which it is bound. They lay it, I mean me, on a velvet cloak cushioned by tall green grass. Those people look mystified, somehow mesmerized by what they have witnessed. Have they journeyed with me? Have they seen the place where I have been? When I reconnect with this planet I will ask them.

8-15 Saturday

In the quiet of an empty pool I float cradled in your arms. The warmth of water, and the comfort of you, wash away turmoil and wrap me in calm. I could snuggle here forever, my head in your neck, adrift on a calm sea.

8-16 Sunday

I went to Tsarvec today. He is the only man I will let work on my canines. I cracked a tooth a few months ago biting into a beer can. Tsarvec is always full of wonderful and weird conversation. I think Tiffany found him stranger than she could handle.

With repaired tooth in place and a very strange dental visit under our belt, Tiffany and I had dinner at a Chinese restaurant. I tried to explain the reactions my smile can get but I found showing her so much easier. Once the waitress saw a green eyed woman with unusual teeth she became instantly subservient. Dinner was on the house as long as she (the Dragon) blessed the owner.

I will miss our host and hostess. I'll see them at LIL. Back to Tulsa tomorrow.

8-28 Friday

I tried twice this week to get hold of Dan. He's not returning my calls. I had a feeling this job offer was bogus. I guess Jean changed her mind and told Dan not to hire me. I wonder why Jean bothered with the whole thing to begin with. She made it real clear that I was out of her life. I guess she's over her moment of weakness.

10-1 Thursday

Well what do you know? Tiffany is actually coming to Tulsa. I don't know how Jill is going to react to this one. I know already there will be no pleasing her. I have cats, dogs, and carpets, not to mention all kinds of other reasons for her to be "sick."

Ah well, the things that I will do for a friend.

10-6 Tuesday

Well damn. Tiffany even managed to show up late here. I don't remember what the excuse was, but she had to back up her ticket by a day. She hasn't been here twenty-four hours yet and she's backed up my schedule, complained about my guest room, my bedroom and my barn.

I guess our lack of conversation in Seattle has added more armor to my feelings about my playmate. I will not allow myself to be hurt or have my emotions taken advantage of again. Nor will I get seriously into a Scene relationship where my needs are not considered important enough to think about to my Dominant. So my relationship with Tiffany will never go past the level of playmates, where it is now, until she gets her act together. If and when that happens.

I will say in her defense though, she's one hell of a play partner, and good play is definitely what I needed, and still need.

10-8 Thursday

We're finally on our way to Chicago for Living in Leather. Tiffany was so late getting out of the house that we almost missed our plane. G-d save me from Dominants who can't get their acts together.

- Later

Thank goodness we got here early. The crowd downstairs waiting to register wasn't too bad. It'll be a zoo tomorrow. As usual, the schedule is tight. Between the workshops I want to hear, and the workshops that I'm in, I'm not going to have much free time.

The lobby was definitely the place to be tonight. I got to see many folks that I can only talk to at conferences. Unfortunately, most of them want to talk to me alone. This is the second conference that I've been to without Jean. Now, everyone who knows me well has questions.

Every time someone in the lobby tried to pull me aside, either for tribal business or for personal questions, Tiffany acted the way she did at Alex's birthday party. I can not and will not tolerate this. This conference is also to take care of tribal business. Whether I've earned the distinction or not, I'm considered a tribal elder for my state and, as such, I have responsibilities.

Need I remind you that you are here as my guest?

10-9 Friday

I've asked you numerous times if you could handle my public persona without it making you uncomfortable. Although your mouth

says yes, your eyes, your mood and your hurt all say no. I can't help who I am or how familiar my face may be with the tribe. I've been at this longer than you have, and I've been in the public eye for most of that time.

Every time we are at a public gathering and someone wants to talk to me, you pout. If they want to talk to me alone, you take it as a personal insult.

Why are you so uncomfortable, perhaps frightened is a better word, with my public side? The world knows I am collared and every chance I get I tell them the leash is in your hands. I can not, and will not, do away with the teacher, the Leather Mother, and the tribal servant that is half of my reason for being active and public in the Scene. It's a part of me the few who have held my leash have always been proudest of. I don't wish to separate that part of me from you. I also have no desire to make you hurt. And no desire to stop what I do just for you. It seems that will be a part of me we do not share.

10-12 Sunday

I was asked to present the lifetime achievement Award to Pat Bond. I've known Pat since my coming out almost twenty years ago. I didn't need my notes. That speech was from the heart.

- Afternoon

I got away from Tiffany long enough to have a wonderful cup of coffee in the deli with Lisa and her lover Tina. It's been a while since Lisa and I have seen each other. The sparks are still there. We brought each other up to date on the happenings since our last get together. Lisa and her lady are planning to wed next year. They have asked me if I would perform the ceremony.

I would be delighted to join these two people in wedlock. Especially when one of them means so much to me.

- Late

It's over. Conference has officially come to a close. I'm already looking forward to my next dose of tribe. I can officially say that this will be the last time that Tiffany and I travel together. We are just not compatible.

11-4 Wednesday

I'm off on another adventure. Andy and I are going to Disneyworld. He made me an offer that I just can't refuse. He'd pay for the hotel and car, all I had to do was get there. It's been ten years since

I've been in Florida, I think that I'm overdue. We've always traveled so well together.

11-7 Saturday

We should have done this long ago. I've forgotten just how compatible we are. Epcot is marvelous. I've learned much, and enjoyed even more. I wonder, should I kiss him or Mickey?

11-10 Tuesday

Disneyworld is now a cherished part of my memories. Andy and I had a great time together, as always. Sometimes I think that if I weren't already married we probably would be.

I have no wish to leave the laughter, but the Mr. Oklahoma contest awaits.

11-13 Friday

Another delightful and successful night. I think we're going to raise a lot of money for charity this year. There are five good contestants for the Mr. Oklahoma Leather title. Not only are they good looking, they're fine men and a tribute to this state's tribe. I'm tired, but I've got to get up in six hours and help build a stage. Oh well, the things I do for my tribe.

Here's to craziness.

11-14 Saturday

I've just gotten off the phone with Louise. Mom's been taken to St. Elizabeth's. She says sit tight, they don't think it's serious. The paramedics think she's got pneumonia. Louise says she was just out walking her dog an hour before all this happened.

I feel anxious and helpless, and I hate both feelings. I promised the boys I'd be down at the Toolbox. I think I'll go down to the bar and call Elizabeth from there.

- Afternoon

My guts are churning and I'm pacing like a caged animal. One doctor thinks she's had a stroke, albeit a mild one. Her entering physician still thinks she's got pneumonia. I had a long conversation with Louise and gave her the number at the Toolbox. She didn't know Mom was allergic to penicillin. I stressed to her that she had to tell the doctor about Mom's allergy. She said she understood. Somehow I just wasn't convinced.

I told her that her sister could go into anaphylactic shock and die if they gave her penicillin. She promised me that she would talk to the doctors as soon as we got off the phone. I have to sit tight. With a little bit of luck Mom will be out of the hospital before I can even get back to Jersey. They still don't think it's serious. The MRI will tell one way or the other if there has been any damage.

I don't know what I'd do without the Leathermen of Tulsa to hold me together right now.

- Evening

I've got Jill on one phone and Jersey on the other. I've got to get a flight out of here. They know there hasn't been a stroke, the catscan and M.R.I. were both clear. Somehow I'm uneasy. Pneumonia at her age is serious. Jill's trying to get me a flight out of here. One hour before contest time and I don't want to be here. But if I were home, I'd be far more helpless. At least here the guys will keep me calm, or try to. Jill can't get me a flight out till morning. Six o'clock out of Dallas. I've got to go to Elizabeth. There's nothing worse than no information. I've got to see my mother. If only to cheer her up and bring her back to Oklahoma for the holidays.

I have to call Andy. I may need his shoulder before all this is over.

11-15 Sunday

My guts are churning and my head is pounding. I tried to call her room but either the phones haven't been connected or the nurses couldn't put me through. I hate having to rely on someone else to deliver my messages for me. I guess that's the personal assistant coming out. I can't seem to stop crying. Thank G-d there's nobody sitting next to me on this flight.

If it's only pneumonia; why am I so frightened? Thank heaven for Jill's frequent flier miles.

- Evening

Mom's been moved to medical ICU. The doctors couldn't figure out why she was in an agitated state. Even the tranquilizers couldn't keep her out. As it turns out it was a blessing that they couldn't. Louise never told the doctors Mom was allergic to penicillin. She was in full blown anaphylaxis when I got there. There's a good chance that the only thing that kept her alive through the night was her high blood pressure and the adrenalin her own fear was producing.

I can not believe Louise didn't deliver my message. She was

standing next to me when I asked the doctor if he knew about her allergy. The look of horror on his face frightened even me. The staff went into full code blue and rushed Mom to ICU. I've never wanted to kill someone as badly as I wanted to kill my Aunt right then and there. At least she had to good sense to get the fuck out.

-Later

Just being in this room is unnerving. This place reeks of fear and Lysol. The nurses here are little angels, though. Whatever this 20 minute rule for visitation is, they've waived it for me. The girls have set up a bed in the waiting room and they've told the guards not to disturb me.

Please G-d help me make the right choices. There's a feeding tube, a breathing tube, more IVs then I can count, they've had to give her a paralyzing drug so she won't pull the tubes. It's all a fight now to clear the penicillin from her system. I hope there are no long-term effects. I hate waiting. I hate wondering. I hate this gnawing fear that I can't control.

11-16 Monday

I think I've paced a groove in this floor. There have been tests, tests, and more tests. There still aren't a hell of a lot of answers. I spent a little time in the chapel this morning. My head is in a fog, and I don't even know what to pray for at this point. Mom's now on full life support. There are all kinds of drugs in her system. All of them to counteract the penicillin and its side effects.

Forty-eight hours ago this was a mild case of pneumonia. Now, no one can tell me if she'll live or die. I just got off the phone with Jill. I needed to talk to somebody and I sure as hell can't show these tears to my mother. I've been here all day waiting for answers and I'm going to be here again all night.

Called 319 to see how everyone was doing. Wanda's back in bed. She looked like shit when she picked me up at the airport. She says her weight loss is due to diet, but I think there's something wrong. But I can't deal with it now. I've got other things to worry about. Won't have any news until tomorrow morning. I look like hell and I smell worse. The nurses said I could shower in their locker room.

11-17-92 Tuesday

The admitting physician is trying to reassure me that everything is okay, or will be okay. We spent two hours going over all of Mom's tests from the past three days. I explained to Dr. Borski that I don't want

to be placated or lied to. I have enough intelligence to understand, if he explains things to me and enough curiosity to ask the questions I need answers to. There's been some serious damage, but it's nothing they believe they can't undo. For now he tells me the best thing I can do is let her feel me and hear my voice.

A special drug in one of these many IVs is to paralyze the major muscle groups so that the body can concentrate on healing itself. It's also supposed to keep her from having violent reactions to the tubes and the machinery around her. But the doctor said it's like being caught in prison. Her body is no longer hers to command. The mind is active, alert, and probably frightened because of new surroundings and situations.

-Later

I put a panic call into Mona today. She met me in the chapel. I was in the middle of one hell of a screaming match with G-d. I'm having a crisis of conscience that I have no answers for. I promised Mom more years ago than I can remember that I would never put her on life support. I swore that I would never try to preserve her life for my own selfish reasons. I look at her now, and feel like I'm betraying that promise. Mona reminded me that this wasn't for the sake of prolonging life, but simply to let her recover without undo stress.

11-19 Thursday

Mom seems a bit more responsive. They have to change a number of her medications. She was developing an allergy to two of the antibiotics that they were giving her. This seems like an endless fall of dominoes. Drugs to combat side effects, which produce new side effects that require new drugs.

11-20 Friday

I've memorized another of Mom's favorite poems. Her eyes seem to twinkle a little every time she hears it. Father C. was in today. I was grateful to see him. Mona also was over today telling stories and laughing a little. Mom can't respond, but at least there's a spark in her eyes.

-Late

She's had another allergic reaction to the new antibiotic. They've changed it again and added another I.V. to try to clean that drug out of her system as well. I spent more time in the chapel today having a screaming match with G-d. My initial reaction is to take all the tubes out, take her home and let what will happen, happen. Every time the nurses

add a new I.V. they make a liar out of me, and make me violate the promises that I made. Please G-d help me.

11-21 Saturday

No news is good news. At least she's still alive. I wrote out Christmas cards while Mom slept. Writing gives me something to do with my hands and keeps my mind occupied.

-Later

Little Wanda just came into ICU. My aunt is downstairs being admitted. Something is horribly wrong.

I took Little Wanda and her boyfriend down to the chapel. The fear and tears in her eyes I see too often now in my own. I led them in prayer then let them sob on my shoulder. With me they don't have to put on a brave front.

11-22 Sunday

Wanda's been taken straight to surgical ICU. Audra Toma insisted she be admitted. Evidently the tests warrant not just hospitalization, but acute medical care. She's 10 beds away from her sister. How ironic. Mom doesn't know Wanda's here and I won't tell her. I'm afraid it will set back her progress.

The nurses, however, have given me free reign. At the very least, it lets me go back and forth and check on both sisters. Wanda looks grim. Doctors are saying something about internal bleeding. She's been given blood. Hopefully it will do some good.

11-23 Monday

I've spent most of the day going back and forth between these two rooms. I can almost see the path I've left in the linoleum. Little Wanda's downstairs praying. I talked to the radiologist about Mom. He says there's a pin size spot on Mom's lungs. It's probably cancer, but not to worry. Once they clear the drugs and the pneumonia, she'll die of old age long before she'll die of lung cancer.

Wanda is moving about a bit, and trying to be chipper. I can't get information on her as easily as I can about my mother. The nurses in both ICUs seem very relieved to have a family member around who's willing to be of some assistance, and take a little bit of a load off their shoulders.

Jill is due in tomorrow. I desperately need the support.

- Later

Mom's down to four IVs and they've taken her off the paralyzing drug. Her muscles are beginning to respond. That's a relief to both of us. I've spent two days massaging her and reciting more and more and more poetry. I'm told by this time tomorrow she'll be completely able to move. Now if she just behaves herself.

11-24 Tuesday

Ryn stopped by today. Andy must have told her about Mom. What a delight it was to see her again, I hadn't seen her in years. G-d knows I could use the company. I know Mom is feeling better because she embarrassed the hell out of me. I was sitting on one side of the bed and Ryn was on the other side taking her coat off to sit down when Mom reached out and goosed her. Ryn turned around and I could tell, by the flash in her eyes, that she thought I had done it. But, there was no way I could have gotten around the bed. She looked down and Mom's hand was still over the side of the bed, IVs and all, and she was just grinning like the cat that swallowed the canary. It was a good visit. I could tell Mom enjoyed the company even if she couldn't say anything. Jill's due in late tonight. I'll go check on Wanda again.

I gave Wanda a sponge bath and then came back down the hall to find all hell breaking loose in Mom's room. For the first time in a week the nurses wouldn't let me in. Seems my dear mother snatched her life support tubes. She scared those poor nurses out of a few years' growth. It's okay if I see her that way but she wasn't going to let her other daughter see her with all the tubes. Most interesting.

- Late

Jill's here, and I'm relieved and grateful to have her by my side. Mom's voice is barely above a whisper, and raw from the tubes, but she's talking a blue streak to her other child. I think this is the first time I've smiled in 10 days.

11-25 Wednesday

Mom's being moved out of ICU. That's something. But it will make getting to Wanda a little more difficult. No big deal, I'll handle it. Jill stayed with Mom today while I went home to walk the dog, take a shower, and listen to Louise bitch about having to take care of Mom's dog. She doesn't know how close she came to never having to worry about it ever again.

I got back to the hospital in the midst of my other half trying to feed Mom her dinner. They both had spaghetti all over them. This time

we all laughed. It's the first time I've heard Mom laugh in 10 days. I needed that.

11-26 Thursday

Today is Thanksgiving. I have much to be thankful for. Mom, Wanda, and Joan are all alive.

Wanda seems to be getting worse. The doctors can't pinpoint the problem. They know there is trouble with the liver, and they know she's losing blood. There's been a second transfusion. Mom's physician is also hers. Dr. Borski has been very honest with me and he's far more worried about Wanda than he is about my mother. We shall see.

11-27 Friday

Mom seems to be getting better. She asked why Wanda hasn't come to visit her. I told her Wanda has the flu and doesn't want her to catch it. They've taken a whole new round of tests. Something still ain't right. Because of all the medication, they've been giving her she's developed some sort of exotic and contagious bacteria so they can't put anyone else in her room.

- Later

The viral specialist came in for a second visit with Mom. He talked with me briefly about the new tests they are doing and why. He told me how this virus developed in her system and that it's contagious only to someone who is already ill. A couple of Mom's visitors almost slipped about Wanda, so I put up a sign outside of her room to let everyone know that she didn't know her sister was upstairs in this hospital.

I took Dr. Borski outside and asked him point blank what the score was with my aunt. He told me. She has cancer and the liver is damaged beyond any hope. It's a waiting game. He's guessing anywhere from three to six months because he isn't sure of the extent of the damage. I'll tell Mom when she is stronger. Dr. Borski gave me a new prescription for sleeping pills. The nurses have told him that no matter when they go into the room, I'm always awake. Jill is with Mom now. Time for my talk with G-d.

11-28 Saturday

Mom's been acting funny all morning. She's restless, and her mood is alternating between depression and anger. I can't read it. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear she knew what was going on upstairs.

I've been here the whole time and I know no one has told her.

I just came downstairs from seeing Wanda. Gave her a little sponge bath, then sat and talked to her for awhile. She's complaining about the woman in the next bed. Under any other circumstances I'd say that meant she was getting better.

- Later

Wanda has just died. It was sudden and swift. Her liver failed. Mom is as restless as an angry bear. What do I tell her about her sister? No one has said a word but I know she knows.

11-29 Sunday

Jill had to leave to go back to Oklahoma. Even a short visit is a good one. Unfortunately she couldn't stay for Wanda's funeral.

I asked Mona to meet me in the chapel. I needed to talk to her badly. I told her about my dilemma over Wanda, and asked her what she would do in my position. I can't, in good conscience, perpetuate a lie by silence. But I don't know if Mom is strong enough to be told about Wanda's death. I didn't even tell Mom her sister was sick.

Then there's always the issue of the Johnson curse. This family has done bad news in twos for G-d only knows how many decades. Mona said she would pray on it, and we would talk later tonight. I told her I'd be home to sleep so she wouldn't have to come back into the hospital.

11-30 Monday

I know she knows. I can tell by the way she's acting. There's a bond between sisters. I can't keep this lie up any longer; I can't look my Mother in the face. Mona will meet me in the chapel at noon. We're going to have a prayer together, and then I'm going to tell my mother the truth. That's my job in this crisis.

- Later

It took all the strength I had to sit on the edge of the bed and tell her that her sister had died two floors up and she wasn't informed. I told Mom that Wanda was only admitted three days ago and the whole thing was very sudden. G-d forgive me for lying.

She has asked to be alone.

12-1 Tuesday

I left the hospital around a quarter of eight to make the last hour or so of Wanda's wake. Little Wanda is holding up well. Josh looks like

hell. Jacob whispered to me, "Remember, bad news in twos."

Considering the condition of his eldest daughter and the advanced state of her cancer, that is an ominous warning.

Lots of people were at the church for the wake. I saw faces I haven't seen in 20 years. The weather, as per Johnson requirement, stinks. Tomorrow will be no better.

12-2 Wednesday

It's Johnson weather alright. Damp, wet and miserable. I got back to the hospital around 11. There wasn't much time to spend with all the family, because I didn't want to disrupt Mom's routine. She's accustomed to seeing me at a certain hour, and I tried to stay as close to that as I could. She seemed a little disoriented today. She was distant from her aunt Barbara and Dave when they came to visit. I'm hoping it's just the effects of Wanda's death and that this too shall pass.

I went to apply for some kind of special Medicaid today. It will take care of getting her into a nursing home if the need arises. It will even cover a medical evacuation to bring her to a nursing home in Oklahoma when she's stronger. The social worker handling my case has already done some pre-processing on all this. I've been assured of Mom's acceptance into the program, but first I have to dump all her assets. That's a simple task. The little money that's in her check book, I'll use as a down payment for funeral expenses, and I'll sign the car over to Louise.

12-4 Friday

Mom's had a great day. She laughed a bit and joked with her nurses. She even tried to stand up and move a little on her own. She got herself to her potty stool and into the wheel chair with very little assistance. She recognized a few faces she hadn't seen in years.

Ryn came by again this afternoon. I was delighted to see her. I don't know if that contributed more to Mom's good mood or to my own. They must have talked to each other for an hour. For a woman who just came in from the gym, she looked absolutely gorgeous. Workout clothes never looked that good on me. I think I'll go to church tomorrow and celebrate.

12-6 Sunday

I told Mom not to worry if I didn't come to the hospital until this afternoon. I told her I was going to drive out to City Island and attend an

11 o'clock service. My auntie looked very surprised to see me walk into her little church. I needed to celebrate and thank G-d for the little miracles. I've been doing enough screaming at him for everything else.

12-7 Monday

I'm seeing more and more disorientation. I can't seem to get the doctors to believe that there's a problem. The specialist that's coming in is trying to tell me that I'm seeing is the onset of geriatric senility coupled with the side effects of some of the drugs. My problem is that I know enough about geriatrics to know that it doesn't come on this suddenly. There is something wrong here and it's not grief over her sister, it's not Alzheimer's, and it's not geriatric disorientation. There is something wrong.

The attending physician has asked me whether I want life saving measures when or if something happens to Mom. I think the hardest thing I've ever done in my life is rescind the paperwork for a Code Blue emergency. Signing that document sent me straight to the chapel and into another screaming match with G-d.

12-10 Thursday

The radiologist says he wants to talk to me tomorrow. They have the results back from the latest CAT scan. I'm helpless as I watch more dominoes fall.

12-11 Friday

After talking to the radiologist I got him to come upstairs and perform an oxygen blood test. I don't give a damn what the doctors say. There is something wrong with my mother. We'll know in a few hours.

- Late

My worst suspicions are being confirmed. The cause of the dementia is lack of oxygen to the brain. The oxygen levels in her blood are off by almost 50 percent. They hooked her up to oxygen this afternoon and now, whenever I'm not in the room, they have to restrain her or she'll rip out the oxygen tubes. They irritate her nose.

Oh Mom. You have to get better so I can take you back to Oklahoma. Christmas is coming and Kilo misses you.

12-12 Saturday

Ryn stopped by again today. She brought a Christmas tree and a poinsettia. It seems like whenever I'm at my worst, she just pops up like

some kind of angel who's responsible for guarding my sanity. Mom seems to perk up whenever Ryn is around. You know what? So do I.

12-13 Sunday

I signed the final papers officially releasing the hospital of responsibility in the event that Mom's heart stops. I thought long and hard about it. Whenever the day comes, I want her to die with dignity. I sat here today while she was asleep and wrote her obituary. I prayed to G-d I'll never need, it even though I knew it was a foolish prayer. All I can hope is that I won't need it soon. I see handwriting on walls that I really don't want to face. I hope against hope that this infection gets better.

12-14 Monday

There's some new parasite in her system now. That's a result of the medications given to get rid of the symptoms given to get rid of the symptoms of...This just seems to go on forever. When will you make it end G-d? One way or the other? I will ask you what I asked you the day before and the day before that and the day before that...Please G-d, let it be fast, let it be painless, and let me be there. I don't want my mother to die alone.

12-17 Thursday

I called Dr. Borski and requested a CAT scan. They won't be able to get to it for a few days because it's not a medical emergency. The tumor in her lungs is growing at an alarming rate. He handed me a lot of medical articles and AMA journals about the side effects of a lot of the medications she has been given. I want to see for myself what the progress is of this disease inside her lungs.

12-18 Friday

Mom's being moved to another room today. But the nurses have given her a very special gift. I called Uncle Jacob and asked him to bring Kilo to the hospital. He arrived about an hour and a half ago. I went downstairs and got the dog who stayed perfectly still in the box in my arms. As I got off the elevator all seven members of the floor staff turned their back on me, and I walked into Mom's room with the dog in my arms and shut the door. He leapt out of that box onto her chest and licked her right in the face. She perked up in a way that I can't remember seeing her perk up in weeks now. When I turned around again, the entire

floor staff was watching this furry reunion, and crying as much as I was.

Jacob took the dog home. As the nurse and I were waiting for the gurney to take Mom to her new room, Christmas carolers came to the door. They weren't supposed to stop anywhere in the hospital, but they stopped in her room and let her request a Christmas carol. While they were singing to her, Dr. Borski came to me with the radiologist. He looked me in the eye and told me the truth. The cancer has overtaken the pneumonia. It's fatal. Mom will never leave St. Elizabeth's Hospital unless I can get the hospice society to get her home so she can die in her own bed.

The doctor gave me a prescription for valium, and a different kind of sleeping pill. I still can't sleep or stop crying. He then gave me a shot of something to calm me down. I couldn't go into that room with tears in my eyes. I want Mom to think she only has pneumonia. I'm not going to tell her about the cancer. I guess I've suspected this for a while now, but actually hearing the news almost brought me to my knees.

- Later

I got a call from Ryn. She seemed to instinctively know when I need to hear a friendly voice. It seems she's having a party on Sunday, a small dinner party for friends. She invited me to be there. When I tried to tell her I didn't want to leave the hospital I was told, "If I have to send someone to get you, I'm going to be very angry, but I will send someone to get you, because you will be at this party." We'll see. I don't know if I'm up for people right now.

12-20 Sunday

Mom's having more trouble eating. I've requested that the dietitian send up softer foods. They're going to let me pick out whatever menu the doctor and I deem appropriate.

The party was exactly what I needed. I hadn't left the hospital except to walk the dog for almost seven weeks. Just family and seven or eight friends. I needed the laughter, the companionship and the play more than I ever realized. Ryn is becoming very important to me. She's helped me and my other half with strength and support during this awful crisis. There's no way I'll ever be able to repay her.

12-21 Monday

Mom says Wanda is standing right outside her doorway talking to her about all the things on the other side of death. I've been frightened by a lot of things in my life but I think that frightens me most.

12-22 Tuesday

Ryn was here again today with a few more Christmas decorations. Together we put up all of Mom's cards from home and brought in a few gifts to put under the tree Ryn got. I even hung a little mistletoe over Mom's bed. This afternoon while she was sleeping, I went to the little market across the street and got some Christmas goodies for the staff. They have been so wonderful to me. I've broken every rule this hospital has ever made, and these good people have helped me break them, and with a lot of love. Now that the outcome is predicted and the time clock is in the hands of G-d, it's given me a chance to sit and meditate and count some blessings that I've never thought about before. One very special blessing has been Ryn.

Jill is due in at midnight. She'll stop by the hospital then go down to see her family.

12-25 Friday

We had a Christmas miracle today. Mom had a little bit of dinner - mashed potatoes and gravy, but still dinner - and then insisted that I call 319 so she could wish her sisters and brothers a Merry Christmas. It's the most animated she's been in a week. The call was clear, crisp, and coherent as the ringing of a perfect bell. I don't know who was happier to hear those words, my aunts or me.

Today will forever be my Christmas miracle.

12-27 Sunday

I spent the day in and out of radiology. Over the course of these last hours the radiologist showed me everything that was a part of Mom's medical record. He showed me the CAT scans, he showed me all of the medicines, he told me how they interacted with each other. He showed me all the deterioration, how it happened and why. When he compared the first test to the last, even he was amazed at the speed of the metastasized cancer. He said he was looking at seven or eight years' normal growth. Everything happened because of the initial penicillin reaction. All the drugs given after that were to combat either the destructive penicillin or to reverse the effects of the drugs given to try to stop the anaphylactic side effects. I blame myself for this. I never should have trusted Louise with a message as important as my mother's life. I'm good at my job because I don't trust anyone. This one time I did. My mother is here dying because I put my trust in her sister. Mona says I

should forgive and forget. I swear I shall do neither.

12-28 Monday

I went to a wake tonight. Leah Saves died of cancer four days ago. I saw the faces of friends that I haven't seen since I went off to college. Seeing Leah's daughters tonight brought back many of the memories of childhood. Suddenly I could remember playing next door in the Saves' yard. The thrill of jumping off the highest branches of their cherry tree. Having milk and cookies in the Saves' kitchen or Rachel and Tira having the same in mine. So many of the old gang was there. They now have children and grandchildren who are the same age we were during all those memories.

I've been in this funeral home twice now this month. I know that I must be here again all too soon. Fate has a twisted sense of humor.

12-29 Tuesday, 2:15 am

Jill and I got a call from the hospital. I think we broke land speed records getting down there. Mom's breathing had become irregular and her heartbeat was tachycardiac. They didn't expect her to make it through the night. I looked her in the eye and asked her if she wanted the last rites. She wouldn't answer me. I called Father C. anyway, and then called the family together. I'd never seen this ceremony, I don't know what's involved and I didn't want to read as Father C. had asked me to. Jacob, Louise and Josh read along with Father C. Jill and I just sat beside her and listened. When this was all over, I asked everybody to go. If I'm going to sit deathwatch, I want to do it with someone I love. And right now the last faces I want to look at are the faces of my relatives.

She has survived the night. She's talking a little today. It's been a fight to get a spoonful of Ensure down her throat. There are so many tumors that swallowing is almost impossible.

Later

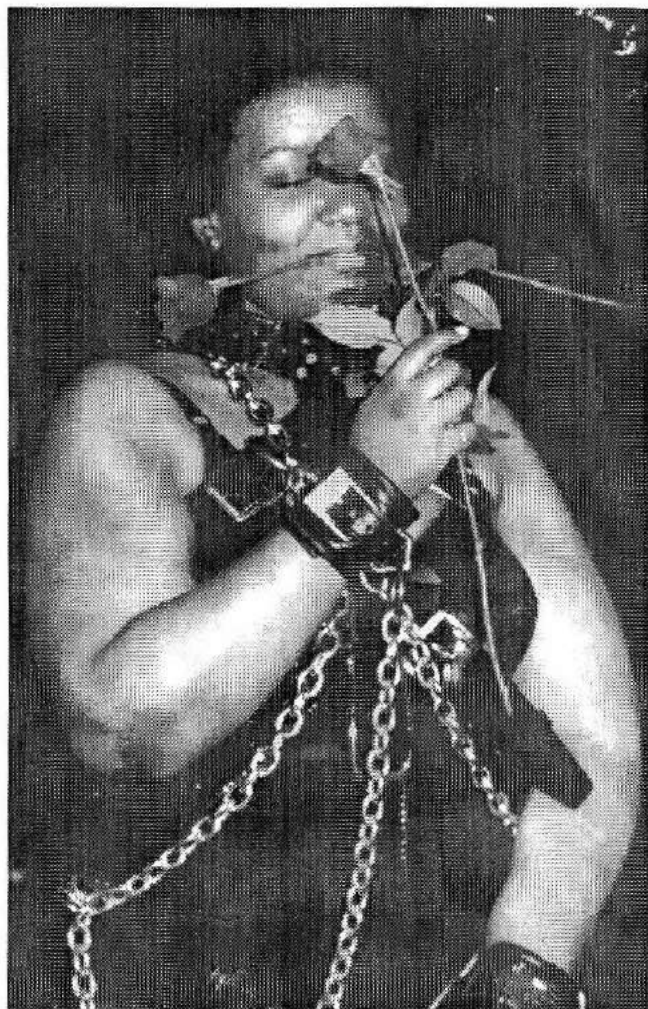
The American Hospice Society won't be able to get her home before next week. There's too much paperwork to still be filled out. I doubt that she'll last that long. Today she was drifting in and out of consciousness. She squeezed my hand once or twice, and asked me to hold her. I held her like my life depended on it. I think it does. Ryn called late tonight. All she said was, "Talk to me."

I think Jill and I talked and cried for hours. She listened and loved, long-distance. I thank you for that, Ryn. I still think my mother somehow

arranged our all getting together.

12-31 Thursday

Jill, Mom, and I are together again as we wait for another New Year to come. Mom is no longer conscious; but she promised us that, as always, we'd be together at New Year's.



1993

1-1-93 Friday

My best friend died just a few hours ago. I was there as I had been for the last seven weeks. I held her long slender fingers in my own. My mate held the other hand. In the dim hospital light we kept watch over her, as she had so often watched over us.

At the stroke of midnight we wished her a Happy New Year. In other years, the three of us had raised a glass of champagne and toasted the passing of the old as we welcomed in the new. Then we would clink again to celebrate another year of marriage. This was the last time we would all be together.

She promised me days before, when she was still conscious, that we would see the New Year in together. She has kept that promise. Around one o'clock, her breathing began to change. I knew that I was watching the beginning of the end.

At quarter to two, I felt her spirit break free. Her lungs heaved their last and she died. I found myself looking up to say good-bye, and one last "I love you Mom." If she stopped her flight for a few seconds and looked down I wanted her to see us by her side loving her along her way.

I took my time with good-byes. It was almost like I didn't want to abandon the shell that she had left behind. Even after the nurse came in, I didn't want to leave. Finally the staff and Jill got me to go. For the first time since this all began, I was letting someone else take care of my mother.

Long, long ago I had promised that we would send her out of this world with joy, good memories, and a party with good friends. She has kept her word; now I must keep mine.

- Evening

I slept last night, or should I say this morning. For the first time in seven weeks I slept. Waking was such a strange sensation. My mind was so foggy that I didn't know where I was. I was out the door and half way to the car before I realized that I didn't need to go to the hospital.

My brain seems dead, and my body is on automatic pilot. I feel like I've been pushed into some surreal world where nothing is right or

familiar. Even my meeting with the undertaker didn't seem real. I'm grateful for the foresight to have made all of the arrangements weeks ago. There is no way that I could make them now. It just never dawned on me that I would be needing the family mortician this soon.

It was late this afternoon before anybody told me that Uncle Ed also died last night. He and mom died within 45 minutes of each other.

There were no screaming matches with G-d today. My heavenly father answered my prayers. I asked him for three things. *"Please G-d, let it be fast, let it be painless, and let me be there. I don't want my mother to die alone."* G-d has answered my prayers.

1-2 Saturday

I spent two hours with Father C. today planning Mom's service. I'm almost 30 years away from the Episcopal Church, and I have no idea how this is done. Louise seems to want to take charge. With the exception of the music it's easier to let her do this part. I'm eternally grateful for Mona. She has been my spiritual counselor through all of this. There were times when I would have been lost without her shoulder to lean on, and I know she's the only one Jill trusts.

I've requested "G-d of Our Fathers" for the procession and "Lift Every Voice and Sing" for the recessional. I can't believe the grief and bullshit that Louise gave me over my choices. I finally told her that Jill and I will bury Mom the way we want to. Until she antes up some of the thousands of dollars that this funeral is going to cost she can keep her mouth shut.

I still feel so numb. I guess this is my mind's way of protecting itself from the pain. I know that it's going to come. I'm just grateful that I don't have to deal with it now.

Jill and I went out today and got a case of champagne. I thought the undertaker was going to plotz when he realized that I was serious about having a champagne toast at the wake. I've asked the undertaker to tell those who call not to send flowers. I would rather a donation in Mom's name be made to the Hospice Society. Flowers are more to comfort the living and that money could go to much better use. Jill and I will provide all the flowers needed. One beautiful spray of roses and carnations will speak volumes . It will be simplistic and elegant as was my mother.

I've requested that the family wear anything but black. My preference is for white or light colors. I'll buy something to wear tomorrow.

1-3 Sunday

Jill and I now sit Shiva for Mom. The many people who have stopped by the house to pay their respects is a tribute to her goodness. Even though it seems so dreamlike, it is still wearing. It is all wearing to the point that each person who comes to be with me takes a little chip out of my armor. Please G-d, don't let me fall apart now.

1-4 Monday

The wake was today. Two hours in the afternoon and three hours tonight. It was quite a party. Mom would have been delighted. All her favorite songs were playing softly in the background. At times there was so much conversation and laughter that you couldn't hear the music. There were lots of positive comments about my sending Mom out of this world with some unfinished knitting in her hands. I can't remember a time when her hands weren't busy. She was always sewing, sketching, or knitting. Besides, she promised me that scarf and I'm going to get it one way or another. She looked beautiful, attired in the full regalia of an Egyptian priestess. I wanted people to see my mother as I saw her. No make-up; she was beautiful without it, and that wonderful silver grey, natural.

Right after the champagne toast, I asked the people there to tell Jill and me stories about Mom. I was delightfully surprised at the wonderful memories that were shared. I never knew how many people she had introduced to the Arts, or just how many lives she touched. When it was all over, Jill and I covered Mom and closed and locked the casket ourselves. Though it's against state law the undertaker let us do it. It was part of our duty

1-5 Tuesday

We have committed my mother's body to the flames. In the inferno that reduces bone to ashes is the shell she cast off and my heart. I know now why I don't feel the pain. All that I could feel is mercifully buffered by valium and the polite rituals and customs of death and dying. Please G-d help me to stay strong after the shock wears off.

1-6 Wednesday

Jill flew back to Oklahoma today. She had Kilo with her. This will be the last trip he ever makes. I'll see to it that he spends the rest of his little life being well taken care of. He was Mom's dog and she loved

him. He probably extended her life for years. For that I shall be eternally grateful.

1-7 Wednesday

I never should have gone to Uncle Ed's funeral. The shock of two days ago is beginning to wear off. The emotional strain of going through two almost identical funerals was more than I should have tried to do. I'm not as strong as I would like to think I am.

1-8 Friday

I've started packing some of Mom's books. All the books on Egypt will go home with me. I think that I'm going to give the art books to Audy. She's the next generation of Johnson artist and Mom was proud of her talent. It seems only right that this vast art library should now be hers since Mom was also her patron.

1-9 Saturday

I've packed over 20 boxes of books and I haven't made a dent in these shelves. I really don't know if I expected to in just one day. Mom's library was her greatest prize and there are lots of books here. All the people who were special to Mom have chosen a book from her collection or something special that will remind them of her. That way a little piece of her will always be with them. I'm giving an antique leather purse filled with little things to Deborah. I even picked a volume for Jean and Dan. Mom considered them friends.

I have thank you cards to do. I'm avoiding that chore like the plague. The last thing I want to do is look through that book of remembrances. Unfortunately I can't put this off too much longer. It would be bad manners.

- Later

Ryn was over this afternoon. We went out for a bite to eat. When we got back to the office, I just wanted her to talk to me but she gently insisted that we write thank you cards. In truth, it was so much easier doing them with someone. We laughed and wrote for about three hours. I was surprised; I hardly cried at all. G-d bless her for that.

1-15 Friday

Doris was over today. We sat in the office and talked. She came right out and asked me why I treated her differently than the rest of the

family did. I reminded her that, when I was very small, she was kind to Mom and to me. I don't forget things like that. When Mom needed a friend, she was there. When the rest of the family turned their back on Mom, and on me she was there. Those acts of kindness have won her a place in my heart.

Doris chose Mom's bust of Nefertiti as her gift.

1-22 Friday

I spent most of the day going through Mom's clothes. I packed some. I gave some of them to Mary the Housekeeper. Mom put so much love into the clothes that she made, I wanted them to be used by people who would love and appreciate them.

Mary is Mom's size and she can really use the things. The fine tailoring and expensive fabrics will make Mary look like a million when she dresses up. The shock of all this is beginning to wear off and the pain is setting in. Thank G-d Ryn is coming to get me in a few hours. I need to get out of this house.

1-23 Saturday

My senses tell me that I am dreaming.

My mind knows that I am awake.

What I'm experiencing now only happens in my fantasies.

The warm rounded steel restraining wrist and ankle is all too deliciously real.

In the blackness of this room, and the huge expanse of this bed, I can sense you. Mixed with the aroma of night is the sweet scent of perfume and pheromone. The intoxicating mix makes me question my sanity.

No, it's just my sense that I'm unsure of.

Against my nakedness, the fur of your coat protects me from the room's cool air. It tickles my nose and sends the essence of you straight to my brain. You have permeated the fibers of its long ago sacrificed skin..

How do you expect me to sleep like this? The Hyatts that bind me in this fetal position have encased my mind as well. The blackness of this room is almost womb-like. All my senses are in your control and it sets my mind reeling.

Calm down, your clit is throbbing faster than your heart is beating.

I pray that there is an eternity until morning. I pray that you can't

find the keys to these cuffs. I pray that I stay wrapped in your fur until Hell freezes over. I can't get these images out of my head.

Just shut your eyes and got to sleep, you fool.

I see images of you where I know you don't exist. I can feel your hands attaching my collar.

Ryn is sleeping two rooms away.

You have unknowingly programmed me to exotic and erotic thoughts of you. Sweet dreams are made of this.

2-3 Wednesday

The long journey back to Tulsa is part blessing and part curse. I should be going home to my mother right now. That will never happen again. I am, however, going home with a very special legacy for Mom. The new woman in my life has given me strength during the worst crisis I've ever known. She has given Jill friendship, caring, and a shoulder to lean on.

I wonder if Mom planned this. We shall see what the future holds with my new friend of 15 years.

2-24 Wednesday

My first day in therapy. I hope to G-d this gets better. I put my fist through the wall today. It's going to take the better part of tomorrow to repair the hole I've made. I can't seem to stop crying. And I can't stop these attacks of panic and anxiety.

Grief counseling, what a misnomer.

3-3 Wednesday

Session II

My therapist is comparing me to the surviving family members of some sort of holocaust. Maybe he's right. I'm now afraid to pick up the phone, expecting more bad news. According to him that's normal. Shit, according to him this is all normal. If this is the norm, I need the exception, and I need it fast. This is quickly turning into depression. I feel like I'm drowning and that's a messy way to die.

3-17 Wednesday

The nightmares are getting worse. I blame myself for my mother's death. I trusted someone to give the doctors a message of life or death and that message wasn't delivered. I always assume that things won't get done properly unless I do them myself, or double check on the

person to whom I assigned the task. This one time I didn't check and my mother died.

Was Louise's silence deliberate? I'll never know unless she says something. If I ask the question I'm afraid that I might kill her, regardless of the answer. I will tell this to my therapist tonight.

3-19 Friday

I got a call today from Alex , sending condolences for Mom. It's been two and a half months. I wonder what took her so long? There are a lot of people that we haven't heard from. Jill says that I shouldn't expect to. There are so many people that we've aided over the years. Their silence is deafening now.

3-25 Thursday

I got a call from Tiffany today. She has suggested that I come to California, to the UCLA Grief Clinic. I tried to tell her that I'm up to my ass in, and with, therapy right now, but, according to her, they have the best clinic in the country. Maybe she's right. What have I got to lose?

3-31 Wednesday

I can't shake the nightmares about Mom. Each one is more bizarre than the one before it. All the psychobabble that I've been listening to only registers on an intellectual level, not an emotional one. When will this come to an end?

4-21 Wednesday

Off to the East Coast. I'm afraid I wasn't a terrific traveling companion for D.J. I just wasn't in the mood to be that talkative. Well, this is the trip I've been scaring her about for six months. I'm glad she could come.

Ryn and Andy met us at the airport. We threw my crap in Ryn's car. Andy got D.J. and threw her crap in his car. Both vehicles headed off for Washington. Ryn's driving and Andy's are definitely not compatible. Thank G-d he had a map and a really good set of directions. The last time I saw him was crossing the Jersey border. Oh well. We'll catch up with D.J. and Andy sometime tomorrow.

- Late

We're staying with Cassy Erin. This house is gorgeous. You do, however, need a homing beacon to find it. We're only 25 minutes from downtown D.C., and this whole neighborhood reeks of money and

diplomatic immunity. Roaming the museums and the leather events with Ryn is going to be really exciting. I'm looking forward to this - I desperately need a dose of my tribe.

4-22 Thursday

A personalized tour of the Smithsonian with a staff official. Miles is an absolute delight, Mom would have loved him, and this tour. What a plus to know he's kinky. I was afraid D.J. and Andy were never going to leave the Air and Space museum.

We had lunch at the private, members' dining room, four star cuisine and five star company. Today the museum is full of gays and lesbians. In less than one day Washington has turned into an all gay city. Talk about straights being in the minority, and the March isn't until Sunday. I wonder how many people will be here by then.

4-23 Friday

Bad news is even following me to Washington. Joan died today. Her battle with cancer is over. I'm grateful that I'm on the East Coast. I'll be able to attend the funeral on Monday. This entire trip just got rearranged and so did my state of mind.

I'm supposed to go out later tonight and take Ryn to the first event of this leather and family weekend. The only thing I want to do right now is curl up and cry. Cassy has been very, very good about this, and so has Ryn. For the last couple of hours they've given me the space that I need to try to regroup.

Perhaps it's a good thing that I have to be somewhere this evening. Maybe I can escape for a few hours and enjoy my tribe and some good company.

4-24 Saturday

I choose to raise "Ryn-watching" to an art form. I saw some hapless soul walk face first into the side of a newspaper stand. Instead of watching where his feet were headed, his eyes were glued to Ryn's leather-encased backside. I hope the poor boy didn't break his nose.

I find it amazing and amusing that she is completely oblivious to the reactions of people around her. Gay men are falling all over her and she doesn't see it or get it. I wonder which is truly the more humorous: watching her or watching the people watching her.

4-25 Sunday

This long day is triumphantly, victoriously, successfully over. The four of us were a part of history. Mike H. of GMSMA asked if Ryn and I would like to be two of the eight people chosen to carry the SM/Leather/Fetish banner. D.J. and Andy fell in right behind us. What an honor.

D.C. was hot, dusty, and definitely not leather weather, but who cares? There were somewhere between 5,000 and 7,000 leather men and women marching behind us and we were just one small contingent in this massive parade - 300,000 my ass. Almost 300,000 people (according to Amtrak statistics,) came in from New York alone. The official Gay count is 1.2 million and still rising.

The parade route got changed on us, but so what? At the leather contingent they broke off the rest of the parade and sent us along a different route. There were too many people for the streets to hold. We turned the corner at the White House and began marching uphill. Two blocks later, I looked over my shoulder at the people behind me. I nudged Ryn to turn around also. There was a sea of black leather that was still rounding the corner two blocks back. I think Ryn had tears in her eyes. I've never felt so proud in all of my life. Even the grim task I have to do tomorrow can't dampen what I'm feeling now.

4-26 Monday

I can't remember the revolting hour of the morning that I got up and I can't remember the number of cups of coffee I've had today. I drove back from Washington. The road let me erase my mind for a little while and veg out. Ryn slept for a large portion of the drive.

I got to the house around 8:15 in the morning with 90 minutes to get ready for the funeral - plenty of time to shower and dress. No sooner did I get into the house than I had to listen to Louise's ravings about Doris. I hadn't had enough coffee for that bullshit. But I'll never have enough of my drug of choice to let her do that within Jacob's earshot. He was less than 3 feet away when she shot her mouth off. I lost it.

Today of all days we're supposed to be acting like a family. A family united in its grief. My uncle has to do the hardest thing any parent has to do, and something no parent ever wants to do, and that's bury his first born child. I haven't been in this house ten minutes, and I can see the heartbreak and controlled grief in his eyes. Now he has to listen to his sister mouth off about his wife. I can't believe I starting screaming. I told Louise off and stormed away to the office. Ryn took off quietly behind me. I know she saw what happened: Everybody did. But I don't

think she understands what started it. I didn't have the energy or the temperament to explain it.

I hate funerals.

4-27 Tuesday

Today I had another anxiety attack. They come out of nowhere followed by uncontrollable rage or long crying jags. Anything can set them off. I need help.

4-29 Thursday

There was an invitation-only party tonight at the Vault. Esoteric Press is introducing a new Dominant to the Leather public. The editor has gone all out. In truth I would much rather have spent the time with Ryn and D.J. doing something a little less exciting, but the experience of being back in New York was something that I wanted D.J. to have.

When we got back to Jersey, Ryn turned D.J. inside out. She may never be the same again.

4-30 Friday

Andy's taken DJ to the airport. Ryn, Mikalle, Lady A, and I have loaded the van, and are off for another adventure. I've got the basics of what's supposed to go on this weekend, but I'm not quite sure of the flow of things. Let's just play it by ear.

D.J. still looked like she's on cloud nine. She will be talking about this trip for months. I wonder if she's going to tell her mother everything?

- evening

I met a lot of people this evening. Monique's other half, Terry. The person Ryn will be doing part of the scene with, Janet. And a friend from Paris, Henri, who is now wearing some of my leather. It's a good thing we are the same size.

5-1 Saturday

Life with Ryn is never dull. This morning the Mistress sent me out for breakfast things, i.e. bagels, muffins, and coffee. A small group gathered in the room, and we partied until afternoon. Now the unique thing about this party was the centerpiece. Bound as neatly as a butcher's sausage was Henri. Ryn had him tucked into a two-piece body bag with hood. Nothing was exposed but air holes.

The party went on over him, around him, and on some occasions

on top of him. When he emerged, hours later with smile on his face, he wined and dined the entire group on the finest lobster lunch that I've had in years.

- Later

Ryn didn't like the space where we were to perform tonight. The equipment that was promised wasn't there. The atmosphere is club or disco like, not scene-oriented at all. I have a feeling everything is going to be fine though. Part of my confidence is due to Mikalle. He can keep her calm when no one else can.

It's been a mixed evening. The scene on stage with Janet, Ryn and Lady A. was hot. I could watch this woman play for days and never get bored. Unfortunately, we were rushed to get packed afterwards by the band that was due to play music for the rest of the evening. I've never seen such rude behavior. Things got tossed everywhere, and in the confusion some pieces were lost.

I finally got everything packed, then went to help Ryn get changed. Ryn, Janet, and Kali got into a fantasy rape scene on a pool table that was one of the hottest things I've ever seen. Everyone in the crowd thought so too. It was fantasy fulfillment for Janet, and Ryn's way of saying thank you for a job well done. I had a lot of work to do keeping the crowd away from the three of them. Evidently it was a little too real for Henri, who made a one hell of a fuss about it. He stormed off into the night leaving me to calm down one very angry dominant.

5-2 Sunday

All our rooms were comped for the weekend by the group putting on the affair. The ride home was as much fun as the ride up to Boston. It's late now. I'll drive back to Elizabeth tomorrow. I wonder what the future holds for Ryn and me?

5-3 Monday

I just got out of Ryn's dungeon. If someone were to look at me now they'd swear I was drunk. To some extent they'd be right. I'm giggling like an idiot, I can't stand up, and I've lost control of most of my coordination and motor skills. Loosely translated - I've been Ryn-d.

You are overwhelming to the senses. My eyes take in a vision of you silhouetted against the dance floor lights. Your beauty makes men and women envious of my position.

You are overwhelming to the senses. The scent of you drifts on man made currents, making sweet the air around you. I can find you without sight.

You are overwhelming to the senses. In a room full of other sounds I can hear the soft throatiness of your voice thought the crowd's din. Whether loud or whispered, my ear seems to find you.

You are overwhelming to the senses. Your touch is distinctive from others my flesh remembers. You are now part of my muscle memory.

You are overwhelming to the senses. I long to taste. But I am patient; I can wait. I long to touch as you have touched me. I long to see more, more of you past, present, and future. I long to hear, until my mind is full with the sounds only your throat can make. I long to smell, to bury my sense of scent so deep in you that I could follow your scent until time's end. I find peace in the delights of your sensory overload.

5-4 Tuesday

Where in the world is Jill when I need her? She is supposed to be here to stop me from doing incredibly stupid things. I just bought a mink coat. And not just any mink...a blue iris mink. Talk about rare skins. I'm going to get skinned alive for this one. No matter how much of a bargain this coat was, with all of Mom's bills left to pay, I can't afford this.

On the other hand, I have a Chesloff fur. The women in this family for three generations have all gotten their furs from one place and that place is closing forever in just three days. Oh well, I'll blame this on Ryn. It's her fault. I'm still not coherent from yesterday.

5-5 Wednesday

There has been another death in the family. Another young Davis life was tragically snuffed out. Darrin died in an traffic accident.

I hate funerals!

5-10 Monday

Tina picked me up today and we met Lisa at the park where they're going to have their wedding and reception. The site is beautiful. I can picture in my mind how this will look tented and flowered. For their sake, I hope the weather holds. We waited over an hour for the caterer to show up for her meeting. Hopefully, she will be worth the wait.

5-13 Monday

Today was Darrin's funeral. More black. More High Mass. more

time crying in St. Elizabeth church. His funeral started with "G-d of Our Fathers," the same song I chose for Mom. I was so lost in my own grief and tears, that I don't remember much of what happened after that.

I'm told that the price to be paid for coming from a big family is a lot of funerals. Nobody told me that they would all come at once. I know now that I need help. Thank G-d for Ryn and Jill or I never would have gotten this far.

5-15 Saturday

I drove down to see L.J. for the weekend. I enjoy Fallsington. It's a sleepy little hamlet, whose history you can still feel. Thirty-six hours away from the hysterics of my family may be just what the doctor ordered. It's getting closer to Mom's birthday and I really need to hear the birds sing without too much accompaniment from Ford and General Motors. I'll go to church tomorrow and meet some of the people L.J. is always talking about.

5-19 Wednesday

Ryn and I were LLC's meeting tonight. We talked about "living the relationship." Not only did we talk about the relationships we're forming together, we each talked about the live-in situations that went into forming us.

I listened to her describe her relationship with her first two masters. She is more the woman described by Pauline Reage, and I am closer to Butterfly McQueen. The combination of love slave and chattel slave should make for an interesting partnership in the future. The ladies of LLC were fascinated and full of questions and disbelief. Even those who knew us had questions for us. I found that surprising. All of this nonsense did, however, give me new insights into a woman who, day by day, seems to be stealing more and more of my heart.

5-22 Saturday

I could become very accustomed to the clerical life if this is the typical treatment. Lisa and Tina rented hotel rooms for everyone in the bridal party, including me. This hotel is beautiful. The food is four-star, as is the service. So, with robe and Mona's stole firmly in hand, I settled in for the wedding rehearsal and an evening of relaxation, games, and whatever else Ryn might have in mind.

The wedding rehearsal was the usual pre-wedding fiasco. Nobody was serious, including the bride and groom. At least everyone

now knows their places and the ceremony's order. I sent Tina off for her last night of bachelordom and separated the bride and groom until they see each other at the wedding tomorrow. Ryn had devilment up her sleeve that I dare not describe, even in these pages. All I can say is a good time was had by all.

And now off to sleep. I have a wedding to perform in the morning.

5-23 Sunday "The Ceremony"

From beginning to end, this day has been story book. The bride and groom both looked beautiful. The location and decorations should have been photographed for *Bride's Magazine*. The food was excellent. Even the weather cooperated.

Two people who love each other have been joined before G-d, family, and friends. I'm proud to say that I was part of it. May they be blessed with abiding and enduring love and a long, long life together.

5-25 Tuesday

Newark to LA, change in Chicago. I've made this flight more times than I can count. This time I cried all the way. I don't know what I'm expecting from two weeks at this grief clinic. Counseling and therapy haven't worked. I'm desperate enough to try anything to stop the anxiety attacks, the mood swings and the crying jags. If nothing else maybe it will save more broken dishes.

5-26 Wednesday

Dear Mom,

I spent two hours at the UCLA grief clinic today. It was the initial interview. I really like this guy Mom. He feels good. His name is Cobbs - Dr. Bob Cobbs.

I told him everything I could think of about the last six months. I told him how much I miss you, and how a part of me seems to have died with you. I even told him that I have slept with your ashes.

This is the first time that I have come away from a therapy session feeling like there is a light at the end of the long, dark tunnel. I can't see it yet, not even a pinhole of light, but I have faith in this man's ability to get me to, and through, it.

I talked about you so much today Mom. I tried to tell him what it was like to grow up without monsters under the bed, except I took it for granted. I didn't have those fears. You were always there. Nothing could

harm me in the dark - you were there. I'm not afraid of water, you taught me to swim, to skate, to ride a bike. I assumed all Moms were that way.

You listened to my first poems and my first words. Damn, Mom. How could you do this to me? How could you leave me? You promised me that you would never die. I don't give a damn if it was a promise made to a child after a story. You promised and you've broken that promise.

Of all the parts of this psychological fiasco you've left me, that's the one that angers me most. *I need you!* This is the worst crisis of my life and you caused it.

Damn it, I miss you. I miss your laughter, your presense, your cheating at solitaire. I want to see that smile that lit up a room. No, not in my mind, in my living room in your usual place on the couch.

I miss our morning coffee. I miss always coaxing you to eat. I miss yelling at you for feeding the dog.

I miss you.

5-27 Thursday

Today was group therapy with Dr. Cobbs and two others. In the first hour we were all together, we went through a box and a half of Kleenex. All of us are victims of multiple deaths. Because of the magnitude of our collective trauma, Dr. Cobbs has chosen to keep this group very small. That's a blessing, at least for me. I listened to the stories of the other people in this group, and for once I believed what I am experiencing now, physically, psychological and emotionally, actually is normal. This is the first day I don't feel so alone, so frightened, and so desperately depressed. We all talked, cried, and shared each other's sorrows. Surprisingly enough, we each laughed at the end. Maybe I will survive this after all.

6-1 Monday

I told Dr. Cobbs about my nightmares. We spent a long time discussing them and the fears that they represent. I even told him about Ryn, and what I thought she represented in my life. I was surprised when he agreed with me.

6-4 Friday

Back to the airport and back to Tulsa. I'm feeling emotionally lighter. I guess time will tell how much emotional baggage I left at the UCLA Grief Clinic. It's not over, not by a long shot. But I finally believe

it will get better. This process will ultimately come to some kind of conclusion. But 18 months is a long time to wait.

6-6 Sunday

Ryn, I am continually amazed by you. Today you casually call and ask me if I would like to have a pair of Hyatt cuffs for my birthday like the set I wear when I'm with you. Then just as casually you ask if I would rather have a ticket to see you. **There's no choice: I want to see you! When? Where? Now?**

In less than ten minutes you have managed to excite me beyond words, and lift my spirits out of this funk I've been in. Shall I come to you? Or is there a slight chance that you could come and visit me? I would love to show you my world.

6-8 Tuesday

I can't believe that you're coming here to Oklahoma! Jean would never have done that for me. I don't know why I'm even making comparisons. Lady you are in a class all your own.

7-6 Tuesday

Ryn;

I picked you up from the airport just a few hours ago. I can't believe that you're here. My guest room is waiting.

7-9 Friday

Tonight was the night. I've waited and fantasied about this evening for weeks. Everything was perfect. I introduced you to the woman who was to be your date for the evening. Time and scenario were arranged and agreed upon. Off I went to the bar to await your arrival. I found a seat and talked with Jane the owner. Twenty minutes later you and Marty arrived.

You two hadn't gotten from the door to the end of the bar before your appearance had every little dyke in the place staring with mouths open. So many women were lusting at you that Marty got a little uncomfortable. From my vantage point I could see that even the two women playing pool stopped to take a look.

Marty got you a drink, then got you some bar space. Right about that time, a little black dyke saunters up to me, looks you up and down and tells me with a bragging voice that she "was gonna get some of that

tonight." She made her move. A few other people did too. She had to wait her turn.

Before we left the bar, separately of course, you had a strange woman's ring on your finger and most of the underwear in the bar wet. Tulsa will never be the same.

7-10 Saturday

I took Ryn to a powwow today - her first, and my first this season. The Sac and Fox are having their intertribal competition and there were easily 800 men and women competing in different categories. The grand entry and circle dance were a feast for the eyes. Watching a powwow through Ryn's eyes brought back all the awe and wonder of my first time. Neither heat nor dust could stop that infectious twinkle. We stayed in Stroud until almost 1 am, and we're going back again tomorrow, or should I say later today.

All of the fears and worries about entertaining my mistress have melted away. Jean had me so convinced that Oklahoma was a culture-less dust bowl, that I was scared stiff when Ryn first got here. She is so easy to be with and so eager to experience the wonders of my world, that I can't help but wonder what took me so long to get together with her.

7-11 Sunday

So this is what a calf feels like when it's been heeled by a skilled cowboy. Or should I say cowgirl? One week in the mid-west, and you're roping like a pro. It's the fastest I've ever seen four limbs tied together. I just didn't think they would be mine.

You know, this position's embarrassing. What's even more embarrassing is what I'm thinking right now. Do you know your skin turns taupe brown by moonlight? It's a beautiful color on you.

I can't believe I'm thinking of that, considering the position I'm in right now.

You are gorgeous naturally.

It's a shame to mar that view with clothes, even the harness you're slipping into. Oh shit, the harness. I know what that means.

This is going to be a bumpy ride and I don't have a seat belt. You just flipped me across the bed with more ease and skill than I thought you had.

Must be the fresh air.

Even in this light I can tell that's quite a pistol you're packing. And I thought I was a size queen. Okay, take you're best shot. Ready,

aim...

OOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

7-19 Monday

For a woman whose name means peace, you create erotic chaos wherever you go.

The silk pantsuit you wore in 90 degree heat had men driving utility carts into the sides of buildings. I find that amusing.

Your appearance in a Lesbian bar made women slap their lovers to maintain proper attention. So, what else is new?

Your long legs encased in black leather gave gay male friends of mine a hard on. Quite interesting.

However, your turning on a vacuum cleaner and using it on my living room rug while I was dusting furniture is going to take serious getting used to.

Hasn't anyone told you that Dominants don't do that sort of thing? I know. I've talked to Tops all over the world, and I can't think of many who are familiar with the work concept (Scene and entertaining excluded).

You understand the work that you give your slaves and you're right beside them. When no one is available you'll do it yourself. This is going to take getting used to. Mind you, I didn't say I didn't like it, I just don't know how to handle it. In my 20 years, jaded as I am, this is a real novelty.

I find myself just wanting to sit you down, hand you a drink, and go do the mundane tasks myself. Yes, you are very right about many hands making the load lighter and faster.

Forgive me for not knowing how to react to this side of you. Forgive me for wishing to coddle you. Forgive me for treating you like every other Dominant. You really are something special. I've known that for 15 years.

7-25 Sunday

I love to watch you smile. It lights your face the way gold illuminates the pages of a rare manuscript.

Sometimes I can watch its entire evolution. The smile starts as a gleam, that becomes a twinkle in your eyes. Your dimples form, then your lips part in a slight grin that explodes into a perfect smile.

If I'm lucky there's accompanying laughter. Its deep rich tone is music to my ears.

9-18 Saturday

TULSA meeting today. We're getting ready for Mr. Oklahoma Leather. This is the first time I've been home through its entire preparation. I've enjoyed being part of it. I went back to the Habana Inn to change and relax before tonight's fund-raiser.

I had a good time with Tom and Joe as we all ran around in a state of undress. At the Habana Inn, that's normal. We cruised a room full of guys across the courtyard from us. Their eyes really bugged out when they realized there was also a woman in this room. Gender bending is such fun.

We raised \$600 at the Porthole. I really like cellblock parties. I have no idea how many people I arrested and led off to jail, but it was all for a good cause, and it was all in fun.

There was a woman at the bar this evening that absolutely fascinated me. Her name is Sharryn. My guess is she's in her late 40's and, despite age and appearance still very inexperienced, both as a lesbian and as a leather woman. The vampire in me was cruising, although well controlled. And yet, he or she (one day I'll figure out the vampire's sex), seemed to draw an awful lot of innocents, Sharryn being one of them. She is the kind of woman I have to be very careful of. The beast in me would use her as a snack, feed, and then go on. But what's left after the beast feeds would be unfair. I know I'm going to keep her away from me, far more for her own sake than for mine. I'll deal with that later.

10-7 Thursday

Welcome, my lady, to your first LIL. I was so excited about seeing you that the wait at Houston airport seemed to fly by. I hope that the weekend doesn't go by as quickly. I want to savor every second.

10-8 Friday

We didn't make it out of the hotel last night. So much for dungeon parties. We had quite a party going on in our own room. I can see that having the room connecting to Phillip and Mike H. is going to be quite an adventure.

Do you have any idea what you did to Phillip tonight? Besides adding another gay man to the long string of those who have said, "I'd turn for that," you casually and delightfully took his cherry. What started out with a neighborly salad and fruit, progressed to a game of I'll show

you my toys, if I can see yours. From there it stepped up to Phillip in a bondage suit and you and Michael doing a scene. The one thing Michael and I knew that you didn't was that Mr. Fields has never played with a woman before. He loved it. It was beautiful to watch and assist with. Best of all, it cemented new friendships.

10-9 Saturday

I was looking at the dungeon receipt that is in my wallet. My dungeon admission was paid for by you. Since this trip started you have playfully reminded me of that fact. This weekend I am your toy bought and paid for. That slip of paper brings a smile to my face and a glow of pride as well.

With a devilish and menacing grin, you remind me that you have every intention of getting your money's worth out of me. Since this is as close to the "auction block" as I will ever get I, too, plan to savor every minute of the fantasy.

10-10 Sunday

My dearest Ryn: You have successfully managed to enchant 99 percent of LIL. You could have done that whether you did the Spanner benefit or not. But what you did today and the amount of money you single-handedly raised has earned you the gratitude of most of your leather tribe. What words did you whisper in Queen Cougar's ear? She exited the cage with a great big smile on her face. Did you know that she tried to run my Chi lines backward? Maybe I should check her out. She could be a formidable playmate for you, especially if she can find *my* energy zones. How about Kevan? Did you enjoy her also? She's been talking about you ever since.

You looked gorgeous tonight. And how you managed to fold those long legs of yours back into that cage was anyone's guess. You captivated Irwin Kane tonight. He's been fascinated by you all weekend and asking me questions about you all day. What secret things did you whisper in his ear while the two of you were locked in the Higgins' cage?

The applause you heard while you were standing on stage was well deserved, my sweet. And I have a feeling this is going to be the first of many times you will hear it. I told you the first time you came to visit me that southern men, straight or gay, like their women to be ladies. I think now you understand. This conference has been a success and a portion of that credit goes to you. Thank you for being here.

10-11 Monday

D.J. picked us up at the airport in her car. Knowing how you pack, she should have known to bring a truck. For a few minutes there, I thought I was going to have to ride to Bixby on the hood. Back in Bixby and ensconced in my bedroom, you have become a natural part of the heartbeat of this household. We have much to do, many places to go, and many people to see before you leave Oklahoma. You're the only Dominant I know with a fan club.

10-13 Wednesday

I guess Oklahoma is becoming the state to visit. Either that or my friends are crossing 1,600 miles just to see me and Jill smile. Just before Ryn and I went out to get a bite to eat, the telephone rang. On the other end was Monique telling us that by some fortunate twist of fate, all things have fallen into place for her to come up for a visit, if she was still welcome. I think that I said yes so fast it surprised her.

Evidently she had been trying to reach us since early this afternoon. This was the last time she was going to place the call. A few Oklahomans stayed an extra day at LIL, so there were people driving back who could bring her. Since they were about to leave she had to give them an answer or take her plane back to Jersey.

I assured her that there was no inconvenience to her visit, and it was my pleasure to include her in all the activities that I had planned for Ryn. Ryn and Jill are as excited about this as I am.

10-14 Thursday

This should be quite an experience for you. This is the first time you've ever stayed at an all gay hotel. The Habana is an experience. I think that's a nice way of putting it. The beds are bad, the food is average, but the atmosphere is great. Three of us in one room should be quite a trip. Oh well, let's start scheduling your fan club. We only have two days before the Mr. Oklahoma Leather Contest.

10-15 Friday

There is something wonderful about being surrounded by beautiful women. I'm the envy of half the leather clubs in Oklahoma. With you on one arm and Monique on the other, everybody was green with envy. Gotta like that.

The bar run was a ball. The two of you were a delight to watch, and Monique met a whole bunch of new friends. At least I have you two

convinced the mid-west is a happening place. Tomorrow's activities are going to be even crazier.

10-16 Saturday

The contest is over. Bo didn't win, but the 1994 Mr. Oklahoma Leather is quite a bundle of energy. I'm very pleased with Terry, and getting to know his mentor has also been a wonderful experience. I think Terry is going to be quite a spokesman for the state. May he have a wonderful and productive reign.

10-18 Monday

Do I *have* to put you on this plane? I have come to love your company. I know we will not be apart long, but even that small space of time is an eternity. You are a delight to be around.

10-19 Tuesday

I'm off to California to pick up the convertible. I've got to be back here by Thursday night, or I'll never have enough time to finish my chores and be ready to leave for the East Coast by Monday.

It's a good thing I like driving.

- Late

I've stopped in Bristow for the night. I'll get an early start in the morning. I'm nowhere near where I should be on this journey back to Oklahoma. Tiffany delayed me an extra three hours. My S-M relationship with Tiffany is over. Some things just aren't worth it. She's the best play partner I've ever had - not that I've had that many. But the play is no longer worth the price that I'm paying.

I'm grateful that the relationship never progressed to its next step. Tiffany would never make the emotional commitments that I needed. I never dropped the last defenses around my inner core. Had I done so, loyalty's blinders would never have allowed me to leave. Now that I am unencumbered by emotional ties, this trip to New York takes on a whole different tone. I can go where the spirit leads me. I can't help but wonder where that will be.

I don't trust like I used to. I thought I had the ideal relationship. When I got to the point where my needs had to be met my Mistress said "Sayonara, get out." My blinders are off now.

10-25 Monday

"I have come to you. You have summoned and I have obeyed."

That was what kept flashing through my mind on the flight here. I come to you a free woman. What an odd thought.

My mind is holding on to tonight's images of you. Like a small child with its favorite toy, my brain clings to the events of just a few hours ago. You donned a robe from my suitcase. Its flowing fabric was originally woven by Egyptian peasants, then hand- fashioned to adorn a king. The blue and white coloring framed the majesty of your taupe brown skin.

The essence of its first owner must have been having its effect on you, for you became Faisel, and I, your royal play toy. What a capricious monarch you were, your royal whim changing as fast as I could satisfy it. No matter what I did, you refused to be pleased until you had exhausted my strength and power.

This humble subject was then tossed into a cell to spend the rest of the night dreaming about my fate.

10-28 Thursday

I assisted with a scene today. Ryn had one of her slaves in the dungeon and ready to be put through his paces. My first task was to get him dressed. Easy enough. Up went the stockings, on went the corset. Tug, tug...pull, pull...straighten out the seams...clip the garters...buckle the shoes, noooooo problem. A little light conversation during the process...on go the cuffs. All done. Okay, so I let my hands roam a bit. So I laced the corset a little tight. He got used to it. So I got him into a straight jacket. So I got him into, and out of a couple of hoods. So he caught me smiling because I was enjoying myself. That's no reason to call me a nymph and a little mischievous elf, now is it?

10-29 Friday

What a night. If I hadn't seen the process from start to finish I wouldn't have believed it. You had at least a hundred people in this house, enough food to feed two army divisions, flowers everywhere and cars parked for blocks around. All of it came off without a hitch.

What a glorious night. Not only did I get to play with you, (which surprised me, as busy as you were) but you were by my side through another small crisis, my first social encounter with Jean. Have I thanked you for how you and Andre handled the whole thing? Have I told you how much it meant to me to have you two consider my feelings? You didn't have to ask me about my comfort level, and whether I would be alright having Jean at the party. You didn't have to put your

friendship with Alex and maybe Giselle on the line. But the fact that I had to be okay with the guest list will be forever stamped in my heart. That consideration means more to me than I could ever say.

I knew that I would be alright in this party atmosphere, because you were by my side. All I had to remember was that it was your collar around my neck. I must confess that I fingered it more than once during my brief social interlude with my former owner.

Thank you for an incredible second party at Mistress Ryn's.

10-31 Sunday

I am tired, physically and emotionally. One missing sign on the New York Thruway took us three hours and at least 100 miles out of our way. I could have handled that easily, but the snow storm Mother Nature tossed into the pot for interest kept me at wheel gripping alert for the entire drive to Canada.

You and Freeya were good company as we drove the two lane county roads, worming our way back to the Thruway. I don't know if you two realized that there were times when I literally couldn't see the road ahead of me. Freeya couldn't drive, and you would just as soon have pulled over and found a place to stay for the night. The trouble is, there weren't any.

I haven't seen some of those roads since I was 16 and working in the Adirondacks. I don't know if things started to look familiar, or if a sense of dread at the surroundings happened first. Suddenly I was taking you two on some of the backroads of my past. I could feel the familiarity of the bends in the road. I knew where the police station was, a mile before we came to it. I told you two about the bridge that I went over, minutes before we came to it. As we approached, I relived the accident that almost took my life as a kid.

Freeya tosses it off to kismet. Perhaps I too should think of this drive as fate's way of sharing, with two special people, a hidden piece of my past.

11-1 Monday

You raped me. It may not have all been physical but, *You raped me.*

You intruded yourself into my dream, manipulated it, and then changed the outcome. How did you...How could you...As if that wasn't enough, passion, left over from the deliberately directed dream state, drove us into the most animalistic encounter we've ever had.

Damn it. I don't do that. I've been trained for two decades not to have those feelings about my owner. Tonight has made me violate all my training. You have made me *lust*. You have yanked away all the polite pretense that has made me a good slave. I have never been sexual with my owners, at least not on this level. Now that my programming has been short circuited, *will you still want me?*

- Late

I have developed a male persona. Our trip through the mall had me looking at wing-tipped shoes and cashmere coats. Even my walk has changed. In the boutique today, I found that I had slipped into a husbandly "Yes, Dear" attitude. The sales girls thought it was cute, and you perpetuated it. That little strip tease in the changing room gave me one whale of a boner. For G-d's sake, we sounded like husband and wife. I'm hoping that this is some sort of id protection because of last night. You and I have got to talk.

11-2 Tuesday

I'm still doing a lot of processing over yesterday - all of yesterday. I think the birth of my male alter ego was a response to your unannounced intrusion into my R.E.M. state. But...He had to have been inside of me somewhere, or he never would have come out. Maybe it just took something drastic to give him birth.

You find a lot of this metamorphosis amusing. How was I supposed to know that you have no fear of the many sides of me, that you want them all? The others only wanted the slave who could work. Anything else was my problem, and not allowed to come into my day to day existence. No one wanted the whole person, until now.

11-4 Thursday

We spent most of the day with Freeya and her parents at the Cathedral of Saint Joseph. It's the one place that I wanted - no, needed - to see while we were in Canada. Nothing has changed since I saw the place when I was nine. At least to me nothing has changed. As I stood at the top of the steps I could visualize my mother making the pilgrim's climb. I remember as a child running up the hundred or so stairs. I sat at the top and watched her make the long journey to the top on her knees, saying a prayer on each step. It took hours. It was a testament to her faith then. My memory of it is a testament to her faith now.

Ryn, Mrs. Stanos and I all went in together. As we crossed the sanctuary threshold, Ryn and I were both crying. On the drive back she

said that she knew everything I was feeling, because she could read my thoughts.

11-5 Friday

It's been quite a trip. I shall miss Montreal and all the people I've met. I'm looking forward to next year at LIL. With the conference in Canada, I'll get to see some of them again.

The drive home was quite an event. It must be remembered by me that Mistress gets quite bored on long drives. Even though we stopped once to shop and once to sightsee, Ryn needed something to keep her occupied. After removing most of her clothing and teasing me obscenely with some ice cream, I pulled into a rest stop to "clean up the mess." Then we shopped like little bunnies for the next 144 miles. I know that I'm a good driver, but...Thank G-d for cruise control.

11-23 Tuesday

The latex mask in your hand was causing a rush of fear and excitement that kicked my adrenal gland into overdrive.

I had been working hard to control and steady my breathing. My heart was pounding loud enough to drown out your words.

Bound tightly to your slant board, I surrendered my choices when I became yours. The first knot of your ropes reinforced that.

"Close your eyes."

I obeyed. You fitted the mouthpiece with ease, then slipped the thick rubber mask over my head. I could feel your hands lace the hood tight, but it was the sound of the over-zipper that made my blood run cold.

My existence now focused through a two inch in diameter tube. It connected my lungs to oxygen and me to you. I breathed slowly, deliberately through the mouthpiece. I never appreciated the sweet taste of air until this moment. The heavy rubber pressed against my eyelids, giving my mind a screen on which to fantasize your image.

"Relax slave, you'll need your strength."

I was as helpless as a newborn babe, and bound tighter than a well laced corset. Relax, how could I relax? What were you doing now? What were you going to do? All I could do was wonder. I've consented to anything. I am your property.

I had only been in the hood a few minutes but it felt like forever. The hood was oppressively hot and breathing was laborious. What would happen later I didn't want to think about.

I would have given anything to see you for just an instant. I wanted the reassurance my eyes could give.

"I'm thirsty. slave. I'm going upstairs to get some water."

My mind started screaming. "**You've got to be kidding. You *must* be kidding**" I was beginning to hyperventilate, and if I didn't calm down I could be in big trouble.

Air, sweet air. Breathe in slowly. Exhale slowly. Don't panic.

Were you there? Had you really left the dungeon? An eternity later I could hear you again, and I thought I could hear something else. What was that sound? There was the muffled echo of a body moving, what could have been the clink of a glass against the table and...

I could smell it. Moisture was in the air that I was breathing. What in the world? My ears suddenly placed the mysterious sound. Liquid...water was being slowly poured into the tube...into my life tube.

Don't panic. You trust her.

I could hear the echoing gurgle getting closer to my head. I could taste the molecules of liquid on the back of my throat. I was going to drown in my own fear before the water ever got to the end of the tube. There was a splash. I heard the water being poured into something, and away from me. I inhaled as deeply as the tube would let me. The air was fresh and *clear*. *I relaxed, and let peace overtake me.*

Deep breaths. Deep, deep breaths.

That's when I started to scent her. Ryn's distinctive aroma was overwhelming the air that I was breathing. In one more breath there was nothing coming through the tube at all. She had closed it off. As I held my breath I remembered the last time someone had obstructed my breathing. That scene had gone very wrong.

I fought my own memory as my lungs rebelled against their plight. I remembered my previous partner ignoring my calls for help, and my struggles for life giving air.

I can inhale again. I gasped for all that my life tube could hold. Then it was gone. I struggled, I heaved, the ropes stopped my flight.

There comes a twilight time, just before blackness, when there is no struggle. The body yields to its fate and waits for what is to come. I was there watching blackness overtake me.

In that same instant the hood was snatched off. Ryn was there holding me in her arms, accepting the gift that I had given.

We made a deposit into our treasury of trust.

11-27 Saturday

My lady;

Please accept the contents of this bottle with love. This perfume was created from my description of you, and a small sample of your pheromone.

I find in its scent all of the things you are, exciting, erotic, exotic, mysterious, heady, multilayered, with a hint of "something" unknown and always just out of reach.

It is heavy, like a Sahara night. It is pungent, like the frankincense given to a baby by one of three kings.

I hope it pleases you.

11-28 Sunday

Six pounds of steel now encircle my wrists. I am ensconced again for our nightly ritual. The key to these shackles has been put in its prescribed place as per your order. Hands, guided by your instruction, will return the key to me in the morning.

In the darkness of my bedroom, the cold metal of my wristlets reflects in the moonlight. Even if I couldn't see my chains, their weight and one-half-inch-thick mass keep me constantly aware of their presence, and therefore you. It is by your order that I am chained for the night. By the power of that order I obey. It is only my second night in these manacles, and their weight is an intrusive probe into my consciousness. I can no longer move easily, awake or asleep.

In the fuzzy blackness of my pre-dream state, I instinctively turn from my back to my side. My body moves but my arm requires more coaxing. For a moment I think that it is your hand holding my wrist (there you are in my thoughts again). These chains cross the miles and connect me to you. Even in the quiet of the night I can not escape the fact that I am a shackled slave.

This binding steel even effects my dreams. As I drifted in and out of last night's sleep, I felt your will directing me through these chains. In the bits of dreams that I remember, I was locked in these chains; the key always around your regal neck.

As I lie here quietly waiting for sleep to overtake me, I wonder if I will ever become accustomed to the weight that now binds my wrists. Part of me prays that these irons become as comfortable and familiar as my watch. The other part always wants to be aware of your midnight mind molders, lest I take them for granted and you as well.

Only the future knows what direction we will take together - or

should I say the future and you?

12-20 Monday

I can't believe that you are here. I know that I'm beginning to sound like a broken record, but I can't help it. My Christmas wish has come true. All I wanted for Christmas was to find you under my tree.

I expected this to be the worst Christmas of my life. Jill is home with her family, and this is the first Christmas I've ever spent without Mom. I was expecting to spend most of the next 10 days crying and staying away from friends. Now, like a holiday miracle from a Dickens novel, here you are.

I keep expecting to wake up to find that this is all one incredible dream. I can only imagine what I must have looked like to you when I walked through the door. I saw the card and ribbon on the door and just knew that Marty was up to something.

Even when I saw the signature on the card it didn't register. My mouth was open to yell for Marty when I saw you. It's been hours, and I'm still in a state of wonderful shock. Just for the record, was that champagne that you gave me? It could have been anything in that glass .

What an incredible gift you and Andre have given me. I had a miracle this time last year when Mom was strong enough to sit up and coherently call home to wish her sisters a Merry Christmas. Now I have another one. I don't know what I've done to deserve people like you in my life, but I thank G-d every day for the delight that you have brought me.

12-21 Tuesday

Vixen, that's what you are, a vixen. From bubble bath, to tube dress, to strip tease. You glide from my hidden fantasies into incredible reality. When you said that you were going to reprogram me, I never in my wildest imagination dreamed it would be like this.

"Slaves are supposed to be sexual. Your frustration brings me pleasure"

Thank G-d I was securely tied into that rocking chair. If I hadn't been, I would have had you right in the middle of that strip. I didn't think any torso could move in the ways yours did tonight. You'll never get your panties back...but..."You can leave your hat on..."

12-22 Wednesday

The Christmas lights of Tulsa are brighter now that you're here.

I'm happy that I got to show them to you.

12-24 Friday

Christmas Eve, a romantic restaurant, waiters and waitresses singing for us alone, the beauty of you.

What could have been more perfect than tonight? I studied you by soft candlelight as a faceless tenor sang "Celeste Aida" just for us. I fed you champagne and desert served on crystal and dreams.

Merry Christmas.

12-26 Sunday

My unconsciousness rises from deep sleep to the warm fuzzy space of just pre-waking existence. In less than a heartbeat I feel your body on top of mine. Even before that action can register on my sleep-suppressed brain a spandex hood is forced over my head.

Old instincts and quick reflexes move to halt the onslaught, but Hyatt steel prevents me from moving arm or leg to stop you. With your prey blinded, you quickly intertwine ropes with the sleep chains and fasten the nylon cords to the tie downs around my bed. There is as much satisfaction in the purr of your voice as there is confusion in mine.

What are you up to? The question barely has time to register before the answer comes...air mail...on the tip of your whip.

No alarm clock has ever been so rude, so effective, or so exciting. Each lash bids good morning to sleepy flesh. Every whip stroke pushes adrenaline in ways coffee never will. With a control of its own, my body rises to greet the good morning kiss that you deliver via single tailed messenger.

The whip, now an electric conduit, conducts a unique form of energy between the two of us. Like some mad scientist, you crank up the wattage until we are both one volt short of an explosion. For a brief moment there is nothing. Then your flesh against my nakedness blows all circuits. Good morning.

12-27 Monday

"Don't go, My Lady." That's what I wanted to scream as you moved away from me and down the walkway to your plane. But, like all wonderful dreams, this visit must end. I know that there will be others.

12-28 Tuesday

Happy Birthday Mistress

1994

1-1-94

Jill is here with me as we mark the saddest anniversary we have had together. Our first anniversary without Mom. I don't know that I can ever get used to the idea, I do know that I don't want to.

1-5 Wednesday

Jill has to go into the hospital for surgery. The date has been set for the 25th of this month. When the tendons have healed I'm going to give her a potch in the head. This whole thing could have been avoided if she had done the proper warm ups for the weights that she was lifting.

The women in my life are going to drive me crazy, but I love 'em.

1-7 Friday

If I didn't know any better I would swear that I imagined the call I just had. A writer for Drummer Magazine wants to do a story about me. Mr. Hernandez is doing a series on people in the leather community who work behind the scenes. Mark Frazier gave him my name when a list of recommendations was compiled.

To say that I am flattered would be an understatement. I'm told that I'll be the first woman Drummer has ever interviewed. I'm not sure what I've done to deserve this, but it's made me very proud.

1-10 Monday

The interview questions arrived in the mail today. I guess these folks are serious. The questions are meant to be thought provoking and solicit my opinion. I spent two hours with a tape recorder. So much of the time I found myself talking about the pride I have in Oklahoma's leather community. They have dubbed me the state's Leather Mother. I like that.

1-11 Tuesday

Uncle Jacob's condition is deteriorating. I'm getting more and more calls from my cousins. I've been through this already and they need

someone to talk to. I'm tired of burying my relatives.

1-17 Monday

Marcus Hernandez has just called. He just finished listening to my tape. He asked even more questions to go along with the information he already had. One of the things that he was most curious about is that I define myself as a leather mother. I told him that a mother's job is to nurture, teach, and protect her young until they can take care of themselves. A mother's door is always open, and mother's love is without conditions. He understood and laughed.

We had a good time talking. We must have been on the phone for over an hour. I'm looking forward to the end result, and to meeting my interviewer. With everything that this man now knows about my life, I'm sure I'll be pleased.

Marcus asked me for two photos to go along with the story. One must be a portrait. I want the other to be a picture of Ryn and me.

1-25 Tuesday

Jill's surgery was today. Even though it was relatively low risk, I found myself worrying G-d like I did 14 months ago. I must have paced the entire time she was in the operating room. We've been together 20 years. I don't know what I would do without her and I don't want to find out.

1-27 Thursday

Dear Jill;

I got to bring you home today. I have the doctor's instructions, and your medication schedule. For a couple of days it's rest and good food. The operative word here is *rest*. That means no work. No phone calls from work. No exertion. The medication the doctor has you on could kick an elephant sideways.

1-28 Friday

I go out for just a few minutes to get some groceries and, when I come back, you're pedaling away on your stationary bike. Keep this up and I'll tie you in bed. On the other hand, you might like that.

1-30 Sunday

Jill, you are a lousy patient. This operation may kill both of us. If you are so determined to do everything that the doctors tell you not to

do, why don't you just have the second surgery now and get it over with? You know the one that I mean. The operation that has to be done as a result of the damage done by not obeying your doctor.

2-19 Saturday

The tribe in Oklahoma City gave its first mini-conference today. The group flew Race Bannon out to do a one-day workshop on the basics of S-M. Not only was a good time had by all, but a lot of new faces were out getting information and finding their way. I even got to try my hand at a flogging.

I was very proud of the time and effort that went into making this event a success. I'm also glad that I was in town for it.

When the work was over, play began. Terry managed to procure a place to have the state's first public play party. T.U.L.S.A. tried a few years ago and was frightened out of having one by our lawyers. Oklahoma City's laws are not as strictly enforced as Tulsa's. This was a first. I hope that it won't be the last.

2-20 Sunday

My mother's favorite brother died today.

2-23 Wednesday

I hate to fly. I hate to fly in bad weather. *And*, I hate to fly East for family funerals. Only for Uncle Jacob would I incur the kind of expense a three-day-advance airplane ticket can bring.

My connecting flight out of Houston was damn near canceled because of bad weather. At one point I had doubts that I would arrive in time for the funeral tomorrow. If Newark kept its runways as clear of snow as they keep their highways, there wouldn't be a problem. I wish Ryn was taking me back to Jersey City instead of to Elizabeth. I'm not ready for the bullshit that's going to start tomorrow. Thank G-d one of the women in my life will be by my side. Maybe this time I won't have to lose my temper.

2-24 Thursday

Jacob's funeral was today. It was Johnson weather-cold, wet and nasty. Just once I'd like to bury a relative on a clear day. The family histrionics were almost as bad as the family politics.

I hate funerals!

2-27 Sunday

My Lady;

Fifteen months ago you re-entered my chaotic world and brought the peace that your name implies. A few short months later you lovingly turned it upside down and inside out. I will never be the same again.

Nature has her own way of expressing what you have done. She gives man the onyx. Its black color represents the void of eternity. It's power as a stone brings peace to its wearer - a brilliant compliment to the perpetual motion that is you - and the Diamond. Its colorless beauty reflects the explosive power of what surrounds it. Unlike anything else in nature, the diamond draws and radiates heat and passion (Sound familiar?). But most important...Diamonds are forever.

So am I.

3-9 Wednesday

It snowed again. While we were outside shoveling that long driveway of yours, I had the almost overwhelming urge to throw a snowball at you. Fifteen years ago I threw a snowball at my Top. I felt guilty about it for a year. I think with you I could shake that off. I can't wait for the next snow. You're in trouble.

3-12 Saturday

You looked so beautiful lying there, your body engulfed in quilted down. I looked at the long sleekness of you angled across my bed and the urge to trace lazy patterns in your skin was almost overwhelming.

Your body stretched like a contented panther in the room's dim light. Wrists crossed over your head, face turned slightly to the right, you were more than I could resist. With my hands gently holding your wrists I leaned over to kiss you. It was truly a lover's gentleness that overwhelmed me as your body responded to mine. Would that I could have kept it that way.

In that moment, all I knew was that I never wanted you to move again, and that I would do anything to ensure that. You laughed and started to move away. I held you fast and kissed you again. Why did you respond? Why didn't you stop me? Why did you step into my most hidden fantasies?

I don't know what flashed into my mind. No, that's a lie. I know my own thoughts. I just don't know what made me act on them. In hindsight I can only plead temporary insanity.

The more you laughed, teased and struggled, the more

determined I was that you would see things my way. After all weight, (mine) and leverage were on my side. I was on top.

A playful call to your slave brought more assistance than I could ever have hoped for. I watched in amazement as he fastened one Hyatt around your wrist then tried to encase mine with the other.

Not on your life. Not even on my life. There was no way that I was going to let him cuff us together. The gleam in his eye at the thought gave me the determination to slip out of the steel before it could be fastened. The little devil in me decided to fasten the empty cuff on you.

That was no easy task. You were bucking like a bronco, and I had to deal with Gene attempting your rescue. An eternity of giggles and wiggles later I had triumphed. Two long slender wrists were now bound by Hyatt cuffs - your wrists, not mine. I was exhausted from laughter and on the horns of a serious dilemma.

Now that I had ya, what should I do with ya?

A wise person would have told me that if I had to ask the question, I was in a situation that I couldn't handle. I had been so caught up in the capture, I truly forgot about what came after. There was also the consequences of these and future actions that I had better consider.

Well fools rush in...and so did I. Just because your hands were cuffed didn't mean that you were incapacitated. I would have had an easier task corralling an angry bobcat (by the way, why weren't you angry?). You were all over the bed the second there was an opportunity. *All I wanted was a little snack!!!!* In all my years this was the first time my dessert had ever given me a hard time.

Anyway, using my body weight to pry your legs apart was simple. Keeping them open long enough to get your pants off was another matter entirely. No matter what I did, you were bound and determined (excuse the pun) to wrap those Hyatts around my neck. Although I was between your legs and in your embrace, this was still not the way I had planned to die.

You left me no choice but to eliminate, or at least greatly curtail, the movement of your hands and arms.

Liquid mercury on a hot day is easier to catch than you were. With a lot of prayer and a tremendous effort, I managed to secure the cuffs' connecting chain to the end of the bed. Those lovely hands of yours would now only reach my neck if I wanted them to.

I was ecstatic to find that incapacitating your hands calmed you down. You were no longer trying to choke me or kick me black and blue, all the while laughing at my predicament. Or was it the realization that

"if fight didn't work try seduction?"

Coyly you allowed me to pry your legs apart and view my long sought and fought for prize. Like a child lunging for its favorite candy, I dove into the sweetness of you. I was so eager to savor your taste, I almost didn't hear your voice.

That voice, barely above a whisper, had dropped to a tone that made my clit hard. Without realizing it, you were taking control again. That voice was directing my actions, telling me where and how to please, insisting that my pleasure really be your pleasure.

Your body's response told me that my actions were satisfying. The smile on your face told me how much.

3-15 Tuesday

I'm sorry my love, I didn't mean to frighten you.

I forgot to tell you that, around me, a paper cut is a dangerous thing. You know about that other side of me. And you know that I can usually control it. It's just that the sight of that cut oozing your blood made me slip.

Your finger was in my mouth before both of us realized what had happened.

Even if I hadn't spent the last weeks with you, I could still tell what you've been eating by the taste in my mouth. Quite the little carnivore, aren't you? The taste of red meat is heavy in your bodily fluids.

I should thank you for the drops of nourishment you've just given me. I'm only afraid they might cause us a little problem. Now that I have that taste of you inside me, when this beast awakens again, it may want more.

3-17 Thursday

Ryn; You have floored me again today. You asked if I would like to wear your mark. When I got over the initial shock and joy of your having asked the question I gave you my answer.

I have never seen a tattoo artist work. I look forward to the process.

- Late

We have both been floating on air over the prospect of this marking. There is much to be decided. When this was done over a decade ago the design was the choice of my owner. Ryn wants me to have an active voice in the art work. The location and size, however, are

her choice. Since she has been tattooed, and the tattoo was for the pleasure of her Master, she will understand even more than I the permanence of this mark.

We are due to take very formal pictures this weekend. I wonder if they could be called wedding shots?

3-19 Saturday

This day has been a step into my past. The photographer even uses the same light system I did when I owned a studio. I like the man's attitude, style, and posing procedures. I'm looking forward to seeing the finished product.

The photos in the dungeon were fun but I enjoyed most the formal portraits taken of Ryn and me together. None of my Tops ever wanted to be photographed with me. Ryn, in contrast, wants pictures of us together. This woman even carries a photo of me in her wallet.

3-20 Sunday

We spent part of the day in the city. Gene, Ryn, and I had a wonderful meal, then went down to Greenwich Village. We browsed through the Leatherman. While we were there we almost signed the store's Bridal registry. We laughed about it and promised to come back after my marking. There was nothing there we wanted (including Drummer #173) so we went over to The Moose. Ryn found something in the shop that she kept hidden until we were just about to leave. While we were waiting at the register she slipped an "O" ring on the ring finger of my left hand. I never thought I would have a ring like this on my finger again. I stared at my hand and cried.

3-24 Thursday

The day had been typical of Ryn: errands in the early morning, late morning play with a friend, off to a delightful lunch and then the office. After five hours of work in her mail room, I was given a reward for good behavior: a late afternoon movie.

We got home around 7:30 to find on the doorstep a much awaited and anticipated box. It was 12 inches by 12 inches square and was amazingly heavy. It was opened with glee. There, in shredded newspaper and cardboard, was about five and a half pounds of well-formed iron.

One of her slaves had given her a headcage. Our ancestors would have called it a scold's bridal. The Inquisition called it a brank. It was used to

encase the head, humiliate, and silence the person inside.

The stuffings of the box were peeled away and the Mistress held up her new toy with dancing eyes and obvious delight. I could tell from the gleam in her eyes that it was my head that would probably be the first the new toy encased.

It was left for a while at the den table, so that other members of the household might view, enjoy, and think about the new playroom toy. I went on, as did other members of the household, with my evening chores. The night wore on. Her male house slave and I were summoned to the dungeon so that Madam, with our assistance, might figure out where to hang this inquisitor's delight.

It was the first piece of heavy iron to make its way into her extensive and seemingly endless arsenal. Milady wished to display her new prize properly. I tried very hard to hide my amused grin as I watched her bounce all over the dungeon, new toy in hand. She placed it here and there, evaluating, then finally decided on the ideal point for viewing. A piece of chain was specially cut to a length that would place the cage at the correct height for the average head.

Her other slave made a few good natured comments about my imminent demise, and then tried to encourage Mistress to see what the headcage would look like on me. She was happy to oblige him. She summoned, and I took a few steps forward from the place where I had been leaning against the bar. I waited to be encased in the iron.

The cage was locked into place and the key put where Mistress puts keys, a place where slaves don't quite dare go to get them. I was surprised at the brank's comfort. It's massive size sat very easily on my neck and shoulders. We all talked for a few moments and then, in a twinkling, Ryn's mood changed. She was no longer just inquisitive about her new toy, but rather in a mood to use it.

My male counterpart was dismissed, and the hasp on the top of the cage was fitted with a lock. The lock was then attached to the chain suspended from the ceiling. The effect was immediate. Even with my hands free, I was now held a prisoner of the iron that encased my face. There was nowhere for me to go. I didn't need shackles or cuffs to bind me. There was no easy out except with the key and that key was out of my reach.

The laughing playfulness that I always see in my owner's eyes changed to a look of cold demonic determination. It was the look that gives me both chills and erotic thrills. I know whenever I see it that I'm in for a roller coaster ride. Tonight would be no different.

She glanced at me quickly. Then from a few feet away wished me good night, turned off the lights and went upstairs into the house. I could hear the sound of her feet going up the staircase. Then in three, two, one step the door was shut and I was sealed in her dungeon playroom.

I forgot just how dark these rooms could be. Dark as a dungeon is a phrase I understood better now. I looked around me. The chain gave me the freedom to turn and move in about a three-foot circle. I tried to find a pinhole of light in this darkness, but with windows both painted and curtained over, there was none. I tried to allow my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I closed my eyes, then opened them. There was no difference. There was no light source to help me sort out my new reality. All I could do was stand in this unique prison and wait, and wonder.

I knew her, or at least I thought I did. She wouldn't leave me here all night. But I could hear the seconds ticking off on the clock. The seconds became minutes, and who knows what the minutes became. I could hear sounds above my head, footsteps scurrying about, both human and animal. There were all the sounds to indicate that those above me were shutting the house down in preparation for bed.

Many sets of footsteps became few. Then the few became none. Still the clock was ticking in my ears. The silence and the darkness was beginning to have its effect. It was late. I was quickly getting tired and the urge to go to sleep became overwhelming. But how do you do that standing up with nothing to support you?

Curiosity gave way, and my hands began to explore the cage in which I was held prisoner. I allowed my chin, my cheeks, my tongue and hands to find out exactly how the iron fit around me. There was no way for me to pull my head out and there were few ways or places in it where I could rest. Finally, I balanced myself, grabbed hold of the chain to which the cage was attached, tucked my chin against one of the face bars, and closed my eyes.

Slowly, I found myself drifting off into the twilight world of pre-sleep then, for who knows how long, into sleep itself. An eternity later I thought I heard a sound above my head. Was someone coming down to rescue me from this? I waited, pensive. The door to the staircase didn't open. It seemed like the blackness was echoing the sounds around me. Either that or my heartbeat was getting louder.

The sound of my own breathing was becoming annoying to my ears. Its change in pace meant that I was getting tense. I knew that my tension would soon give way to apprehension, and apprehension to the

fear that is fantasy's friend and foe.

There it was again...that sound. I could see a glimmer of light at the top of the staircase. My eyes eagerly and quickly focused on what I hoped meant my rescue.

The light was quickly eliminated by the sound of a shutting door, but there were no footsteps on the creaking stairs that came down to the dungeon. I waited. I held my breath, hoping to hear someone, even the dog, coming downstairs to keep me company.

More time passed, seconds, minutes, hours, who knows. I was still alone. Then out of nowhere, an unusual sound interrupted my thoughts. It was a low throaty rumble, a growl. I knew this sound from somewhere in the back of my primal memory. It was the sound of a very large cat.

The growl got louder, but I couldn't figure out where the sound originated. In absolute blackness, I no longer knew which direction I was facing. Was I looking at the bar, the wall, the stocks, or the stairs? I wasn't sure.

Again and again the rumble pierced the darkness. No footsteps accompanied it, just the sound of a big cat evaluating its prey. I could tell the cat was circling. I was imprisoned in a room with a hungry panther, and whether that cat had two legs or four she was just as dangerous. I was a trapped mouse in someone else's game.

I felt long nails reach out and touch the suede that covered my upper torso, then move to scratch against my skin. Was she reaching over my shoulder, or was she sneaking up behind me? My reality had blurred so, I couldn't tell direction., yet I could feel her presence all around me.

Part slave's instinct and part libidinous urge told me that the cat was naked, and that excited me. Again and again she growled. Over and over I could feel her touch. I couldn't think, and I could barely hear her noises over the sound of my own heartbeat. I was making more audible moans at the touches I knew so well.

She went to places on my body that she knew would excite and arouse me. That cat knew she was causing fear and desire. *This is ridiculous!* I had spent my life hunting, not being hunted.

With all of the willpower in me, I held my breath. If I could just silence myself, maybe I could zero in on her. For a few minutes this game might get interesting. After all, if I couldn't see, she couldn't either.

Yes, the upper hand would always be hers. I was playing in her maze. As familiar as I was with her playroom, it was still *her* playroom.

I held tight to the overhead chain. I didn't want its sound to betray my movements. When I felt her move I moved also. For a few minutes I managed to elude my hunter. She was free and I was caged. Sooner or later the animal would have me for dinner, but at least for those few minutes the game would be afoot.

Finally, I was seized, and the cat sank her teeth into my shoulder. I yielded both to her touch and to the metal that held me. There were no other options that I could exercise. I gave in and became cat food. Teeth continued to bite into tender flesh. The excitement of being tasted and toyed with before being taken all played on my emotions in the blackness.

As her body pressed against mine I succumbed to sensations both familiar and foreign. I submitted to the power in her hard body, and to the lust in my own. Even though my movements were limited, I could still enjoy her legs pressed against mine. In the darkness there was no need to hide my lust. The blackness became my friend.

I let my hands explore. I let my body feel. I let my emotions and sensations run, and I let her unending growl rumble through my ears and into my soul.

The sounds in her throat were soon joined by the sounds of a toy of pleasure. It was placed between us, always in her control. The two of us pounded out our pleasure together.

I would have given anything at that moment to see her face. But to see her meant that she would also see me, and I didn't want to destroy the lust that was dancing in my eyes. It was a lust that raced unbridled as we both went racing toward climax.

Even in this primitive state, I knew better than to complete the act and culminate this passion without permission. Somehow she understood. The only human sound I heard was "Do it now!" This slave obeyed.

As my body erupted, I dug my hands into her steel flesh and exploded against her. I felt her stiffen and orgasm as well. In a few seconds I was absolutely vanquished. I barely had the strength to force my legs into obedience, but the iron cage left me little choice.

I knew my captor well enough to know that orgasm makes her stronger. It makes her as strong as it makes me weak. I was drained by my own passions, and I knew she was standing there triumphant. I could feel her laughing although I couldn't hear it.

She turned on the dim light that led up the stairs. I could see her on the landing. She gave me one long glance. Naked, black, jeweled, and

beautiful, she looked down on me with the same amount of pleasure and amusement as that of a woman who had just played with her pet and was now bored and going back to her regular life. I stared, fascinated. She seemed to grow stronger from the power of our encounter.

She smiled, turned on her heels, then disappeared up the steps and out of my sight. The light was turned off. The door was closed. And I was left again in an eternity of blackness.

3-25 Friday

I had to get my journal entry about last night out of my system. I didn't mean to be rude and skip out during breakfast. All of a sudden, I had the urge to talk to my tape recorder. I know from past experience, I had better do my taping when the inspiration is with me. I still don't know what triggers the storyteller in me, but last night was a story that needed telling.

It only took about half an hour to tape. I was going to type the notes into my book, but Ryn insisted on hearing the tape then and there. We listened during the course of the morning errands. At one point I had blushed so crimson I had to get out of the car.

3-27 Sunday

That tape has been played for three or four people in the last two days. Every time I hear it I turn red (no easy feat for me). This last time, I had to leave the room and go up stairs. The man who gave her the cage was by for a visit. He got to hear the tape with his head locked in the cage and all the lights out. Every one who has heard it has gotten off on it. I guess I really never thought of my journal as erotic.

3-30 Wednesday

Ryn is having a friendship pin made. As we travel more and more, she is being pinned a lot. LLC doesn't have a club pin, so Ryn will have her own. The ritual of pinning is very important in the gay S-M community. It represents a very special service or event, or its exchange symbolizes friendship.

Lady A. is working on a design for the pin. It should be finished before Stonewall.

4-10 Sunday

*At times my soul is troubled
It shows the scars of life*

*I oft forget the beauty
And see only gloom and strife.
It's then, I see you smiling
Your joy can ease my pain
You give this old heart shelter
From life's thunder and life's rain.
Because when I am with you
The joys of life I see
Your love, your strength, your tenderness
Are what you give to me.
I don't know how to thank you
Mere words are not enough
So at your feet, my dearest one
I lay a heart of love.*

4-11 Monday

Off to Oklahoma. I think the only reason Ryn and I are stopping at home is to lighten the amount of luggage this woman travels with. We would scare our host out of a year's growth if we arrived with all this luggage in tow.

4-12 Tuesday

It's been forever plus a few years since I've been in Dallas. I had forgotten this is actually a pretty city. I got the rental car with no problem and arrived at Dan and Mike's with the same amount of ease. When these guys stayed at my house a few years ago, I was not there to play hostess. I'm looking forward to getting to know two men that I admire.

I think Mike developed a hernia, lifting Ryn's suitcase. Dan makes a suit into real fetish wear.

4-16 Saturday

I feel sated, happy, and exhausted. One hundred and fifty-one bites later, my *very* strange "kissing booth" has raised a lot of money for charity, and the vampire in me no longer needs to feed. I wonder what I look like right now?

The neat, crisp, Edwardian lace around my neck is now limp from my own sweat and the body oils of the endless parade whose flesh has rested against my shirt. I can't remember their faces, only the taste and the texture of their skin. Vegetarians, carnivores, healthy, unhealthy,

the salt of some, the sweetness of a few, all still linger on the tip of my tongue.

Still, in these early morning hours, the beauty of mother moon, and the challenging beauty of she who is beside me, will not yet allow that part of me to rest for the night.

There is still the urge for one more bite, one more feeding, one special taste in my mouth. I long to turn on her before I let this lust die. I want to sink my teeth into her flesh and drink from the liquid gift of her heart. I wonder if she would understand, after all we have been through this night, it is her flesh, her sweetness, her taste that I want on my tongue when I slip into the merciful arms of Morpheus.

I know that I would scare her. She is not yet ready for me to sink my teeth into. She is not yet ready to nurture my soul in such an intimate and powerful a way. Not yet. Not yet.

It must wait.

4-17 Sunday

Back in Oklahoma, we now have the momentous task of unpacking Ryn's luggage. I swear this bag weighs more than I do. I'm still smiling to myself over Dan's comments about Ryn. Just before I left, he whispered in my ear, "You've really picked a good one this time; don't ever let her go." I think I'll take his advice.

4-21 Thursday

Ryn, your fan club is getting demanding. We may not have enough time to see all the people who want to see you while the three of us are in Oklahoma City. I guess you are just going to have to spend more time in there.

4-23 Saturday

Kevan and Vicki were at our hotel room this evening. They're going to be awhile recovering from their first intimate encounter with Ryn. After tying the two to each other, the lights in our room got mysteriously turned down. She raised their S-M sensibility to new heights. I just forgot to tell Ryn that Vicki's a virgin. Oh well. I couldn't think of a better way to start her off.

Jill and I left the room to try to find some liquid refreshment to aid in this couple's recuperation. It took us awhile to bring a few things back from the restaurant. When we got back, Ryn and Vicki were sitting in the window flashing numbers at the guys walking by. I'm not sure if

this was some sort of rating system or if they were looking for a man that size. Kevan appeared to be passed out on the bed. I'm not sure if she was truly sleeping or faking it to keep from getting caught laughing. I just can't leave anybody alone with Ryn.

4-24 Sunday

We took Phillip and a few of his friends for an early supper at Gusher's, and then off to Phillip's place for his birthday flogging, courtesy of Ryn's good right arm.

4-25 Monday

I just got used to having you here. Why do you have to go?

5-5 Thursday

Ryn and I spent an hour on telephone discussing all the ramifications of this tattoo. She wanted to be sure that I knew what I was getting into. Ryn asked if I realized that once this is done I could not be buried in a Jewish cemetery. I assured her that I had already thought of that and so much more.

I reminded her that, not counting Jill, she was only my third owner in 20 years. My first had me cut. The mark lasted six weeks. The relationship lasted not quite three years. My second had me branded. The mark lasted eight years. The relationship lasted nine and a half. Since this mark will last a lifetime, I'm putting my bets on us. I think G-d will approve. I know that my mother does.

5-7 Saturday

On the phone with Dr. Cobbs, I can feel myself slipping into a depression. I guess, if I know it's coming, I'm half way to recovery. I didn't realize Mom's birthday was coming up until I felt my attitude start to change.

5-14 Saturday

Phillip was up for the day. He brought me some day lilies and some good conversation. I gave him the tape that I made for the Inferno Committee. I decided to make a tape yesterday. I read and reread my letter but it just didn't convey the sincerity that I wanted to get across. Only hearing my words in my own voice would do that.

I wanted these men to know how much I respect all that Inferno stands for. Phillip liked what I gave him. He will present the tape, the letter, and a copy of the Drummer article to the committee, and plead my

cause. Here goes.

To the fantasy committee of Inferno and members of the Chicago Hellfire Club:

My name is Viola Johnson. I have been an active leather woman for 20 years. For most of my leather life, I have harbored a very special fantasy. It is known and joked about by many of my close friends. In issue 173 of Drummer Magazine I was interviewed and this fantasy was put in print for all the tribe to read.

Many of my leather brothers suggested that I submit this fantasy to you since you are the only ones who can make this dream come true. Here it goes.

Gentlemen, I wish to be the first woman ever thrown out of Inferno. The fantasy itself is simple. After having travelled to the required location I would step inside this place of male bonding and learning and wait. Twenty to thirty of my good friends and leather brothers would greet me. We would share a drink and a toast, then, hopefully, I would be gently tossed out.

When I first read about Inferno almost 15 years ago, I developed a horrible case of Inferno envy. Please understand gentlemen, I have no desire to scale the walls and view the special male-to-male revelry and bonding that is so much a part of Inferno. I have far too much respect for the institution and what it stands for to ever enter uninvited.

But, like a daughter of the '60's who wanted to go to Yale, not Sarah Lawrence, I wish to step foot in Dad's institution. I realize that no woman has probably ever submitted a fantasy to the committee, and I also realize the magnitude of my request.

I am a patient woman, gentlemen. It may take a year just to process this. No matter what the outcome, just having submitted this request is also a fantasy come true. I thank you for your time and I await your answer.

In leather fellowship

5-16 Monday

I buried a fellow leatherman, and Gemini today - our birthdays were two days apart. Jimmy McFee will be missed by all of Oklahoma. He was a fine man, a true leatherman, and a good friend.

Jimmy and Roy were the longest married couple in Tulsa, at 23 years. Now that honor goes to Jill and me. I shall miss bringing him pins from my travels. I shall miss hearing his voice. I shall miss our birthday toast on the 17th of June. I shall miss him.

5-22 Sunday

Mom would have been 81 today. I'm going to try to spend the day counting my blessings. A year ago today, I was preparing for the wedding of two good friends. One year later, they still cuddle like newlyweds and will soon be here in Oklahoma to visit. Mom would have considered that a blessing. I think I should too.

6-4 Saturday

I spent the day in OKC judging the Miss Oklahoma Leather contest. Of the three candidates, one wasn't even a serious contender. The other two could best be defined as equals and opposites. Myst, the more outgoing of the two, has a radiant personality, good leather history behind her and lousy interview skills. Rena is more introspective, without the vivaciousness Myst possesses. She also lacks Myst's dynamism, but she's fast on her feet and interviews well. Today's choices were not easy. I wish I could roll the two into one ball or sash them both and make them work together.

6-6 Monday

This long flight is bringing me back to you. I have spent most of my time on this airplane thinking about all of the things that will happen during my stay. Stonewall will be a historic event.

The Leather Symposium will be the largest gathering of its kind in tribal history. We will be by each other's side through all of them, but none of those things can compare to the union that is to be made formal sometime during this trip.

At some point during my weeks under your roof you are going to have your mark of ownership placed in my flesh. There are no words that can adequately express the pride and joy of being by your side and on your leash for the past 19 months. I could always see a pride in your eyes that mirrored my own. I never dared dream that you would take this very permanent step.

Twenty years of slavery has taught me how to serve. I always thought I knew how to love. You have taught this slave how to be loved and valued in return. We are soon to be joined in a way that can only be understood by those who have done it. The responsibilities that we will assume for each other will forever change our lives. As a woman who bears a mark for love, you, more than most of our tribe, can understand that.

I have always told you that I don't make commitments easily or temporarily, nor do I take my responsibilities lightly. Placing your mark in my flesh tells the world and me that your commitment is also eternal.

6-10 Friday

If tonight has been a fantasy, please G-d keep reality away for the rest of this lifetime. If tonight has been real, then reality and fantasy have just blessed me with the life I have always dreamed of.

For a year and a half now, you have guided me, protected me, enslaved me, enthralled me, entranced me, and held all that I am in the palm of your hand. I have dreamed of you at night and felt your chains around me during my waking hours. Now the artistry of a skilled tattoo artist emblazons our relationship in my flesh for all the world to see.

I can still hear the buzz of the tattoo needle. I can still see the faces of family and friends as they witnessed this marking. The sea of smiles and the light of pride in your eyes have marked me as surely as the design that proclaims your ownership to the world.

I rode the crest of a wave of love tonight. Those whose trust you share were witness to our very special union. I shall surf that wave into my next lifetime. I understand the joys of slavery in my heart again, not just in my head.

6-11 Saturday

There is the peace of onyx, and the flash of diamonds' fire wrapped around your little finger. The gold that holds these stones together forms a "V" - my initial.

The ring that you now wear with the casual grace and elegance of your station is the visual symbol of my pledge to you. From this day forward, this slave's heart is yours to command. This slave's hands will labor in your service, and this slave's mind will create for your delight.

The world, I'm sure, will look on with a quizzical smile, never quite understanding the depth of the commitment that exists between us. Who would believe that I would willingly stand between you and chaos, or labor long and hard just to see you smile? Those things aren't done anymore, I'm told.

I now have the privilege of watching a sunrise in your smile. I now have the privilege of taking a leap of faith into your eyes. I now have an endless supply for my addiction to your voice, and the power of your touch.

6-14 Tuesday

I spent a large portion of the day either in, or traveling to and from, New York City. I met Monique and Dwayne Nestle at the Country Kitchen, then we went across the street to view the new Hellfire Club. Even though the club isn't finished yet, it will be cleaner and more inviting than the old one. Just walking through the doors made me homesick for the place where I came out, and grew up.

Monique and I are the first people to see the new space. I could see Dwayne's nervousness because we were viewing the club unfinished. The workmen still have ten days worth of construction to do. Monique is afraid the club won't be ready in time for the LLC party on the 25th. I don't think there will be any problems. Something tells me that things will run as smooth as glass.

On the way out, I was teasing Dwayne about the posters hanging in the entrance. All of them show white, blond females. I inquired about them. Dwayne says they were all he could get. I asked if he would put up others if he had them, and he said yes. I shall see to it that he has posters of Ryn for the club's walls. I like knowing that when Hellfire opens, she will be the only Dominant whose face is featured.

6-15 Wednesday

I can't believe how much this tattoo itches. Everyone said that it would hurt, but it didn't. No one said anything about the itch. I've known a lot of frustration in my life, but nothing ever prepared me for this.

6-18 Saturday

Ryn made a great dinner tonight. Today I am forty two.

6-19 Sunday

There's a pool full of people here. I'm finally getting to see what a summer Sunday is like at Ryn 's. Friends drop by, drop their clothes and whatever food contribution they've brought, then head straight to the pool. I could get very spoiled to this.

I finally got to meet Deon and Patty. Ryn has said such nice things about them I feel like I know them already.

6-23 Thursday

Andre has brought the two of us into the city to stay at the Grand Hyatt. Tonight we stay with Deon and Patty, tomorrow and Saturday with Lady A. and Mikalle.

Getting down to registration and then back took over an hour because the entire floor was one big reunion. I talked to people I haven't seen in years. There were so many more that I didn't have time to talk to. Two parties later, we unpacked and I bedded down for the night. Ryn and I both have a long list of responsibilities during this weekend. Nobody sleeps at conference anyway. I better get shut eye while I can.

6-24 Friday

There is just too much to do and see. This is the largest tribal gathering in history, the largest vendor area, the most amount of parties in one place, at one time...and the least amount of time to see it all. I haven't done half of what I wanted to do today. I know, I won't see everyone and everything. Ah well.

Ryn has had her hands down the pants of some of the most influential and good looking men in the scene. The men all love the idea of being pinned by a woman. Few, if any, have been. A number of the Old Guard have commented that her pinning is the first time that the ritual has been done correctly in a long while. That makes me proud. Her pin is quickly becoming one of the hottest souvenirs of the conference. Many people have asked her for one. She has denied a number of those requests. I wonder if she's getting off on it? I know that I am.

- Late

The auction is over. Much money has been raised for a worthy cause and the betterment of this tribe. Jo was the auctioneer, wearing the same brown leather that I remember her wearing fifteen plus years ago at our favorite clubs. I can't stand her for still being able to get into it and look so damned good. I'm jealous as hell.

One of the items that Ryn donated was the highest priced piece of the night. Our little family all sat there in pleasant shock as the bidding kept going up and up and up. Daddy Kane gave her a special present tonight. A spandex body bag and a signed Mark Chester photograph went up for bid. The items quickly soared out of my price range. He got into a bidding war with someone and finally outbid the other party somewhere around \$265.00. When he presented the pieces to her I would have fallen off my chair, if I weren't already sitting on the floor. We both thanked him for such a spectacular gift. She is loved by many.

Now off to bed. I have a very technical workshop to do in the morning. I'm already worried because one of my panelists is sick and

may not be able to participate.

6-25 Saturday

My workshop is now part of my personal history. I got positive comments about how well I turned a boring subject into something my entire audience enjoyed. Now I can loosen up and enjoy the rest of this weekend with my beautiful companion.

- Later

I hunger. Thanks to Mikalle, I need badly. My blood is racing and my head is pounding loud enough to drown everything but my need for blood. I backed my Mistress up against a wall a few minutes ago. For a brief moment all I could see was perfect flesh and my next meal. It wasn't until she screamed that I came to my senses. I will dine on stranger, friend, or foe. In this advanced state of blood lust, the carnivore must be free to find its prey.

6-26 Sunday

- Early

I have eaten. The requirements of the predator have been met, as have the carnal lusts that give it escort.

She was delicious, tastier than I can ever remember. This night her bound helplessness and well flogged flesh were ambrosia to my palette. In other days I have had this beautiful blond entree without this night's lavish preparation. Previous hunger had driven me to seek her throat out of wild desire and pulsating cravings. This night my food was served as a banquet, hung from a beam and prepared to meet all lusts. I let them romp and race through her desires as well as my own.

- Late

New York has thrown one wild party. The struggles of two and a half decades ago have been commemorated with the biggest party in history. Those brave men who put their butts on the line at the Stonewall Bar have been honored today by the millions in New York and around the world who walked for, and in, freedom.

I may not make it to Stonewall 50 and the S-M leather Fetish celebration in the year 2019, but I can tell the next generation about this one.

9-6 Tuesday

What a day. I haven't slept since Sunday, and I had the flight from Hell coming in from Denver. I don't mind someone taking one and

a half seats on an airplane if they have paid for it. I had to ride three and a half hours with some slob next to me who was so big he occupied his space and part of mine. The flight attendant couldn't lower the arm between the two seats, this guy was so wide. They even had to put an extension on his seat belt. Lucky me got to ride sideways because there were no empty seats on the plane. Adding insult to injury the jerk smelled like a brewery, and was so drunk he kept falling over on me.

9-9 Friday

Ryn and I had a delightful drive down to D.C. We arrived at Cassy's new place just before midnight. There is a new puppy in the house, a female blue Dane. At fourteen weeks she is all legs and mouth. What a cutie. She will be good company for Cassy.

We all brought each other up to date on the latest gossip in our lives. Cassy's tale about Chad was such a horror story. I'm glad he's out of her life. Ryn and I didn't unpack until well after 3 am (so what else is new?).

9-10 Saturday

Today has been busy and rewarding. I finally got to see the Holocaust Museum. I salute both the architect of the building and the founders of the project. It is a fitting tribute to all those who died in that horror, and, hopefully, an eternal reminder of the brutality of man. It is impossible to come away without a profound sense of loss for the family of man. What future doctors, researchers, or artists will never be born to lift the human spirit because of this bleak chapter in history?

Ryn read every detail. I was delighted. Having taught so much Holocaust history, I fear that I have become inured to the magnitude of this blackness. Watching her learn cut away some of my tough outer layer and allowed me to see things fresh and new through her eyes.

Cassy throws one hell of a party. The food was wonderful, and the company unique. I finally got to meet many of Ryn's friends. Most of them think that she can walk on water. I can't help but tease her about her image and the adoration of others.

9-19 Monday

Ryn's mom had her tests taken today. I'm told that everything went like clockwork. The seriousness of the medical problem has not yet been understood by Mrs. M. She only knows that she's forgetting things.

Mrs. M. is constantly repeating herself. There is no memory of

just having asked for or said something. The ability to remember things said to her is just as bad. I hope, for everyone's sake, that this is reversible with medication.

I am encouraging Tonni to try to get some time off to go with Ryn and me to LIL. She has never been to a conference. We're driving to Canada so one more in the car and hotel room is no extra cost. All Tonni would have to pay for is registration and food.

9-23 Friday

Ryn and I are on the way to Boston, with a stop over for the night in Hartford. I'm finally gonna get more than five minutes worth of introduction with Tonni.

- Late

Tonni and I are going to get along fabulously. We think a lot alike. Before the night was out, we were completing each other's sentences. A couple of times tonight, we didn't have to say anything to each other. And we instinctively, and in unison, attacked Ryn.

9-25 Sunday

I have finally gotten to see Salem. The four of us had a wonderful time. Most of the city is a hokey tourist trap, but it's a fun tourist trap.

Ryn had her fortune told by the official witch of Salem. The woman said that I was insatiable. Now who would believe that?

9-27 Tuesday

I played with Hank today, or should I say, my male alter ego played with Hank today. The old boy had no concept of what was coming. He never even saw the train that hit him. But I know that he enjoyed it.

I got dressed in anatomically correct black leather drag, complete with cigarettes rolled into the shirt sleeve. Hank couldn't do anything right, and was punished accordingly. I think that Hank is hoping to see my male side again.

10-4 Tuesday

Today has been the first day of our great adventure. Ryn, Tonni, and I loaded Andre's van with more luggage than any three women should ever carry and started off for Niagara Falls.

There were stops along the way, including a great winery and

the Corning Glass Factory and Museum. Ryn kept me entertained during the long drive by abusing Tonni - she loved it and so did I.

We stopped for the night in Niagara Falls, found a hotel and dumped the luggage. A few blocks down a great steak house provided the evening's nourishment. A late night trip through the parking lots surrounding the Falls brought us home to one of the most fantastic nights of scene and role playing that I have ever experienced. It provided the mortar to cement a friendship and it may set the tone for this trip for the next six days.

10-5 Wednesday

There is a bouncing baby vampire in our midst. I have given birth to my own dhampir. All in all it was an amazing, all night long, delivery. I'm anxious to see how my cub, or pup (I'm not sure what the correct term should be) fares at L.I.L. She only has until the conference ends to earn her fangs.

The Falls were as awesome as I remembered them to be. Standing beside all that natural power reminded me that, compared to the force of mother nature, man's might is a joke.

Before getting on the open highway, we stopped on the Canadian side of the falls. There is one long block in the center of town that is tourist heaven. Wax museums, horror houses, and freak shows line the street. Toss in a few t-shirt shops and eaterys and what you have is a great way to laugh away a few hours. We did.

10-7 Friday

I have met another of my kind. We gravitated to each other from across a very crowded conference room. Her name is Adrian. We spent a good portion of the next two hours talking to each other about lamiai. Adrian and her boyfriend are partners in a Vampire food and sex bar here in Toronto. She has invited me and mine to enjoy a night out tomorrow.

- Late

The three of us participated in the opening ceremonies. Our presentation of colors, for LLC, received the biggest round of applause (damn we looked good). Then we were off to one of the local bars, with Jacqui, for the Travel Fund Auction. I bought the mystery bag from NLA San Francisco. Knowing that Jacqui was the one who acquired the prizes is what made me bid. The bag was full of gifts that I can use this Christmas.

Once we got back to the hotel, I took some time to call all the people who were trying to reach us, including Tony De Blase. Tony wanted to know if I would be willing to present an award to Jean Lender. He said that he would understand if I said no, considering the circumstances. It only took me a few seconds to agree to do it. I called Jean to tell her that I would be presenting the award. She was very casual about the whole process. As she said, "I haven't even been to a conference for three years."

10-8 Saturday

Cub (I like that) earned her fangs this morning. We had breakfast with Artemis and Talyn, then Cub had breakfast on Artemis. My child gave Artemis a bite that got her so horny Talyn had to finish her off. Right after that she bit Mr. NLA, then International Mr. Leather then International Ms. Leather then International Mr. Deaf Leather. There is very little of the royal court left that isn't sporting her teeth marks. I'm a proud mother.

Ryn's workshop with Daddy Kane, on Edge Play, was wonderful. They were equal opportunity offenders. Everybody learned something about their own reactions. All the panelists worked well with each other. The costumes that Ryn changed into and out of made most of the crowd eager to join in the discussions. Many workshops on Edge Play put the audience and the panel on the defensive. This one encouraged open and honest discussion.

- Afternoon

Cub has been asked to emcee tonight's show. I know she will do a good job. Ryn has also been asked to be in tonight's show. For the opening musical number, Ryn will be wearing West Point Dress Gray. I love a woman in uniform.

- Late

My ladies were fabulous tonight. Cub has been dubbed "Teeth In Training." Judging by the number of bite marks around the room tonight, I think the name will stick. Last stop for the night was a club called Blood Lust. I was right at home. Adrian saw to it that the entire group of us was admitted courtesy of the club. Cub picked up a tasty treat, and I did quite well myself. Ryn was admired by a number of young Gothics. They have good taste.

10-9 Sunday

Breakfast is now over. What sadist scheduled this thing for 9:30

am? My only satisfaction was that half of the group looked worse than I did. I have done my last duty for my former Mistress. I was pleased with the speech that I gave.

- Afternoon

I had a fashion show scheduled for the lovely ladies that are a part of my clan. The woman that I met last night at the club is a designer of gothic and period clothing. She arrived with a rack of clothes, a case of her own jewelry line, and five models. The group that was invited to our room to see her work was a very appreciative audience.

Each dress was more spectacular then the one before it. One design, in crushed velvet, looked like it had been made on Ryn's body. I acquired the dress for her as well as the perfect necklace to compliment it. Francis bought four pieces.

We were all having such a good time, our new friends were a long while leaving. A special birthday surprise had been planned by Amy for Syn. A carving and blood bonding with Amy's clan was begun as soon as the room was cleared and settled.

The outline of a knife was cut into Syn's thigh. The cutting was a gift from Amy to celebrate their first year together. We all watched and joined in the joy of the ritual. When the cutting was finished Rick, Burke and Amy shared in Syn's blood.

10-12 Monday

It's over until next year. We are now safely home, and basking in stories and memories.

10-18 Tuesday

What a day! The flight was long and boring as usual, but at least I made it. If it wasn't for Andre, I probably wouldn't have been home until midnight. I can't believe Dunhill Travel changed my flight information and didn't bother to tell me. I don't know what made me reconfirm my flight, but boy am I glad that I did. I only wish that I could have been changed onto Ryn's flight.

Jill was right. This place is a wreck. I'd be in a serious state of panic right now, if it weren't for Ryn and Jill. There are so many things broken that I don't know where to start. If I didn't have large amounts of company descending in two days, I'd get D.J. by the scruff of the neck and make her clean and fix this mess herself. The list of things broken, missing, or messed up seems to go on forever. Oh well, two days and counting.

10-19 Wednesday

I sent Jean's plaque off in today's mail. During the three years we've been apart, I've never gotten a thank-you for all of the things I've taken the time to send or return. Let's see if this one will be the exception.

10-20 Thursday

Ryn and I cleaned, repaired and replaced 'til almost the last minute. Then down to the airport to pick up Tina. The house finally ready to receive company, Tina is the first arrival. Two cooked turkeys are in the fridge, soup is warming on the stove and there is enough miscellaneous food to feed a division. I think that's what I'm going to have. Nine women in one house and only two bathrooms could be considered suicidal. What the hell, we're all friends.

Boy, Myst, and Sally arrive tomorrow. Artemis and Talyn arrive first thing Saturday morning. Full house.

10-21 Friday

Dearest Ryn;

Are you sure that you know what you are saying? Are you sure that you understand the ramifications of joining a vampire's feeding circle? The pledge to the circle is for life, no matter what the future brings to both of us.

I have protected you from this side of me. Although you have seen it, I have not wanted to bring you into this part of my world, lest you confuse love with the responsibilities of the Circle. I want to be sure that you fully understand what you're getting into.

10-22 Saturday

What a day! I'm happy and exhausted. I think our funds for charity hit \$3000. The bar was really crowded tonight and the contest went off without a hitch. Ryn has had a busy day judging and I think she really enjoyed the experience. The men of Tulsa rolled out a red carpet for their favorite adopted Oklahoman.

We had really fine contestants for the title and an equally impressive panel of judges. I wouldn't want to have to face that group.

The surprise of the night was Jill. My other half dressed in drag to go off to the Silver Star. I think she, or should I say *he*, had a good time. I know Ryn and our house guests had a good time with Simon.

10-24 Monday

Tonight our relationship officially became a three-way. Jill finally admitted just how much Ryn had crept into her heart.

I wonder just how we introduce ourselves from now on? Ryn, and her husbands...Ryn, her slave and her consort...Jill and her two wives...We could really confuse everyone if we tried.

10-25-96 Tuesday

Dear Ryn,

Do you know what you are saying? Do you know what becoming a vampire's partner means? We mate only once. This commitment is for life. How can you be so sure that this is what you want to do?

- Late

I have tasted you, delicious, salty and sweet. You have offered yourself to me like a bride on her wedding day. I could refuse such wonder only so long. I have you in me. I can feel you coursing through my veins. All of me loves you.

10-26 Wednesday

Ryn and I got stuck in Holton, Kansas. The car threw a distributor pin on the way to Omaha. It will be ready in the morning. The only good thing about this one horse town is this hotel room. The horseshoe shaped hook sticking out of this wall lead to a great scene.

10-27 Thursday

Omaha at last. Syn, Amy, Burke, Ryn, and I all went out for one of the steak dinners that Omaha is noted for. When dinner was over, we all went to see *Exit to Eden*. We laughed so hard we nearly split our sides. The only problem was, most of what we were laughing at wasn't supposed to be funny.

10-30 Sunday

Home for more good times. At LIL, Amy had promised to show Ryn the techniques of a saran wrap mummification. Ryn learned through first hand experience. The wrap was done on her. I watched as she slipped quietly into wonderful bondage, enjoying every minute of it.

When that was over, I had my first fisting in a sling while being

on the receiving end of the most incredible mouth ever put on this earth. I came until I was too weak to walk.

Two hours later we were up again. *Don't these folks sleep?*

- Later

Then the long drive home. I couldn't convince Ryn to strip in the car, as she had on the way up, but it was still an enjoyable eight hours.

11-1 Tuesday

You're gone again.

11-3 Thursday

I've slept all day. I'm amazed at just how tired I am. After almost twenty hours I still want to get back in bed. Ryn and I expend so much energy when we're together, that I always need some recoup time. It might also help if I actually got more than just a few hours rest per night. If I keep burning this candle at both ends, in the middle and up the sides, I'm gonna need to get a longer wick. Ah well. I miss her already.

11-6 Sunday

My dreams are changing.

In the dim quiet of your playroom I watch two figures on the couch. The intimacy that floats between them is as delicate as angels' wings. I would not disturb it for all the world. One, long and beautiful, has her head resting in the lap of the other. They coo. They play. They cuddle gently. As the beautiful face flesh of the long one nestles against the leather clad legs of her partner, I can sense the beginning of a metamorphosis.

My first instinct is to go and leave these two to themselves. Yet somehow I know that what is soon to evolve, I must stay and watch. The other leans slightly forward and deftly slides her arm under the head and torso of the long one. With the gentleness of a mother cradling a newborn child, the other brings the long one's body even closer. Whispers pass between the two. Endearments, I suppose, meant for their ears alone. I long to know what has been said. My heart all but aches to somehow be a part of what now transpires. Alas. I can only be voyeur to the beauty just out of my reach, yet just watching makes me an intimate, although invisible, partner.

The other strokes the long one's face, and caresses herself as well. The long one's hand reaches forward to join the love touches of the other. Their combined hands stroke the other's breast, and in an instant a

thin red line appears. Its crimson ooze stands in stark contrast to the other's chestnut skin. Before a drop can run and join with the white of the other's shirt, a finger stops it. This minute bit of life, now resting on the other's finger, is brought to the perfect lips of the long one.

Almost timidly the long one's lips part, and a tongue comes forward to accept the offering. In an instant, the long one changes from quiet partner to suckling child as her head moves to drink from the fountain of life that slowly flows from the other's breast.

Somehow I, too, can feel the passion with which the long one drinks. Now both are caught up in an orgasmic transfer of life. Their breathing becomes one. I can feel both heartbeats rising in unison to a crescendo that washes me along with it. I close my eyes as I ride the wave of their exchange. When I open them again, both are gone.

11-8 Tuesday

My phone has been ringing off the hook for the last twenty four hours. Club business, IMsL business, and all my children checking in has made me think about permanently attaching a receiver to my eardrum. I think I'll retreat to the darkness of a movie theater and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. I need to get out of the house.

11-11 Friday

In today's mail a very special card has arrived. Without looking, I know you have sent it. There is something about its vibration that seems to make it different from other cards you have sent me. I open all my other mail first. Bills, letters, junk mail all fight for my attention. Some are filed, others discarded. In the midst of all this, the phone rings. I don't even greet the party on the other end. All that matters is they are distracting me from the unopened envelope that still resides on the table.

Without thinking, I disconnect the phone. I want no more interruptions, no distractions from whatever special message you have for me. I carefully open the envelope and remove the card inside. The leather-clad woman on the card's front reminds me of you.

My hands are shaking slightly. How odd. My pulse is beginning to pound in my ears. My breathing is becoming shallow. That part of your life force that now resides with mine sets my nerves to tingle and calls all my senses to alert. Instantly clammy hands open the processed cardboard.

I can not force my eyes to the words beautifully written in your own hand. All I can focus on is your signature, and the dried brown

substance that has turned it into a miniature Jackson Pollock painting. Blood, your blood, forms a translucent overlay for your name. Its scent and power rock my brain and course through my nervous system faster than the speed of light.

Without thinking I move to lick this special gift from you. The card is to my mouth before my good sense reminds me to at least read its special message. The words of love and ownership speak as powerfully to my heart as the blood covered signature does to my "illuminati-ed" lust.

With tears of love and joy in my eyes, and the "life-taste" of you in my veins I close the card, and lift the phone's receiver to call you.

11-18 Friday

Jill and I are back in Nebraska. I showed her Holton, Kansas. That took about a minute.

We dropped our bags and then went downtown to one of the local bars for a Meet and Greet. I like Omaha. It's full of good and friendly leatherfolk.

11-19 Saturday

I've been in judging for most of the morning. Choosing between the two female candidates isn't going to be easy. They are both articulate, intelligent contestants. Either one of them would be a fine Ms. Nebraska.

The promoter has arranged an afternoon out for the judges and dignitaries. Jill and I have seen the movies, so we decided to spend some time seeing the sights of downtown. Back to the hotel to change, then Head Judge Johnson resumes her duties.

11-20 Sunday

Jill and I are now back from another successful and delightful leather weekend. Amy busted her ovaries for this one. Folks came in from as far away as California. I was delighted to see such a large showing from Oklahoma. The state's two newest leather clubs both made a fine showing.

11-27 Sunday

"I know that I have your heart, but do I have your soul?" That was the question that you asked me just a few hours ago. Although the answer is unequivocally yes, I'm at a loss to tell when it happened. I have

searched the recesses of my mind. I have gone back through the banks of my memory to try to find the first day and time that you held my heart and soul in the palm of your slender hands and called my spirit yours.

When was it that you laid claim to the essence of me? Was it the first time I lay exhausted and vanquished at your feet? Perhaps it was when your finger wiped away a tear, then I watched that salty drop disappear between your lips. Maybe heart and soul were swept away in the wee hours of the first morning that I slept in the protection of your arms. Or was it when I was bound naked and vulnerable in the darkness of your dungeon?

I can find no specific time or place when I realized that you, not I, had the key to my soul. And yet it is yours as surely as the ring you wear so gracefully around your finger. I can not help but wonder why you asked the question. I know that you do not doubt your ownership, nor the possession that you own. So what evidence do you desire? What proof of my soul's possession will answer your question? The tattoo artist's art on the side of my thigh is proof to the world of that possession, and the wonder of you in every fiber of my being is proof to me.

12-10 Saturday

I've got a houseful up from Oklahoma City. The tribe descended last night and this morning for the Passing of the Sash by Mr. Tulsa Leather, now Mr. Oklahoma Leather. They all needed a place to stay so "Mom" has made beds in every available space.

My "youngin's" knew that they had a special chore to do sometime today but until about an hour ago they didn't know what. Two hours ago I started to set the table for a big meal. When that was cleaned up I sent all the boys to the attic to bring down all the Christmas decorations. Eight people giggled and scurried off in all different directions. I've just been serving coffee and cookies, watching, while my leather kids put up the holiday tree.

They're still at it and loving every minute.

12-11 Sunday

I was sitting here with my tribe in various states of Sunday morning dress. Just a few minutes ago, a call came in from the president of my leather group. Some of the guys partied all night and are now on their way over here for food and good company. Thank goodness for ten pounds of lasagna in the freezer.

12-15 Thursday

My Lady,

All but one of my packages is in the mail to their Christmas recipients. The most important one of all will sit on my couch until Monday. Then it is entrusted to United Parcel for delivery to you. There are packages for Cub, Gene, and Andre. But the most important one of all is yours.

It's odd how man chooses names for things. The content of your gift is called precious gems. The stones and yellow metal will never be as precious as you are. Nature has made many gemstones. Their value is determined by man. Nature has made only one you. You are beyond price because of your rarity. She was smart enough not to copy perfection.

12-16 Friday

I know that your package has arrived; I can sense it. You have no idea how much I want you to open that box. I swore that gift would wait until Christmas but rules were made to be broken.

- Late

I got to hear your voice as you opened your Christmas present. I could hear the voices of the rest of your household as they, too, ripped into Christmas delights. But it was the sound of your voice, as your slender fingers pried open that box. I thought I heard you say, "Oh, shit." I could picture your eyes as they widen to remove the box's contents. I only wish I could have been there to watch you place that bracelet around your slender wrist. Regardless of its worth, it's not as precious as you are.

12-28 Wednesday

I obeyed your instruction tonight, and had one whopping, although painful orgasm because of it. What kinky thoughts danced through your mind knowing that sixteen hundred miles away my tender parts were caught between the saw toothed edges of your clips and clamps?

Happy Birthday!!!!!!

1995

1-1-95 Sunday

My marriage is twenty-one years old today. My mate and I toasted to twenty-one years of love as we toasted in 1995.

We started this year out with a prayer of thanks. 1994 was a year of love and growth, new friendships were given a good foundation to grow on and old relationships were made even stronger with the passing of the days.

During this past year, Jill and I found ourselves giving guidance and hospitality to a new generation of leatherfolk. It is a role that has come to mean much to both of us. Our door is open to our tribe, as it has been for so many years. It brings in the light of a bright new year.

1-6 Friday

Twelfth Night has come and gone. Once again this house was filled with good friends, good food, and laughter. *The house bulged with leatherfolk.* Men from T.U.L.S.A., the Technicians, and some of the gang from Tribe Excalibur all talked, opened presents, and sang carols. Some of our guests had no club affiliations, but all our guests were kinky. I guess Jill and I only hang around with the best people.

The area under the tree was heaped with presents. As is our tradition, there was something for everyone. The greatest present that Jill and I ever gave each other was the tradition of Twelfth Night. I hope that its spirit and love will be passed on to all our leather family.

- Late

There are bodies sleeping all over the house. This scenario is comfortably and lovingly familiar. In the morning I will make breakfast and a typical weekend at Vi and Jill's will start all over again.

1-8 Sunday

The last of my brood has left for their own homes, and somehow the house feels empty. Jill jokes about all the little chicks snug and warm under our leather skirts. In truth, it is they who keep us young.

Larry spent most of the time curled in front of the fire with good reading from our library, and the Boy propped herself on the couch with some

good magazines while Johnna and Ginni talked and worked on leather projects. Some couldn't make it up and their presence was missed, but others were in and out all weekend. We enjoy having the "kids" around.

1-12 Thursday

I think that I have a telephone growing out of my shoulder. It seems to have taken forever to make all the preparations for this trip to New Orleans, but now I have conformations for everything in my hot little hand. Knock wood, nothing can go wrong. I'll call Mary and My Lady tonight and give them all the details.

Mary and I talked today about her, and some of her army friends, meeting my crew for Mardi Gras. She has some time off before they move her into base housing. I tried to tell her that it's gonna be a weekend like nothing she was used to, but she said "Great." Now that I have a reservation I'll give her the hotel information.

1-18 Wednesday

I'm going crazy from "lack-o-Ryn." I'm at the licking pictures point again. If I don't see her soon, I may beat myself and eat the underwear. I can't believe how much I miss her.

Why didn't someone tell me, fifteen years ago, that things could be this wonderful? I have two women to love, who love me, and love each other. It don't get much better than this.

2-1 Wednesday

Someone has killed Mary.

- Late

I'm pacing this house like a wounded animal. I have no news, no more information than what my cousin told me five or six hours ago, and that was almost nothing. I have paced, screamed, pounded walls, and broken dishes, but most of all I have prayed. I have prayed for Mona. I have prayed for the baby, I have prayed for Louise. I have prayed for Little Wanda, but most of all I have prayed for Nate.

I'm so afraid that he will kill the man who did this to his wife. Or worse, go crazy and hurt the person who has to tell him that his wife is dead. Who would do this...who *could* do this to Mary...*G-d, Grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change...*

2-2 Thursday

- 4:00 am

I have finally gotten Jill to sleep. She's as angry and confused as I am right now. I never wanted to feel this jumble of emotions again. I'm either crying, praying, or screaming. I want this to be some horrible mistake. I changed that child's diapers. I bought her toys. I sent her "care packages" in college. I danced at her wedding. *She can't be dead.* For G-d's sake will someone please call and tell me it was someone else they found? **Will someone wake me up from this nightmare!!!**

- 7:30 am

Jill went in to work this morning. At least at work she will be in familiar surroundings. I'm on my third pot of coffee. It's still too early to call the East Coast. This must be some *sick* joke.

- 9:30 am

I've talked to 319. Some of the details have been filled in, and the story only gets worse. Mona is on her way back from her retreat. She is a woman of amazing faith and courage, but G-d didn't even do this to Abraham. Why does he have to do it to my aunt? Please, Lord, hold her tightly in your arms. Hold the pieces of her heart together.

The police still haven't found Nate or the baby. *Please, G-d, give him strength. Please don't let him do anything stupid.*

G-d of my Fathers, Maker of all things, Ruler of all men, please hear me. Oh Father please take away the rage. I sit here at this computer because it is better therapy than breaking more dishes. But my mind wanders and produces images of such hatred that I am frightened by the depth and strength of what is inside of me. I see fleeting visions of a body strapped into an electric chair, and it is my hand on the switch. Or I see myself in slow motion walking into a courtroom, pulling a gun from my purse and shooting a body on the witness stand.

Please, please, help me. Make the phone ring. Let the voice on the other end tell me that everyone is all right, and it was someone else that they found. Father, please help me with this gnawing doubt that is growing in my mind. Please don't let Nate have anything to do with this.

- 12:15 pm

I've just talked to little Wanda. We both prayed that Mary never saw her death coming. We both want to believe that she bent over to put something away and woke up talking to Saint Richard.

Wanda and I shared our thoughts about Nate. I just can't believe that he could have anything to do with this. I know that Mary wanted to divorce him. But Mary's murder was premeditated. I could see an accident in the heat of a passionate argument, but not cold blooded

murder.

I want my cousin to be wrong. For the baby's sake, I want to be wrong. I could think of a hundred reasons why they haven't found him yet. Let him be in a hospital somewhere. Let him be in jail on a drunk driving charge. Let him be passed out on the street somewhere. Let him be anywhere but in Clarksville, Tennessee. Let LaMia be safe and with her father.

- 3:00 pm

Mona found LaMia. A friend went with her to the house of one of Nate's relatives and picked up the baby and brought them both to 319.

No one has seen Nate since he dropped off LaMia. That was late Monday or early Tuesday. There is an a.p.b. out for him in at least three states.

I keep sitting here waiting for the other shoe to drop. Mona and the baby are safe, but my guts are churning. Johnsons do "bad news in twos" and I have a feeling more bad news is coming fast. Nothing will bring Mary back, but don't let that sweet little girl be an orphan.

- 8:00 pm

There is a stand off going on at the parsonage. Nate has come back to Mona's house. He's holding the police at bay. He won't answer the phone, and they won't go in because he has told them that he has a hostage. What's next?

2-3 Friday

Nate is dead. He killed himself sometime during the night. When the police finally entered the house, he had been dead for several hours. This has ended at last.

My blood pressure is high and I haven't slept since Tuesday. The doctor is sending something over for me and for Jill.

- Afternoon

The drugs aren't helping. I don't know why I thought they would. There wasn't a tranquilizer made that could keep me calm when Mom died. Why would anything work now? At least this time I'm washing them down with coffee instead of vodka.

The anxiety attacks have started again. I never thought I would go through this kind of anguish and grief again in my lifetime. I have spent hour after hour praying for that which I know can never be. *Let me wake up and find this is all a nightmare.*

2-5 Sunday

Ryn has called three times today. She always seems to know when one of us needs to hear her voice. We are fortunate to have good and true friends, they have not let Jill and me go through this horror alone. Some of the calls have made me laugh, some have allowed me to cry, they have all let me talk about the confusion, anxiety, and violation that is slowly eating away at my sanity.

In times of tribulation our friends have always been there for us to lean on. This time, they were the cement that has held together the pieces of my shattered sanity.

I'm no longer jumping every time the phone rings. The first chapter of this atrocity has ended. Now, if someone would just tie some of the many loose ends, maybe I could get some closure, if only for the sake of my own soul.

There are too many holes in this story. The police, the Army, and the F.B.I. are all too eager to hang this murder on Nate. He's an easy target: He's not here to defend himself.

I could understand manslaughter, I could even understand a crime of passion, but strangling someone from behind is cold-blooded murder, and I just can't picture Nate doing that.

Today, friends brought the gift of laughter into this house. I haven't even smiled since Wednesday. I didn't think I would hear my own laughter for a long, long time.

2-6 Monday

I spent the day either in prayer or on the phone with the airlines. The woman at the travel agency was wonderful. I heard my Aunt's voice a little while ago. I know that my heavenly Father will hold her in the palm of his hands. She has the kind of faith that can move mountains.

2-7 Tuesday

I am not ready for the task that Jill and I must begin tomorrow. Mona has told us that Mary doesn't look good. I don't know what that is to prepare us for, but the statement made me uneasy. It has been a week since I've slept. Tonight I'll try sleeping pills.

2-8 Wednesday

I got almost three hours sleep last night. I couldn't sleep on the plane, and coming into Dallas the plane blew a brake line. The fire trucks met us on the tarmac and started to hose down the airplane. Jill slept through it all, thank G-d. Lisa and Tina will be meeting us in

Jersey.

- Evening

I keep thanking G-d for good friends. Lisa and Tina got us from the airport, picked up our rental car, fed us, and managed to find the funeral home in Brooklyn in spite of bad directions.

It took all the strength I had not to pound the walls until my fists were bloody. Everything I know about forensic science still didn't prepare me for what we saw. It didn't look like Mary in that casket. It couldn't be Mary. That was not the little girl that Jill and I changed and spoiled. If it weren't for the hands I would know that the army had the wrong body...but the hands were hers. Even with the broken nails and bloodied fingertips, the hands belonged to Mary.

They told me there were no signs of struggle. The hands on the body tell me that's a lie. Mary's beautiful nails were gone, and blood had clotted below the bed where the nails had broken off.

I could hear Mary's voice reminding me of the promises that Jill and I made to her and to Nate when they were out this summer. As I stood by the casket I swore to her that I would keep all of them to the best of my ability.

"Honey, I promise that I will love your daughter the way that I loved you. I promise that she will know you, through my eyes. I promise that I will look after your mother with the same love that you would."

All I wanted to do was beat someone, anyone. Guilty or innocent didn't matter. I am so full of rage that the valium is of little use, and Jill is one match short of an explosion.

- Late

The girls drove us out to Mona's, where most of the family was. The conversation in the car helped calm me down, and seeing LaMia did the rest. That child is the biggest tranquilizer that Jill and I could have right now. I look into those innocent and trusting eyes, and into the weary and sorrowful eyes of my aunt, and I know what I must do. I know what my mother would have done. I just wish I had her wisdom.

2-9 Thursday

My dearest LaMia,

I watched you play today. You ran, leaped and laughed with the same joyful abandon that you show every day. Your joyous innocence and loving trust have helped me bear the weight of grief that I carry this day, and to some extent, will carry forever. Today is your mother's funeral, and the clan has gathered. Over the course of the last several

hours, many people came to pay their final respects to your mother, and offer words of strength and love to your grandmother. But it is you, my little one, who have given all of us grief-weary adults a reason to smile and go on.

We all loved your mother. We loved her in many ways, and for reasons that I will explain to you one day. Her tragic and untimely death has brought a depth of sorrow to us all that I pray you will never have to experience.

The Bible tells us that "in the midst of death we are in life." You have reminded me all day of that promise from G-d. You are very much at home and comfortable in the house of the Lord. You show no man-made awe for a house of worship, just the natural ease a child knows while safe in her heavenly fathers home. You ran through the sanctuary. You played on the pews. You jumped into the arms of the people who greeted you. Your love took away their tears. You have given a gift to us all, just by being who you are.

This church is filling up. In just a few minutes Jill and I will wake you from your nap, get you dressed, and somehow walk through the rituals that aid the living to part from those now dead. Since shortly after your birth, Jill and I have told you that we loved you. Now I thank you for loving us.

Auntie Vi

- 10:30 pm

Shortcake,

Your behavior amazed me tonight. Jill and I dressed you in a white dress that your grandmother had chosen, and you sat quietly through your mothers service. A few times you turned to look at Jill or me. Most of the time you just sat quietly in your Aunt Angie's arms and played.

At one point in the service, you began to cry and call for your mother. Jill and I scooped you into our arms and took you to another part of the church. You calmed down when Jill and I talked to you. We asked you if you believed that we loved you. You said, "Yes." We told you that you would always be safe with us. You said, "I know." Then you stopped crying and started to laugh. We brought you back into the sanctuary and placed you in your god-mother's arms.

A few minutes later, the Military Color Guard began the folding of the flag that draped your mother's coffin. It was presented to your grandfather. Then the head of the honor guard presented a special flag to you. He started to make a quiet speech to you, but when you took the

flag and clutched it to your heart the man began to cry, and could not finish.

You held onto that flag with such passion that I truly believe that you knew what it represented. Tonight is not the first time that your behavior has amazed me. I know, that as you grow, it will not be the last.

Auntie Vi

- Late

Man-made ritual is over. We have walked through the motions, and said all the words that the fathers of the church have decreed for times like this. Yet, somehow, my heart is as heavy now as it has been since this drama began to unfold. The church emptied to the area prepared for family and friends to sit and break bread.

All I could do was sit in the first pew, in front of Mary's now closed coffin. I tried to say my good-byes to the child who stole my heart, twenty some odd years ago. I couldn't make my lips form the words. All I could do was sit with my hand on the wood. Hanging unnoticed from one handle of the coffin were Mary's dog tags. I held them in my hands and the flood gates of my own emotions opened. I must have sat there and quietly cried for half an hour.

I don't know what made me remove those two small pieces of metal, but somehow I just had to have them. I have Nate's service tags, I will add Mary's to them. One day I will give them to LaMia. For now, they seem to bring me some small measure of comfort.

2-10 Friday

I have undone a lot of expensive therapy this day. But I had to go these last steps with Ooch. (I will never again be able to call to her that way in this life.) The military honor guard escorted her body out of the church and into the waiting hearse. LaMia held so tightly to Jill that I asked to have her put in the limousine with Mona, Louise, and Maurice. I drove the car that Jill and I had rented.

I heard the words that are still too fresh and raw in my own mind, then watched as the wooden box was wheeled toward the brick wall and its three foot oven door. The coffin bumped the wall. It took three tries before the attendant could get the box lined up with the opening. (Well, that's Mary, contrary to the end.) The iron door slammed shut with a hollow ring, and I felt another piece of my heart go cold and die.

I was so grateful that the baby kept Jill too busy to watch my reactions. She is in so much pain of her own. I didn't want to add my

grief to hers.

2-11 Saturday

I put Jill on a plane back to Tulsa, then headed to Ryn's via Heavenly Rest. I spent two hours at the cemetery crying, screaming, and talking, to G-d.

2-12 Sunday

All the way back to Tulsa, I was thinking about next week's award ceremony. I really don't know if I am up to being with all those people. I don't have the emotional strength right now to put on a smiling face and joke with my friends. Maybe I should cancel Pantheon.

- Later

This message was on the answering machine when Jill and I got in from the airport. I think that it was Daddy Kane's voice...*"The leather community of the United States extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mother Vi and the Johnson family. At times like this, there are no words that can truly express the depth of your grief. There is also no true measure, to express the amount of love being sent out to you in prayer.*

To Rev. Mona Johnson: Mother Vi has held this global tribe together because of the power of her beliefs. She has often attributed that strength to you, her spiritual advisor. Although you don't know us, we the leather community consider you and your beautiful granddaughter a part of our family. Know that you both are loved, and your names are lifted to the Lord daily on the wings of leather prayer."

To the members of my leather family,

Mothers want many things for their family. They want their next generation to grow strong. They want them to be healthy. They want them to succeed. They want them to know the joys of loving and being loved in return.

The one thing that a mother never expects, at least not for herself, is tragedy. Two weeks ago tragedy struck me and my family and left us devastated. I felt wounded, overwhelmed, and very much abandoned and alone.

Within hours of our misfortune the phone started to ring. The calls were full of love and prayer for myself, my mate, and my immediate family.

Some of you just listened while I screamed. Others of you sent cards and hugs while I cried. Most of all we could feel the prayers, and the cushion of love that all of you wrapped around me, my aunt, little

LaMia, and Jill.

I know that your love let us fly on "leather wings" when we were too weak from sorrow to walk on our own. I know that your good wishes cemented our sanity, when we should have gone crazy from grief. Most of all...I know that your prayers were the sword and shield that allowed me to slay the dragon of sadness and remorse that almost consumed us.

I have always said that a mother's job is to nurture and protect her young until they can soar on their own. You all have proven to me that the protection goes both ways.

We love you all.

Thank you for loving us.

2-16 Thursday

Here I am again with my butt on an airplane. I hope that my behavior doesn't depress anybody. I just don't seem to know where my smile is right now. If I'm lucky, it's in Ryn's suitcase.

- 7:30 pm

All I had to do was see four of my favorite people at the airport and I found my smile. Tina and Lisa have been calling for hours, trying to get us out of this hotel and to the quarter. Just about since we arrived at the hotel Ryn, Cub, and I have been doing one of the things that we love to do...have sex.

- 11:00 pm

The quarter is quite a place. From now until the 28th of this month, the city goes stark raving mad. I'm told the insanity grows a little each night. I have the awful feeling that the three of us are going to eat, drink, and "hurricane" our way through New Orleans. What a way to lose a waistline.

2-16 Thursday

My Dearest Daughter

This night, my daughter, you and Ryn have been nourished by the nectar of my existence. By clan right and ritual, you are "made". Now, you are flesh of my blood as well as my mind.

I have dreamed of this sharing, on many levels and in many ways, since you were born. Now dreams have become reality in this city sired of Delta mud and creole cooking.

I have told you before that there is no act more intimate than the sharing of your life force with the person that you love. Once your life essence is inside another, you two become one being. When Ryn drank

from me, the other half of my Circle was forged.

Until you choose your own offspring and Vampiric Partner, you will only have an intellectual understanding of the boundless joy that I feel tonight. I know that your mind understands my words, but your spirit can not yet fathom the true intensity of my joy.

As we all rested quietly in each others arms I contemplated the wonder of our future. My heart soared at the prospect.

Love,

2-17 Friday

I roamed the "Quarter" today. For a brief time I allowed myself to step back into another age and time. If all had gone as planned, Mary would have been meeting me at the hotel in a few hours. We had talked about her and a friend joining Ryn and me in New Orleans. As we explored the Quarter, I thought of how much she would have enjoyed the place and the company. She was looking forward to finally meeting Ryn.

- Late

Fifteen leather dykes invaded Big Daddy's Strip Club and walked off with two of the prettiest dancers in the joint. The table dance that they did for the group of us was so hot, even the management came to watch.

Ryn has successfully convinced these two lovelies to join our intimate group tomorrow nite for Roger's performance and then fun and games at the dungeon party. Now why do I think that they will be the games?

2-18 Saturday

I finally got to play with "Fire." I've heard so much about that cat that I practically feel like I raised her. What a sweetheart she is. Three hundred pounds and still thinks that she's a lap kitty. I wish that Mona could be here. She loves tigers.

It took a lot longer than expected for Roger and Fire to go on stage, so Ryn and I did crowd control for an hour. It's amazing, the crowd that cat can draw. Fire was as cool as could be. She played with people that were allowed to pet her. She purred and posed on cue. Roger, on the other hand, was a nervous mess. One would think he was waiting to do a command performance for the Queen of England, instead of his fellow leathermen and women. It took many drinks to calm him down. Once on stage, he was wonderful. The crowd went wild for him. When Fire jumped up and licked him, the bar exploded.

- Late

What a party. Ryn has had a taste of two legged New Orleans "gumbo" and *Enjoyed, enjoyed, enjoyed*. I don't think those two girls will ever be the same, either. It stands to reason that if there are perverts anywhere we go, Ryn will find them or they will find us. Gotta like that.

I arranged for Roger's rape tonight. A fantasy he has held for years came true this evening. Almost everyone at Pantheon, including Roger, knew that I was up to something. That Southern man is the only person I know who could do this for me, and he did it well. Roger didn't suspect a thing. Before he got an inkling of what was going on we had him in a cage and were stripping off his clothes. What's a little rape between friends?

2-19 Sunday

There is an engraved piece of lucite sitting on the hotel dresser. It has my name on it, though I find it very hard to believe. *Pantheon of Leather: Lifetime Achievement Award*

I knew there was no chance I would receive the award I was nominated for. The list of nominees for the Forebearer Award reads like the Who's Who of Leather past and present. It was an honor to just be on the list. I never suspected or expected that I was even being considered, much less a recipient, for this, the highest award this community gives.

I was, and still am, speechless. I wasn't even listening when they started to talk about this years award winner. When I heard my name I thought it was a mistake. The audience went berserk. Ryn hugged me and made me go up on stage.

I thanked the three men who gave Jill and me our start, Tom, Jerry, and Jack Jackson. I thanked the two women who stand by my side and make me whole, Jill and Ryn. And I thanked the leather men and women of the state of Oklahoma who have honored me with the title "Mom."

I am humbled, I am speechless, I am **Honored!!**

2-20 Monday

It's still here. This amazing thank you for twenty plus years of service. I haven't awakened to find it all a dream. Now Ryn and Cub are teasing me about it. Even I have to laugh.

2-21 Tuesday

Back to Jersey. I've been in this state twice this month. This time I feel a little lighter. I'm going back to the "family" that I have chosen, and then to the loving arms of my mate. I will give her the award that is in my bag and hope that she is pleased.

3-4 Saturday

Sister of My Heart,

My arms ache to hold you. The morning tasks strain muscle and sinew. Still, my body's memory thinks of you.

Daily drudgeries occupy the here and now. My mind runs to the time when I can embrace you, hold you, satisfy the hunger.

Strength is renewed at the thought of your flesh against mine, your sweetness in my arms pressed against me.

I am empowered again to do what I can, finish what I must, so that I can return to you

I will grasp you, lovingly, lustingly. Tenderly, we will melt into passions power, forgetting all.

When we are one...I will be complete again, to race with the gods soar through the skies and rule the world.

3-26 Sunday

I've begun the preparations for Mr. Oklahoma. I've got to get much of this done now because my schedule may not allow me to do this later. I now know who did the art work for Tribe Excalibur's patch. I am going to ask him to submit a sketch for this year's poster. That, and some ideas for entertainment should get the ball rolling.

3-29 Wednesday

By this time tomorrow I'll be home in Tulsa. I don't know if I'm eager to return or not. At Ryn's I don't see Mary around every turn. I'm grateful that Mom isn't alive to go through this.

3-30 Thursday

Dearest Cub,

How full of questions you are! Well, it's a mothers job to answer those questions so that you can learn. Let me start with your first one...tell you about my mother.

You've heard bits and pieces about her before. You mentioned that you can feel her presence at times. That doesn't surprise me. My mother was psychic. Many of the women of my biological family are psychic to some degree. I am also.

My mother's many abilities were established at an early age. She was also born with a great deal of artistic talent. Her sketches and paintings decorate my home and the house where I grew up. My family has always been culturally rich. Opera, classical music, literature, and poetry were common when Mom was a child. The family was, and is, a religious hodgepodge. Theological learning and debate were greatly encouraged. But Mom was born into an era where the kind of spiritual experimentation and learning that she needed for her own enlightenment, was stifled.

As soon as she graduated from high school, in 1931, she set out on her own personal odyssey of learning and growth. Opportunities were very limited for a young black woman, but she managed to find work and a group of people who were welcoming and free thinking. Today, we call them Bohemians. Yes, Mom was one of those free thinking, slightly left-winged, marijuana smoking, nightclub crawlers.

Within this new found group of friends and acquaintances, she found enlightened teachers and guides who could assist her personal growth. They taught her about the powers that were within her, and how to use them. She learned astrology, metaphysics, and dream interpretation, but she excelled at palmistry...and always her beloved art.

One December day in 1947, she was home visiting family. When the day was finished she prepared to go back to New York by train. Her brother, my Uncle Jacob, decided to walk her to the station. Going was slow due to a bad snow storm, but the walk was only three long blocks. Just before they reached the station a car came out of nowhere, swerved in the snow, and struck them both. Jacob came away with minor injuries. Mom's left ankle was badly shattered. She lay in the snow for almost two hours before the ambulance could reach her and get her to a hospital.

Ten hours of surgery and over fifty feet of wire put the leg back together. However, she lay in the snow for so long that the doctors were afraid that she might die of pneumonia. She was given such massive doses of penicillin to fight the infection that she developed an allergy to the drug. She survived, and went through a year of rehabilitative therapy to learn to walk again.

Mom was also sexually experimental. She once told me that there wasn't anything that I could tell her about that she hadn't tried at least once. All of this new found freedom and education came at a high price: Mom became estranged from her family. Her exploits were more than the Johnsons could handle.

From one of her sexual encounters, I was born. As the story goes, Mom was dating brothers, and sleeping with both of them. The one who proposed to her was not the man she wanted to marry. So, she chose to raise her child alone. That was not an easy decision to make back in the 1950's.

A tremendous amount of pressure was put on her to place me up for adoption. She finally acquiesced to her families' wishes and about ten months after I was born the papers were signed and the adoption agency began trying to place me. A few months later Mom decided to defy her family again, but had to adopt her own daughter in order to get me back. We lived alone, without much family contact until I was about four years old.

As she told the story, her father called one day and said, "Bring my grandchild home." She did. Mom sacrificed much to have me accepted.

Mom worked for RCA for all the years that I can remember. She never earned more than twelve thousand dollars a year in her lifetime. I can remember times when she didn't eat in order to feed me. Those were the times that she was on a "diet."

I remember summer vacations when I was very young. Three of them were spent on Cape Cod. One summer, when I was about nine, Mom, two of her sisters, and I went on a road trip. We drove all over the Northeast and up into Canada. Most of that trip is now lost in memory's haze, but one part of one day will always stand out in my mind. We were at the Cathedral of Saint Joseph in Canada. To get from the ground level to the entrance of the cathedral you have to walk up seven or eight flights of stairs. In the center of the massive staircase a section about three feet wide is separated from the other steps. This section is called "The Pilgrims' Stairs."

To ascend the Pilgrims' Stairs, a person climbs one step at a time on their knees. On each step, the pilgrim stops and says a prayer. I ran to the top of the long flights, as children will do, and sat and watched her make that journey. It took her hours. It was a testimony to her faith, as is my memory of it.

I never thought it unusual that more of my friends talked to my mother than they did to their own. After all "that was just Mom." I never thought it unusual that I could and did tell my mother everything, "that was just Mom." It never once dawned on me that I shouldn't tell my mother that I had fallen in love with a woman. And it never crossed my mind that my Mother might not accept the woman that I had fallen in

love with. She was Jill's mentor and cheerleader until she died.

Anyway...Mom managed to get me to, and through, college. A year after I graduated, she enrolled in Junior College herself. Some of the term papers that she wrote amazed her professors. They also made me very proud. (I still have a few of them.) She graduated from school with high honors. The day she received her diploma, I don't know who was more proud, she or I.

She retired from RCA a few years after that, and used her small pension to open a travel agency with her brother and sisters. The agency gave her the opportunity to do what she had wanted to do all her life...see the world. And see the world she did. She traveled four or five times a year, and to places that she had only ever dreamed of. She joined me when I was studying in Egypt. It was her third trip there.

When Jill and I lived in Newark with Katherine Sharpe, we were working on a magazine called *Black Mistress Review*. Mom was doing the cartoons. When I needed a secretary for Katherine, because her paperwork was eating all my time, I hired Mom.

In 1984 Jill and I moved to the West Coast. Mom would come out and visit us in the fall before Thanksgiving, and stay through late winter or early spring. Three years later, she helped us buy a house in California. While we were in California I got to take her to her first movie premier. I will never forget the glow on her face when she actually got to sit and talk with one of her idols. (She never would tell me what they talked about.) She went to two others with me before we moved to Oklahoma.

She found Oklahoma peaceful, even with all the leather folk in the house. I think that peace was what she wanted in her later years. We would sit on my bed or hers for hours talking and watching the birds in the backyard. As a matter of fact, my garden was designed to be seen from, and draw birds to, her bedroom window.

Just writing about her makes me miss her. I hope that I can pass along some of the love that she has given me.

So my darling, does that answer one of your questions? I will talk to thee anon.

Much love,

4-13 Thursday

There are two Siberian tigers parked in my driveway. Over a ton of "pussy cat" is pacing back and forth in the rear of a Ryder truck. Even through the truck walls, their roar can be heard for fifty yards in any

direction, and every dog in my complex has picked up the scent of these big cats. Their howls have created an eerie serenade. My neighbors thought I was strange before...they *know* I'm strange now.

4-14 Friday

Roger, Jill and I checked the "cats" early this morning. My next door neighbors came over to ask about the strange noises. I showed them both the source of the sounds and they jumped about four feet. I assured them both that these cats were neither permanent house guests, nor part of my new alarm system. They looked relieved.

After a good breakfast, Roger took my two driveway guests to their rendezvous with a taxidermist. contest. That should give us plenty of time to get good contestants.

5-13 Saturday

The cycle begins again. Somewhere deep within me, in some minute and subtle way, I am changing. My body has completed this sequence thousands of times during this life's journey. The uneasiness begins now. In a day it becomes restlessness. Soon after, the need will creep through my flesh with an insidious precision that will make every cell of my being ache. The need will rise.

Before hunger makes me predatory, and the predator becomes a danger to those around me, I will feed. For decades that was enough. My voracity could be sated by a donation from my vessels. Because of you, that has all changed. Beautiful woman, handsome man, no longer are they enough to meet my exclusive need.

My passion wants only you. My hunger seeks only the taste of you to feed it. What am I to do, my love? What would you have me do to ease the all consuming fire that is within me? Time has taught me patience and control. Far more than most, still, less than some. But, even the oldest of us must eat or pay the price to the Beast that dwells within. Should I tempt fate? My soul would rather endure the torturous slide into savagery than have another's taste within. Will the body obey? That is the question that will all to soon be answered.

5-14 Sunday

Fourteen of the men from the Technicians were over today for a video party. Everybody brought one or two of their favorite tapes queued to the best parts. Three TV's were running, and extra machines were set up to copy tapes. I added two new ones to my collection.

Only the hard core got to see one of my contributions to the party. One was a piercing tape from Club Doma. As the blood flowed, I watched as, one by one, the guys turned green and excused themselves to the kitchen for beer and refreshments. I know I shouldn't laugh at the guys' expense, but it was funny. At least to me it was. Men have no idea how to handle blood.

Still, a good time was had by all.

5-23 Tuesday

In two days I will see you. The next 48 hours will be my own private Hell. Raging within me is a firestorm, a force that even natures might would pale against. Pain beyond the physical, hunger far beyond starvation's desperation will be my constant companion until I have you again.

I teeter on the brink of inhumanity. The inhuman force that exists within me, within all of my kind, claws at my guts for release. Every conscious moment is spent exerting herculean efforts to control It. It fights for its own existence. It fights to live and allow me life as well. But I will, I must emerge victorious.

I have never tempted karma as I tempt it in these moments. If I were of another line I would have seriously injured by now, or maybe worse. Red is the only color that I can see, blood the only substance my body wants, needs, exists for.

You will nurture me, and no other. Your life essence will chain this monster and make it as gentle as the caressing breeze of a spring morning. This is my decree. I will have it or sacrifice my sanity and strength of will in the effort.

5-24 Wednesday

My Lady;

Tomorrow you arrive. I will be at the airport with hungry but eager smile to welcome you to your home away from home. There are many who wish to see you this trip, and a schedule that is crammed with things for us to do.

There is only one day for rest and feeding. Saturday we leave for three days of Rodeo. After that the excitement really starts.

5-25 Thursday

Your plane lands in just a few hours. My calisthenics in control have been successful. I have proven to myself that I am still in command

of the Beast. It has been a long time since I have tested the strength of that leash to such a level as this.

No one has suffered harm. No innocents have been injured by my exercise. I have reminded myself, during this last week, just how far I can push need before the Beast takes it's hold. We, the Beast and I, have stretched each other's limits, and still stayed within the bounds of humanity. I now know where the monster's lair dwells. I know the boarders of its realm and I shall steer clear of the shadowy steps that could lead to the violation of our greatest law.

I have re-taught myself discipline. These last few hours until your return are simple.

- Late

I have held you in my arms. That has nourished my soul. Your life force is within me. It has replenished my life.

5-27 Saturday

Tribe Excalibur and the Leather Titleholders of Oklahoma held a private reception for Ryn this evening. Over one hundred leather men and leather women crammed into Levi's huge patio to greet and chat with My Lady.

The buffet was wonderful, and the company was first class. Jill, Ryn and I were pampered like visiting royalty. The kids even decorated our hotel room with flowers and food. They have done me proud.

6-2 Friday

We hit the ground running. Thank goodness the drive to Dallas was easy. Ryn and I arrived at 5:30 pm and met our host. At 7:00 we were in a dinner meeting and by 9:00 we were into Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer full swing. Two host bars later, we had finished with the introductions of contestants and judges, and Ryn got to meet and work with the man who will be her co-emcee. I finally got to meet Mr. Marcus Hernandez. I feel like we know each other though we have only just met. Anyway...in by 12:30 am to be up tomorrow at seven for judging starting at nine. Hello, Dallas

6-3 Saturday

What a day! Judging, rehearsing, conversing, (hurry up and wait) tallying, all crammed into an exciting day. In two hours, we return, fully dressed, to get this show on the road. Let's see who will be the next Mr. Great Plains Drummer.

I am pleased with the new Mr Gulf Coast Drummer. The judging

panel picked a good man. I do, however, admit to being disappointed with the knowledge of all of the men who were interviewed. Questions that I thought were easy could not be answered. I realize now, more than ever, how little most of the New Guard knows of its own history. The work of Tony De Blase and those writers like him is desperately needed.

6-13 Tuesday

Off to the East Coast. This time, there are no sad occasions, only the joy of being with my Mistress. Please, Lord, let this trip bring only joy.

6-15 Thursday

Ryn asked me what I wanted to do on my birthday. I told her that I wanted us to go camping for the weekend. I don't know if the look I got back was horror or amusement. I think it would be wonderful. No phones, no interruptions, no television. Even the weather is supposed to cooperate. Think of it. Mistress Ryn in a tent.

6-16 Friday

I stopped by Sports Authority this evening and bought a four man tent. That should be just big enough for Ryn and me, comfortably. I am determined to go camping tomorrow, if only for the day. I pitched the tent in the backyard to make sure that all the pieces were there. Much to my surprise, and I think her own, Ryn really likes the idea. "It's not as spacious as a room at the Holiday Inn, but it's comfortable. I'm looking forward to tomorrow."

6-17 Saturday

"A book of verses beneath the bough. A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou beside me; lying in the wilderness. Ah wilderness, though art paradise enow."... The poet knew.

Here, by the Delaware Water Gap, I pitched our tent under a canopy of trees by a running river. I have made our bed, poured us wine, and now listen as my Lady reads her favorite poems from a book we both share. The sounds of the river harmonize with her voice. Beaver and chipmunk both play for my visual delight. I love, and am at peace. This is *Paradise*. Happy Birthday me.

- Evening

There are a ba-zillion people in this house. Where did they all come from? There are leather pride colored balloons everywhere. How

did they get here? There is enough food to feed an army division, and a pile of presents that could probably ransom a queen. When did all this happen? The part that I can't get over is that they are all addressed to me.

An hour ago, we were leaving Worthington State Forrest. Ryn stopped to get something at the drugstore. The next thing I know, there is a leather hood on my head and I'm told that I'm going to a gang bang. I'm the bang-ee, not the bang-er. I should have known..."Mistress Ryn spends day in tent"...something is up.

There are faces in this house that I haven't seen since Jill and I were leather baby's. So much work and love has gone into making this all possible. I am overwhelmed, and cushioned by the love of my chosen family. I've been fighting tears of joy, pride, and surprise since the hood was removed. Ryn, Andre, Gene, and Lisa have made this all possible. Lisa even baked the cake that Mom used to. When I bit into it I finally cried.

6-18 Sunday

This house is filled with the remaining bodies from last night's party. A typical Sunday at Ryn's begins. The magnitude of last night has finally hit me. So has the love. I can't believe my extended family went to all these elaborate preparations for me. I also can't believe how fortunate I am to love and be loved by so many. G-d has given me true friends.

6-30 Friday

I'm going to Paris!!! I don't believe this. Ryn, Andre and Henri are sending me to Paris!!! The damndest things happen when I'm around this family. I can't believe the year that I'm having. Everything seems to be going right. I mean...right...!!!

7-3 Monday

- Early morning

In the peace of the playroom's dim light, I watch you sleeping. Your breathing, even and rhythmic. Majestic beauty is undisturbed. Your head is turned gently on the black pillow. The cocoa brown of your skin is framed beautifully by cream colored sheepskin and black leather.

I watch you sleep often. Decades old insomnia has appointed me guardian to Morpheus, and protector of your dream-time. One who accidently stumbled into your private space likened me unto a watchdog fiercely guarding its owner, growling to warn and ward off entry into

your most intimate of worlds.

From whom do I protect you? Where is the peasant who would dare intrude like a thief in the night? What mere mortal, with less than moral motive, would attempt entry into the chamber of a Queen? The culprit rests beside you. It is I.

7-7 Friday

We're at 35,000 feet. The flight attendants are serving the second round of champagne. My Lady's eyes are getting heavy with sleep. I know that I should follow my leader into the arms of Morpheus, but how can I sleep on the eve of such an adventure?

In just a few hours this great bird will touch down in my mother's favorite city. For seven more days My Lady and I will walk ancient streets, see past and present glories, and mingle with the people of the City of Light.

Sometime during all of this, I hope to make final peace with my own grief over Mom and Mary. What better place to bid farewell to sorrow than in Paris with someone I love?

7-8 Saturday

From 6 miles high the fields of France beckon like a multi-colored cobblestone path. There is no geometric symmetry in these age old fields, rather the orderly neatness of a rambling country road. Six miles becomes five, then four. In the fields below, I can pick out farm houses dotting the landscape. From two miles above, herds of animals move as one across the fields and, too soon, disappear from my window. I turn to She Who is Beside Me, eager to share my observations. Her perfect smile momentarily erases all but her face from my mind. "Bienvenue du Charles De Gaulle." This very real fantasy begins.

- Late

We have spent our first day walking the streets and seeing all that there is to see in our little neighborhood. Ille San Louis is chocked full of tiny bistro's, and equally small, but fascinating shops. My poor French has, so far, been adequate to get us what we want and where we want to go. My Lady seems as delighted with my linguistic attempts as the merchants who laugh and smile as they fill the shopping bags I carry. The cupboard of our little apartment is now full of supplies acquired from friendly vendors.

Just three blocks away is Notre Dame. Outside our door is the Seine, and all around us is the geographic heart of this wonderful city.

7-9 Sunday

Today began with my first real test of the language. Ryn sent me off to get breakfast for the two of us. Around the corner and two blocks down I bought coffee and fresh baguettes from the local merchant. He started to rattle off in French about his types of bread. I had to stop him, because I could only understand part of what he said. I managed to get back to the apartment with one cup of coffee in each hand and a bag of bread in my teeth. It must have been laughable to any one who saw me.

After breakfast, we grabbed a cab to The Hotel Des Invalides. I actually spoke well enough to get us there - I even made small talk with the driver. We wandered its great halls, enjoying the exhibits for many hours. Then we walked to Napoleons Tomb, and through the park and up to the river.

A short cab ride to Ile De La Cite. We got out by the grand lady herself - Notre Dame. Because of the lateness of the hour, we decided to save Notre Dame for tomorrow. When I realized that there was an underground Museum, I dragged my tiring Mistress there instead.

What a fascinating place! The Musee De La Cite is an underground dig of one block of the original City of Paris. The ruins have been carefully uncovered and preserved, without disturbing the cathedral above. When we finished with the museum, Ryn insisted that we have something to eat. In the excitement of this first day, I had forgotten that there was nothing in our stomachs.

We walked the short distance home to drop our things, then around the corner to a little restaurant called L'Apostrophe. The cuisine was French traditional and delicious. The owner served us, and gave us wine and dessert on the house. Our conversation was delightful and laughable. We spoke *un petite Francaise*, and he, little English. Yet, we managed to communicate with each other well. Our honest attempts at each other's languages, smiles, and courtesy work anywhere.

Ryn suggested that we walk off dinner, then back to the apartment for a mischievous night.

7-14 Friday

I have smelled your sweetness, Oh Cité of Lights.
In the early morning hours, you have awakened me to the breeze of café,
and bid *bonjour* with the aroma of baguettes.

I have heard your voice, Oh Cité of Lights,
In the laughter of your people, the whisper quiet of the Musée, and the

powerful song of Edith Piaf.

I have felt your pulse, Oh Cite{accent} of Lights.

Your streets throb with Parisian throngs, your history beats with *liberté* and *gloiré*, and your mighty Seine flows on eternally.

I have seen your soul, Oh Cité of Lights.

Her ancient stone and carved angels lift Parisian prayer to the ears of G-d via the intercession of "Our Lady."

You have stolen my heart, Oh Cité of Lights.

A little piece of it resides in every stone cathedral, on every bustling Rue, and in the smile of *mon ami* Henri - *mes amies* Henri et Giselle.

I must return to you, Oh Cité of Lights,

For you have embraced me as a lover and made me an *enfant du France*. Now the spires of "Our Lady" and the waters of "My River" will always call me home.

8-9 Wednesday

My Dearest One,

I have chosen to steal some quiet time in these early morning hours. It has been far too long since I have placed words on paper and sent them to you. This pre-dawn stillness is my friend this day. My dreams this past night have been pleasant, although strange. Perhaps "different" would be a better word. In my dreams last night, you were the orchestrator. Images would come and go. Some were friends - one of the dreams was about Monique - others I had never seen. At the beginning and end of each image, you were there. Like the narrator of a story your image opened and closed each part.

I couldn't get back to sleep, so, for a while, I just meditated. It had been a while since I have talked to my spirit guide. He called you "Dream Giver," and spoke of you in symbols that my heart understood. The name seems appropriate, since you have given me back my ability to fantasize about tomorrow, and made real the unspoken dreams of my heart.

Now, if you hear me whisper "Dream Giver" to you, know that it is because of all the things that you are to me...and, most of all, because I love you.

8-11 Tuesday

My pug died today. Viola's Kilogram of Love was 13 years old. Jill laid him in the garden under Mom's window. It was his favorite place

to sleep. May the sunshine keep your little spirit warm. I'll miss you, Kilo. Go and keep Mom company.

8-15 Tuesday

My aunt arrives today with LaMia. She needs to get away from all the sorrow of this year, and Tulsa is a good place to do it. Jill and I have lots of things planned for her. Hopefully the fresh air and all of the leather family here in Oklahoma can make her laugh again.

8-20 Sunday

It's been a busy day. We all went to the science museum and visited the hospital where Mona prayed for Little Larry. Her prayers and comforting touch brought him much comfort. He is so weak now that I know death would be greeted like an old friend. He will be here soon enough, my son.

- Late

My children are going to spoil LaMia rotten. They let her get away with just about anything. How can I discipline them or her? All their antics kept Mona laughing the entire time we were having dinner. Hearing her laughter brightened Jill's and my day.

9-9 Saturday

Off to the Silver Star to judge Mr. Tulsa Leather. The guys tell me that it won't be an easy job. There are three or four very good contestants. The more the better. I want the strongest man possible representing Oklahoma at IML This is the first step.

9-20 Wednesday

We've got a Technician's meeting tonight and the first meeting of F.I.S.T. Oklahoma on Saturday. Next weekend we're off to Dallas for Beyond Vanilla.

10-19 Thursday

The Doctors have told me that I have caffeine poisoning. There is a long and complicated medical name for my condition, but the bottom line is; I've had my last cup of coffee.

The Doctor said that I must choose between my coffee and my liver and I already have liver damage. My first thought when he told me this was, "They can replace my liver."

11-1 Wednesday

This is insane. Three weeks without caffeine, and I'm eating like a two year old vampire again. I'm twenty-seven years a blood drinker. I'm too old to act like this.

I was so grateful when my eating habits first began to change after my third year. So was everybody around me. No more "Hi, Love. Mind if I borrow a couple of ounces?" every few day. My Maker said that I would slow down to four or five ounces twice a week. Then once a week in a few more years until, as an elder I would only need to feed once every four or six weeks.

Fate and circumstances taught me to push bloodlust off for as long as eight weeks before I got dangerous. Only once in all my years have I lost control of the beast. (I spent a year apologizing to the person I injured.) Now I feel like all those years are going up a cloud of coffee flavored steam. Or is that smoke.

Everyone who knows me knows that something is wrong. I'm irritable, evil and stressed as hell. I've got a caffeine headache the size of Texas, and all the energy of a slug on valium. But whenever I get a bite to eat - bad pun - I'm good to go for at least two or three days, and these awful headaches stop.

Ryn won't be here for 14 more days. With my radiant personality, I could make a lot of enemies between now and then. Assuming I don't rip someone apart first. I never realized just what the relationship of caffeine and blood was to my adrenal gland. Without a couple of quarts of coffee in my system each day, my body is craving blood to make up for the missing stimulant.

My physician had been begging me to give up caffeine long before the medical problems surfaced last month. I never dreamed that it would have these kinds of side effects. I sure can't go running to my doctor with this one. He thinks I'm strange now.

I refuse to go hunting once a week like I use to. This has got to stop. *I am too old for this!!!!*

11-6 Monday

One of my leather sons died a few hours ago. Little Larry's soul has gone to be with the many others who now dwell in paradise. I thank G-d for finally relieving him of his pain. His brave leatherman's spirit is now free from the weak and frail body that housed it.

I choose to believe that an honor guard of leatherfolk escorted him to the Elysian Field reserved for those who honored, loved, and

loyally served this special tribe. A little piece of my heart goes with him. I feel empty and sorrowful that he is no longer with me to hold, fuss over, and feed.

11-15 Wednesday

"Hello, favorite food." I was so glad to see Ryn today, I almost bit into her right in the middle of the airport. Most of my friends are staying away from me, and Jill barely approaches without a whip and a gun. Everyone can tell by my smile when I have a lancette in my hand. You'd think I wanted a pint. What's a few ounces between friends?

Ryn knew how badly I needed to feed. Thank goodness, she only teased me for a few minutes. As soon as we were in private I got my fix. Listen to me. I sound like a junkie craving heroin. Sometimes I feel like it.

Who would have thought that I would have medical problems associated with my caffeine intake? And who would believe that I can alleviate or lessen the side effects with a little contribution now and then from my friends? I've got to get through this withdrawal. I can't keep acting like this. I'm beginning to worry about hurting someone.

If I had porphyria, I could understand my reactions. But, Hyper Magnesi-what-ever isn't supposed to do this to people. Besides, kicking caffeine isn't supposed to be this hard. I've still got headaches. With a little luck, (*Pleeaasse*) I should finish this withdrawal soon. If I don't, Ryn is going to look like she was attacked by a wild animal. And it won't be too far from the truth.

(Editor's note: Hypomagnesemia is a condition wherein the body does not retain a sufficient quantity of the essential element Magnesium. Caffeine exacerbates the condition.)

11-20 Monday

I can trace our relationship in the gems that adorn you. When mom died, I placed some of her rings upon your fingers. I looked down at your hand, long and graceful, and saw hers. I gazed at your slender fingers and remembered choosing the lapis and designing the setting that now adorns you. But it was she who originally received the gift so very long ago. I remember watching the alexandrite being cut and then nestled in pink gold to adorn my mother's fingers. Now the ring graces your hand.

Christmas came and so did the gems that became your ear bobs. How carefully and lovingly they were chosen. Oh, how much you

enjoyed them. Valentine's day 1994 brought onyx and diamond to your finger, its peace and fire graced your finger as the moon becomes the eyes of a beautiful woman.

In June of 1994 a golden "V" adorned your pinky as your mark adorned my thigh. I got the better part of the exchange. Christmas came, and so did the gold and white sapphires that encircled your slender wrist. I wish that I could have been there to close the golden clasp. But I remember your voice when you opened the box.

February 1995 saw a golden panther removed from its box and placed around your regal neck, for no reason, save this slave's lowly prerogative. I hope that is reason enough. A year from the date of my original marking, more onyx and diamond joined your collection from me. Earrings seemed necessary to complete the set that was started 365 days ago. It's hard to believe that it has been a year.

Now, as Christmas approaches, deep blue sapphire, framed in diamonds and gold adorn your finger. I love you!!!

12-16 Saturday

I put Jill on a plane for the East Coast. I'll be joining her there in just a few days. This will be the first time that we've been back in Jersey for our anniversary since '84. The weather is beautiful. I hope that it holds until next weekend. Please let it hold until next weekend.

12-20 Wednesday

"I'm working my way back to you..." and, of course, the weather sucks. The plane was stuck in Dallas for 6 hours. So much for being in Jersey by 3 p.m. I shouldn't gripe. My seat companion has been stuck in Dallas since Monday night. If I'm lucky, I will see my ladies by midnight. Let's hope that Newark's runways are in better shape than the ones in New York. They say that a plane skidded off the icy runway a few hours ago.

12-31 Sunday

In just a few moments a new year will begin. On one side of me is my mate, on the other, my Mistress. Right in front of me is my dhampir. My mother's spirit is all around us, as are about 100 of our friends. I could think of nothing that would make these moments more perfect. The four of us are wrapped in joy and in each other.

"What you are doing at the New Year is what you will do all year long." That's what Mom always said. The Ball is

going...going...gone. We are all together, healthy, and happy to great 1996.

Happy New Year to the women I love.

Thank you Heavenly Father. You have blessed me with the fairy tale ending.



Afterword

In struggling to find one word that would sum up Viola's journal, I considered the rejected the first few that occurred to me: journey, story, expedition. All of those seemed far too bland to capture the spirit behind Viola's words. Finally, the word "odyssey" came to mind. I looked it up in the dictionary, and I had to smile when I read its official definition: any long series of wanderings, especially when filled with notable experiences.

Notable experiences, by their very nature, are often controversial, and this particular odyssey is no exception. It is so easy to be blinded by controversy, to either sensationalize or romanticize it. So much of the SM subculture is steeped in fantasy, not to mention controversy, even in the minds of those who live within it, that the truth about what it's really like to live as a salve can come as the rudest of shocks. Did you find yourself uncomfortable with, or ambivalent about some of what you read in these pages? Did you even feel indignation and horror when you read about some of the things Viola endured? Did you, like me, automatically judge what you read based on the values that most of the 1990's SM community holds dear? If so, then you, like me, missed the point, in all of its majestic simplicity.

If we focus on any of the individual experiences that Viola describes, if we let ourselves be distracted by our judgements of them, then we cheat ourselves. What is important is Viola's single-minded pursuit of her dream, and the ultimate fulfillment of it, no matter what the cost to her body, her mind, or her heart. And indeed, the cost was high, almost intolerably so at times. Measuring cost vs. benefit is not always easy, but it finally boils down to whether or not what you got was worth what you paid. For Viola, it was worth it, and that is all that really matters. There is much to be said for the purity of intent that inspires the kind of drive and passion that Viola evidences throughout her journal. There is tremendous dignity and beauty in that.

Yet, it is difficult to read about some of Viola's experiences and not judge them by the conditions and values of the current times. Things were *different* in the 1960's, 1970's, and even in 1980's, and Viola accepted and embraced it all without question. As incomprehensible and *wrong* (there I said the word I've been trying so hard to avoid) as some of

what happened to Viola might seem now, her treatment was consistent with the social and cultural norms of that time. Slaves were supposed to obey, no matter what the personal cost to themselves—this was a matter of honor, and the worst possible thing was to dishonor yourself or your dominant. Slaves were not supposed to have needs or feelings, and if they did, they were supposed to keep them to themselves. There was no concept of abuse. Slaves were literally thought of as property, and while we may still think of them as such, that knowledge is tempered by the realization that they are also flesh-and-blood *people*, who need love, attention, nurturing, and at least a little sleep once in a while. You might wonder how anyone could fail to recognize something that is so obvious and basic. How did anyone fail to recognize back in the early 1900's that women deserved the right to vote? It is human nature to accept and adhere to the social customs of one's time or locale without really questioning them, though the consequences of doing so are not always as crucial as in the SM subculture, where our very lives can be at stake. Viola summed it up well herself during a conversation that I had with her: "It's a lifestyle now—it was a *life* then."

I am thankful that Viola kept this journal, and that we can know how it really was for her, and probably, countless others who were equally isolated within their M/s relationships. There was no community for her or anyone else to turn to for support or guidance, no role-models, no informative books on how to do safe SM, or how to structure a mutually satisfying and healthy D/s relationship. We had not yet made up the creed that most of us now live by: "safe, sane, and consensual." It's hard to believe that a lot of us were outside playing in the backyard with the other children while Viola was in her first Mistress/slave relationship, but that is, in fact, how far back her history goes.

Viola is probably too modest to characterize herself as a trailblazer, but that is how I think of her. Trailblazers have none to but themselves to guide them, their task can be dangerous, frustrating and lonely. Her odyssey offers us a glimpse of her, and therefore our own, history. If that history is not always pretty, if it does not live up to our fantasies of how it should have been, then it is important to remember that we are where we are today as a direct result of it. If we reject or try to gloss over the truth in order to make it more palatable, then we delude ourselves, and denial always comes back to haunt those who practice it. Remember that old saying about how those who don't understand their past are doomed to repeat it? The community that we currently have, the understanding and knowledge that we have, evolved in large part from the

struggles and experiences of Viola Johnson, and others like her.

This book represents so many things to me. It is a testament to its time, a valuable legacy, a piece of history that I sometimes flinched to read and struggled to integrate, an odyssey bravely and honestly undertaken with a worthy goal in mind. If sadness, disappointment, pain and anger are juxtaposed with joy and fulfillment, isn't that what life is always about? Most important of all, Viola's search eventually culminated in a relationship where mutual love, ownership and slavery, converged. In Viola's mind, her realization of that dream mitigates the fact that her last M/s relationship eventually ended. The fact that something ends doesn't mean that it wasn't worthwhile. To live a dream, regardless of whether or not it ends, is a privilege that few of us ever know, and one that most of us are not prepared to pay so dear a price to attain as Viola did.



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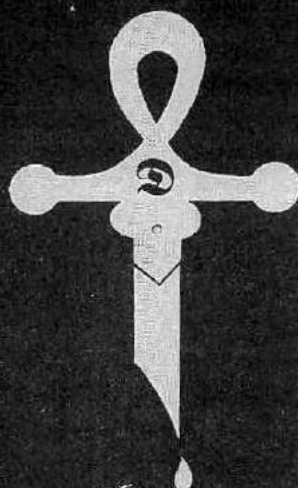
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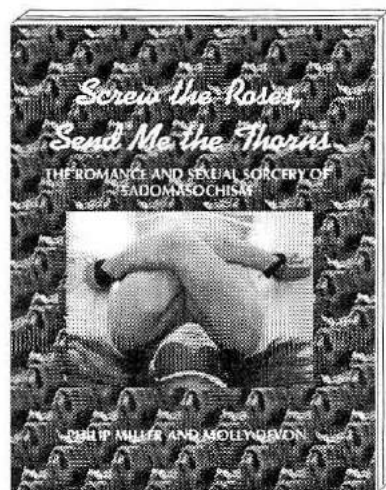
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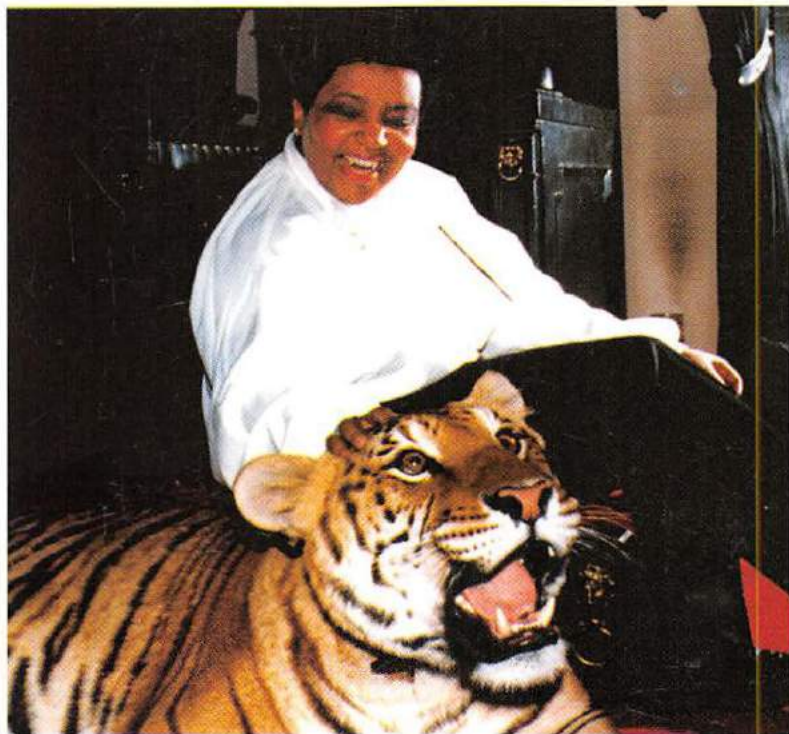
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